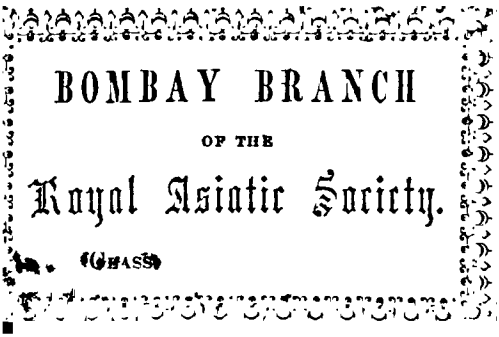
00024470



Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

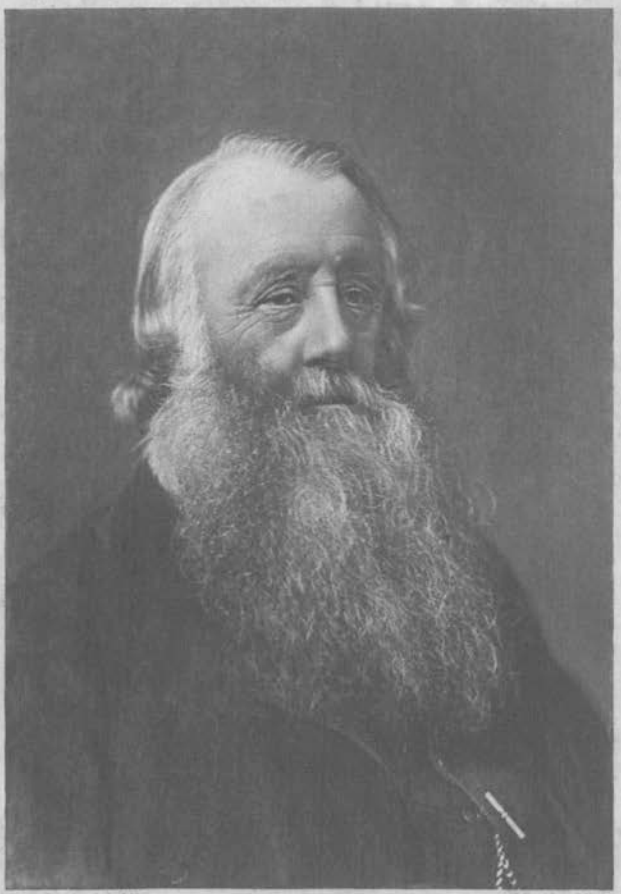
WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018

THE LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWARD A. FREEMAN



Hills & Saunders, Oxford. Photo.

Walker & Boutall, Ph. Sc.

Edward A. Freeman

THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

D.C.L., LL.D.

f.c.
17/x1/69
15/12/69

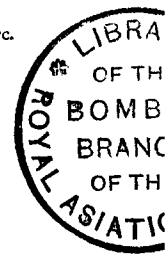
BY

W. R. W. STEPHENS, B.D.

DEAN OF WINCHESTER

AUTHOR OF 'THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN HOOK,' ETC., ETC.

24470



IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

1895

928.2
Fe1Fe1C1f
24470

Oxford
HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

CONTENTS OF VOL. II

CHAPTER VII. 1870–1875.

PAGE

HONORARY DEGREE AT OXFORD. THE WAR BETWEEN GERMANY AND FRANCE. SWISS POLITICS. ARTICLES ON TRIKOUPES, GENERAL CHURCH, MR. FINLAY, BISHOP THIRLWALL, PROFESSOR WILLIS. FOREIGN TOURS. LITERARY PROJECTS. CORRESPONDENCE . . . 1

CHAPTER VIII. 1875–1878.

THE EASTERN QUESTION. A VISIT TO GREECE. CORRESPONDENCE 101

CHAPTER IX. 1879–1882.

BROKEN HEALTH. HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM RUFUS. THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1880. TOURS IN FRANCE AND ITALY AND VISIT TO DALMATIA. PUBLICATION OF HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY. PLACED ON ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS. VISIT TO AMERICA. CORRESPONDENCE 171

CHAPTER X. 1883–1890.

PAGE

REPORT OF COMMISSION ON ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS. TOUR IN AUVERGNE. SPEECH AT OXFORD ON GRANTING MONEY FOR A PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY. APPOINTED REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY. INAUGURAL LECTURE. OPINIONS ON SOCIAL LIFE AND EDUCATIONAL WORK IN OXFORD, HOME RULE, AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION. BROKEN HEALTH. VISIT TO SICILY. BEGINS HISTORY OF SICILY. CORRESPONDENCE 269

CHAPTER XI. 1891–1892.

FAILING HEALTH. DISSATISFACTION WITH LIFE AT OXFORD. OPPOSES THE PROPOSAL TO ABOLISH COMPULSORY GREEK. TOUR IN NORMANDY. CORRESPONDENCE. JOURNEY TO SPAIN. DEATH AT ALICANTE . . . 425

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUDING SURVEY 462

ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FREEMAN IN HIS STUDY AT OXFORD . . *To face p.* 289

LIFE OF
EDWARD A. FREEMAN

CHAPTER VII.

HONORARY DEGREE AT OXFORD. THE WAR BETWEEN GERMANY AND FRANCE. SWISS POLITICS. ARTICLES ON TRIKOUPES, GENERAL CHURCH, MR. FINLAY, BISHOP THIRLWALL, PROFESSOR WILLIS. FOREIGN TOURS. LITERARY PROJECTS. GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A.D. 1870–1875.

THREE volumes of the *History of the Norman Conquest* had now been published, and Freeman's claim to take a high rank amongst the historians of his country was fully established. The University of Oxford recognized his merits by conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law in June, 1870. The Latin speeches with which the candidates selected for this honour are presented in the Sheldonian Theatre were made by Mr. Bryce, at that time the Regius Professor of Civil Law. He introduced Freeman in the following terms :— 'Virum vobis praesento Universitatis nostrae decus insigne, quem Oxonienses omnes honoris atque salutis Academiae semper studiosissimum novistis, in originibus

et Graecis et Germanis et maxime Anglicis mire doctum, in negligentiorum hominum erroribus detegendis acerrimum, eundemque facetiarum plenum, inter historiae patriae scriptores, quum verborum vi atque copia dicendi, tum quoque curâ atque diligentiâ in rerum veritate indaganda loco nulli secundo verè dignum, illustrissimis Germaniae Galliaeque scriptoribus comparandum, Edwardum Augustum Freeman Coll. SS. et indiv. Trinitatis olim soc. ut admittatur ad gradum Doctoris in Iure Civili honoris causâ.'

In July, 1870, the great war between France and Germany began. Freeman watched the course of it with the keenest interest, and hailed the success of the Germans with the deepest satisfaction. Not that he had any sympathy with Prussia. He had indignantly denounced the joint attack made by Prussia and Austria upon Denmark in 1865. In a letter to the *Daily News* (July 1, 1865) he had pointed out that as Prussia and Austria were only members of the German League, it was an insolent usurpation on their part to undertake the settlement of the dispute between Germany and Denmark about the Sleswig-Holstein provinces. It was still less justifiable to settle it by a violent aggression upon Denmark, a country which had done them no wrong, and to carry on the war in a spirit of brutal rapacity, which was condemned by all the laws of honourable warfare. It was from no love of Prussia, therefore, that he rejoiced in the victory of the German arms, but it was because their success accomplished the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, whom he regarded as an odious and criminal tyrant; it was because it humbled the pride and crippled the power of the French nation, which had for ages been the principal disturber of the peace of Europe, and because

it restored to the Germans towns and territories which the French had at various times stolen from them by force or fraud. It was not a war merely between France and Prussia, but between France and Germany. The wanton attack of France upon Prussia had roused all Germany against the common enemy, and he trusted to see, as the issue of the war, the realization of one of his fondest dreams,—a free united Germany, whether in the form of a kingdom or of a confederation.

A sound judgement concerning the war could not be formed except by the light of past history. In a letter to the *Pall Mall*, dated November 25, 1870, he says:—'The present war has largely risen out of a misconception of history, out of the French dream of a frontier of the Rhine which never existed. The war on the part of Germany, is, in truth, a vigorous setting forth of the historical truth that the Rhine is, and always has been, a German river. It is practically important to make people understand that the combined fraud and violence by which Philip the Fair seized Lyons, by which Louis XI seized Provence, by which Henry VII seized Metz, by which Louis XIV seized Strassburg, by which the elder Buonaparte seized half Europe, and the younger seized Savoy and Nizza, are all parts of one long conspiracy against the peace of the world, a conspiracy against which it has ever been the first duty of every European nation to stand on its defence, and which it is now the high mission of Germany to render hopeless for the future.' In another letter, dated March 18, 1871, maintaining that the annexation of Elsass and Lothringen by the Germans was founded upon historic right, he takes some pains to define what is to be understood by historic right. 'I have ventured,' he says, 'to speak of historic right

because it is that upon which the whole thing turns. Some persons will, of course, cry out "pedantry," "antiquarian rubbish;" I shall not be greatly troubled if they do; I have lived long enough to find out that all people, of whatever way of thinking, are delighted with an historical argument, analogy, or precedent, if it happens to tell on their side. If it happens to tell against them, they cry out "antiquarian rubbish."' The historic fact that the French had for ages past seized one bit after another of German territory whenever they had the chance, he held to be a sufficient answer to those who maintained that the war ought not to have been carried on after the surrender of Napoleon at Sedan. It was not for the surrender of Buonaparte, but for the restoration of her lost towns and provinces that Germany was really contending. A power which claimed to lord it over all its neighbours could be dealt with only as the common enemy of all; loss of territory was the righteous and appropriate punishment for such a career as that of France had been. Without a territorial cession the work would have been imperfect, just as it would have been imperfect if the German troops had not entered Paris. To use Mr. Carlyle's illustration: 'Michael has overthrown the Dragon, the Dragon must have his wings clipped, and his claws pared, and he must be made fully to know that his wings *are* clipped and his claws pared.' It was, moreover, important to remember that the Peace of Westphalia had not given France possession of the whole of Elsass; what it did give was the possessions and the rights of Austria in Elsass. These consisted of the sovereignty of certain towns and districts, and of certain rights which had become purely honorary over some others. Over other parts of Elsass, France obtained

no sovereignty or rights of any kind, but from the time of the cession, France had gone on annexing bit by bit, the last annexations not being made till the time of the Revolution.

The sympathy of the English public had, in the first instance, been mainly with Germany, but had veered round to France after the crushing defeat of Sedan. Such a change of sentiment Freeman could neither understand nor approve. 'In some minds,' he said, 'there seems to be a kind of worship of failure, a feeling certainly less base but more silly than the worship of success.' And again, writing after the death of Louis Napoleon, he observed that the failure of wickedness was undeserving of sympathy, whether the principal actor was alive or dead. Those who, like himself, had never cringed to Buonaparte in the day of his power, but had always, from 1851 to 1870, denounced him as an impostor and a tyrant, might be pardoned if, in the day of his downfall, they took up something of the tone of those triumphant hymns in which the old prophets celebrated the vengeance of God. 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum' was, in his opinion, not only a foolish but an immoral precept. The death of any man was indeed a solemn thing; the death of a great criminal or tyrant, such as Sulla or Buonaparte, was a specially solemn thing, but death could not change the character of their deeds. Unless history was to become a record of lies, and the voice of God within us was to be silenced, our rule should be, not 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum,' but 'de viventibus et de mortuis nil nisi verum[1].'

Again, it was foolish to talk as if there were something specially wicked in attacking Paris. The siege

[1] See 'Sympathy for the Fallen,' *Saturday Review*, xxxii. 364.

was a mere accident of war. The French had chosen to fortify their capital, and they had no right to complain if it was besieged, and certainly there was no peculiar sanctity in Paris which entitled it to exemption from the common fate of fortified cities. The concentration of public interest on the siege of Paris led to his writing an essay on the early sieges of Paris in the *British Quarterly* for January, 1871, and the fall of the Pope's temporal power about the same time occasioned him to draw an interesting parallel between the way in which Rome and Paris, alone among the capitals of Europe, had created the States of which they were the heads. He regarded with peculiar interest the union of German States after the war, under the headship of the King of Prussia, with the title of Emperor. A monarchical confederation was a novel phenomenon, for in all past ages the chief federal systems of the world had been republican in form. The head of the new German Empire was the hereditary chief of the largest State in the Union. It was as if the Governor of the State of New York should be *ex officio* President of the United States. Such an arrangement in America would have given an undue preponderance to the largest State, but in Germany the hereditary character of the chief would go far to lessen the risk of this evil. The man who was born to the position of an emperor as well as of a king, might be educated and trained with a view to the greater post as well as to the smaller. He might learn to care as much for the interests of all the States collectively, as for the interests of that particular State of which he was the hereditary chief. The Burggraf of Nürnberg, the Elector of Brandenburg, the King of Prussia, was about to grow into an Emperor in Germany. His

gradual rise was not unlike the rise in the rival country of the Count of Paris into the Duke of the French, and of the Duke of the French into the King. No prince of the House of Capet had ever thought of calling himself Emperor, a title which would have been utterly meaningless for any sovereign of Paris. Two members of the family of Buonaparte had indeed arrayed themselves in the peacock feathers of empire, but both were grotesque shams. In the case of the elder Buonaparte the assumption of the title of Emperor was part of a system of imposture which served his purpose. In the case of the younger it was mere imitation, which was also for a time successful. The title Emperor of Germany, assumed by the King of Prussia, was justifiable, though Emperor *in* Germany would be more correct. The elected Kings of Germany were in old times Emperors elect of Rome, and so came to be called also Emperors of Germany. In the oldest and strictest sense, the King of Prussia could not be Emperor or Kaiser, having no connexion with the local Rome, either the Old or the New Rome, but as a king of kings he would hold a distinctly imperial position. He would not be an Emperor of Germany in the sense of being a territorial ruler, but he would be an Emperor *in* Germany as being head over other German princes[1]. In like manner imperial titles had been given to our own sovereigns from Æthelstan to Elizabeth, as being superiors over several kings and kingdoms.

The Franco-German war is the principal topic of the following letters :—

[1] The title finally adopted was 'The German Emperor' ('Der Deutsche Kaiser'). See articles in *Saturday Review*, vols. xxx. and xxxii. pp. 773, 837.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Bishopthorpe, August 22, 1870.

. . . Yesterday was a day of no news, so I am all agog to know what this morning's post will bring, whether the Tyrant[1] really has shot himself or what. You may suppose I have been in a state of wild delight all the time. 'Tis the first fighting in my time when I could go unreservedly with either side, and say that every man on one side was doing right, and every man on the other doing wrong—unless so far as a soldier, when he sells himself, transfers the responsibility of his acts to his master, which I suppose may be allowed in the case of a conscript. The Dutch[2] seem such noble fellows, and so thoroughly knowing what they are doing—not like the poor blinded creatures whom we sent off in 1854, shouting for this, that, and the other, when they were really fighting for Pope, Turk, and Buonaparte. We must have Elsass back again, if not Lothringen. As for the people not liking it, it would surely be easier to bedutch them back again than it was to bewelsh them before. I should like to cut up the whole Gal-welshry[3] into bits, as its unity is clearly a standing menace to Dutchland and the world generally. For this it is vain to hope, but one might cut off some good slices at the sides.

To the Same.

Craig House, Edinburgh, September 4, 1870.

. . . I confess to being uneasy at your being among the Gal-Welsh just now; I shall be delighted to hear that you are safe, and still more delighted to hear that (Perth, September 7) you are safe again in England. I wrote the other page before we knew of the Republic being proclaimed[4], whereat I rejoice much, if only they will give up Elsass, Lothringen, &c. Altogether, the last few days have been the most wonderful and delightful in my time, only I could wish that you

[1] The French forces had been defeated by the Germans at Gravelotte on August 18.

[2] The 'High Dutch' or Germans. [3] France.

[4] Louis Napoleon surrendered himself to the Germans on September 2 at Sedan, and the French Republic was proclaimed on September 4.

were not quite so near the events in point of space. I am half tempted to think that, after all, you never went, or have come back again, and I shall ponder much how to direct. If you really did go, pray treasure up and tell me all your remarks on the state of things. And don't forget to study the fourteenth chapter of the prophet Esaias, where the whole thing is described, and from which I am ever singing bits.

I am just the least bit divided between a Dutch king and a Welsh commonwealth; but I have no great faith in Welsh commonwealths. And if you give Elsass and Lothringen to the Dutch king now, haply they may some day be parts of a Dutch commonwealth, which will be better than all.

For myself, I have been rambling all about, much to my delight. That Frith of Clyde is lovely, only the churls of lairds shut up the hill-tops, because of their wretched grouse-shooting, and the whole country would be better if the shooters would utilize their gift by clearing it of 'duiks and sic-like fules.' I think I could conscientiously join in a Herzogjagd[1] at Dunkeld, where his Un-grace—Atholl, I believe he is called—has bagged the Cathedral—still, mind you, a Presbyterian parish church—and put it in his garden, and built himself the grandmother of pews inside. The site is lovely. That I saw yesterday, as also my old pet Dunblane, and Abernethy, William's furthest point northward[2]. There is one of the two round towers in Scotland, and I hope to see the other, at Brechin, to-day. (Arbroath, September 7), I have seen it, and have come on hither this evening, and have just been able to get a glimpse of the abbey. Here in Scotland abbots were clearly much greater birds than bishops. The abbey here—remember, Arbroath is the same as Aberbrothock, about which you will remember the story of the bell—would eat up my three cathedrals together. I am now on my way home, and some time next week I hope to meet my wife at Malvern, whither she was to go on Tuesday with Margaret and Florence. (St. Andrews, September 8), I come here, find letters, and among others the note of their getting there. I wish you were here instead of at Boulogne.

[1] 'Duke-hunt.'

[2] When Malcolm, King of the Scots, did homage to William the Conqueror (*Norman Conquest*, iv. 516, 517).

It is such a place. I sat on the rocks, just under Beaton's castle, and saw the moon rise only just not out of the sea—the cathedral east and west end, and *my* tower of St. Regulus rising above the fortified wall on the rock. Fifteen years ago in winter I said that it was a cross between Oxford and St. David's; in vacation the Oxford element is gone, and a Weston-super-mud element has come instead in the shape of idle-looking, watering-place sort of folk. To-morrow to Dunfermline—Saturday I push for Lindisfarn and stay over Sunday at Durham. Then over Cleveland hills, if I can find my way, Bamburgh, Pontefract, &c., Chester, Stafford, and my work is done. I don't know exactly when I get home, but I hope within a fortnight.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

October 23, 1870.

. . . You may suppose that I have been wild with delight at all that has been going on 'Postquam Rex Willelmus venit in Galliam.' All that I have been waiting for for 600 years, ever since Philip the Fair stole Lyons, as the other man stole Strassburg, has come to pass on the power which has been the undying curse of Europe. 'Now that he lieth, let him rise up no more.' They have hung my dining-room with maps, and my eye is ever caught by 'angulus iste qui nunc deformat agellum[1]' running into honest Dutch places: an abomination of desolation standing where it ought not. I don't like the feeling which seems spreading of half taking up France, and even Buonaparte, simply because they are whopped, i.e. have received the due reward of their deeds.

Most of the following letters were written during, or immediately after, a tour made in October and November,

[1] 'That corner which now disfigures the little estate,' Hor. *Sat.* ii. 6. 8. The boundary of France at this time ran nearly due east 100 miles from the Moselle south of Luxemburg, before taking a sharp bend to the south. Metz, Strassburg, and Mülhausen were enclosed in this elbow. After the war, this angle was rounded off, and Metz, Strassburg, and Mülhausen were restored to Germany. The changes of frontier are well marked in the volume of maps attached to Freeman's *Historical Geography*, plate xxxii.

1871, in which he was accompanied (for the greater part of the time) by Mr. J. R. Green. They visited Aachen, Köln, Mainz, Würzburg, Innsbruck, Trent, Verona, Venice, Padua, Bologna, Ravenna, and Pisa together. Mr. Green then departed to Florence, and Freeman visited Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Pistoia, Pavia, and Milan by himself[1].

On his way home Freeman spent some days in Switzerland, and attended some of the sittings of the National Council (Nationalrath), which was engaged in debating certain proposed changes in the constitution. This was a subject in which he took the deepest interest. He was accustomed to say that Switzerland ought to be regarded, not as the playground but as the school-room of Europe, for in it some of the oldest and newest forms of political life might be seen working side by side. It may help the reader to understand the frequent references to Swiss politics in Freeman's letters, if he is reminded that in Switzerland the several Cantons enjoy self-government in all matters, except those which are expressly reserved for the central or federal government. The federal legislature consists of two Houses or Chambers, the Nationalrath, or National Council, consisting of representatives elected by the whole people in the proportion of one member for every 20,000, and the Ständerath (the Council of States or Cantons) to which each Canton, large or small, elects two representatives. The executive body, called Bundesrath, is a council of seven,

[1] The following articles in the *Saturday Review* were written during this tour, or soon after his return from it. In vol. xxxii., 'Würzburg*,' p. 620; 'Trent,' p. 650; 'Lucca*'; 'Romanesque Architecture in Venetia*,' p. 718; 'Ravenna*,' p. 746. Vol. xxxiii., 'Pisa*,' p. 86; 'Romanesque Architecture in Lombardy*,' p. 179. The articles marked with an asterisk have been reprinted in *Historical and Architectural Sketches*.

elected by the two houses voting together, for this purpose, as one body. The National Council and the Executive Body are elected for three years. The members of the Council of States are elected (according to laws which the several Cantons have made for themselves) for periods varying from one year to three years. No change can be made in the constitution until it has been referred to the people and has been approved by a majority of those actually voting and of the Cantons.

In the autumn of 1871 various alterations in the constitution were debated in the two Chambers, and a scheme of revision was submitted to the people in May of the following year, which was rejected by a majority of the Cantons and a narrow majority of the people. Another scheme was submitted in April, 1874, which was approved by a large majority of the Cantons and an overwhelming majority of the people. The principal features in these schemes were what were called the Volks Initiative and Volks Referendum. Many forms and shades of the Referendum had long existed in the Cantons and Communes, but the principle of them all was the same, to give the electors the final voice in legislation; and the question now was, whether this principle should be adopted in the case of federal matters. The Volks Initiative would compel the two Houses to legislate on any given question on the demand of a certain number of the citizens or of the Cantons. By the Referendum certain acts of the legislature were to be submitted to the popular vote, either as a matter of course, 'the obligatory Referendum,' or on the demand of a certain number of the citizens, 'the facultative Referendum.' The issue of the vote in 1874 was the adoption of a facultative form of Referendum,

by which any law passed by the two federal Chambers must be submitted to the popular vote for acceptance or rejection, if the vote is demanded by 30,000 citizens or by eight Cantons. The Initiative by 50,000 citizens was not put into the federal constitution till 1891, and then only as to a partial revision of the constitution, whereas in 1872 it had been proposed to make it apply to all bills. Freeman's judgement was at this time adverse to the Initiative and to the Referendum in any shape, on the ground that they subjected, as he thought, the better informed to the worse informed. The federal constitution, as settled in 1848, seemed to him as thoroughly democratic as any constitution well could be. Every citizen enjoyed equal rights in the fullest sense, and the supreme power was vested in two freely chosen Houses, of which one was re-elected every third year. If men could not trust a body like the Swiss National Council, chosen for so short a time by free universal suffrage, it seemed to him that there was an end of all trust in human affairs. Of the two institutions the Initiative was, in his opinion, more objectionable than the Referendum. The Referendum was only negative; it was simply a check and a drag; it could not force the legislature to pass bad measures, but the Initiative could; it was a weapon put into the hands of the worse informed to wield over the heads of the better informed[1].

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Ravenna, October 24, 1871.

. . . What a journey I have made, crossing Alps and Apennines, also Rhine, Main, Danube, Inn, Adige, Po, and to-day I hope to do Arno. Since Würzburg, whence I wrote to you,

[1] Sixteen years later he had modified his opinion as to the superior wisdom of the legislative body. Referring to his former objections to

our course has been München, where we had no time to see anything; then among mountains to Innsbruck, certainly the grandest-placed town I ever saw. You stand in the street and see a snow mountain at each end; but there is nothing much in the building way, only the strange and grand tomb of Max (Emperor-elect), with everybody, living and dead, standing round about him. Then over Brenner—such a spin over Alps,—to Trent, our first Italian town, though still under F. J.[1], only less finely placed than Innsbruck, and richer in buildings, including my first Italian *duomo*. Then *Dietrichs Bern*, alias Verona, with Saint Zeno and the Amphitheatre and much besides. The fortifications seem prodigious, and astounded an Irish colonel of our company. What a blessing F. J. had the sense to give them up quietly. Then Venice, where I did many things, but did not stand on the Bridge of Sighs, seeing it is impossible for any man (save he who clomb up Salisbury spire) to stand there. But the verses are fine and true all the same. If you want perfect idleness, go in a gondola. The world does seem turned bottom upwards in a city which (save the railway) does everything by water, and contains neither

the Referendum, he says, 'I argued that the average of the legislative assembly in any country must be higher than the average of the electors. I am not so sure of this now. I fear that in England, at least, the one average has sunk since then; I believe that the other average has risen.' *Universal Review*, 'The Referendum,' p. 348.

The following is a list of Freeman's articles in the *Saturday Review* on Swiss politics:—

Vol. xxxii. p. 681, 'The Swiss Federal Assembly.'
„ xxxiii. p. 13, 'Swiss Federal Reform.'
„ xxxiii. p. 45, 'Church and State in Switzerland.'
„ xxxiii. p. 114, 'Μέτοικοι in Switzerland.'
„ xxxiii. p. 212, 'The Swiss Constitutional Question.'
„ xxxiii. p. 305, 'Debates in the Swiss Ständerath.'
„ xxxiii. p. 660, 'Rejection of the Swiss Bundesrevision.'
„ xxxv. p. 143, 'Election of the Swiss Federal Council.'
„ xxxv. p. 245, 'The Ecclesiastical Contest in Switzerland.'
„ xxxvi. p. 76. 'The new Scheme of Federal Reform.'
„ xxxvii. p. 207, 'The latest Scheme of Federal Reform.'
„ xxxvii. p. 558, 'The new Swiss Constitution.'
„ xxxviii. p. 81, 'The Swiss Federal Court.'

[1] Francis Joseph.

horse (only *yð-hengestas*[1]) nor carriage. I went out to Murano and Torcello—on which last Johnny once wrote a middle—but I have seen nothing of the Hadriatic save the *lagune*. I went up the tower at Classe by Ravenna (of which more anon), but could only see that there was sea and hills beyond, like our view of Exmoor over Bridgwater Bay.

(Pisa, October 28.) I saw Harold Hardrada's lion, if H. H.'s it be; as for the inscription, I saw some scratches, which I do not doubt that a Danish antiquary can read, for why a Danish antiquary can read anything, but then it struck me that an Irish antiquary would with equal ease read it into Oghams. From Venice to Padua, city of doctors, but happily I did not need their help. I should also call it city of arcades, only I found afterwards that that name more truly belonged to Bologna, city of sausages, whereof we ate. Bologna is a very flourishing place, but it has not very much in my particular line, save an odd little group of seven churches all in one, as if somebody put Glendalough under one roof. From Bologna to Ravenna, for me the greatest place in the world, whereof I dare not trust myself to speak privily, but I hope to say somewhat thereon more openly before long.

'Hic in arcubus et muris
Adhuc vivunt in picturis,
Lapidellis factae duris,
Caesarum imagines.'

But I will say that I went and sat by moonlight under the tomb of Ðeodric, and that I sang within it my favourite bit of a psalm, how promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south. I should have liked to have you with me some of these times. Then from Ravenna back to Bologna (the only way), and thence to Lucca, city of Castruccio, crossing the Apennines, and coming down in a wonderful way on Pistoia. Lucca is full of churches, most of which concerned me, and the view of the mountains on each side from the boulevards is charming. I have learned truly

[1] Literally, 'wave horses,' a poetical name for ships, which occurs in the *English Chronicle*, an. 1003.

how Jupiter hibernas canâ nive conspuit[1] (for I conceive the process to be the same for Alps and Appennines); for he did it in the night; I got up and saw it, there being none when I went to bed. And now to

'The proud mart of Pisa,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massalia's triremes,
Heavy with fair-haired slaves.'

which (bating the slaves and triremes) is likely to happen again through some of the new railways. I came here this afternoon, and Johnny, who left me at Ravenna to go to Florence, joined me again this evening. So here we are in the old Ghibelin city, and we are to pay our respects to Henry of Littleburgh[2] to-morrow. I have been round the Duomo and its satellites by sunlight and moonlight, and also in it—'tis the grandest one thing we have seen—but the cupola itself is not well managed. My window looks out on Arno, as at Mainz I looked out on Rhine—no bad look-out—and Arno as well as Rhine is now safe, as folk at Lucca know well, writing up 'Viva la Prussia' on the walls.

I don't know who your dark-haired men were, haply Poles from Posen or speakers of verbs in $\mu\iota$ from East-Prussia. What struck us in our Bavarians—blessings on them and their beer—besides their being the finest-looking men and in the handsomest uniforms of all the soldiers (who be many) whom we have seen on our travels, was that they had so much the cut of Englishmen—the officers at any rate. I fear I must not pay English privates such a compliment. Take them for Frenchmen! why they might have followed Kaiser Ludwig to help Edward III.

To the Rev. W. Stubbs.

Ravenna, October 25, 1871.

. . . If you have never been here, you must come, as you must to the place where I am now going on, viz. Pisa, October 29. Indeed, if you come to measure the dust of Caesars, Henry of Littleburgh may outweigh Honorius. There he lies

[1] 'Alpes.' Furius Bibaculus in Quint. viii. 6. 17, and see Hor. *Sat.* ii 5. 41.
[2] The Emperor Henry VII of Luxemburg.

in the Campo Santo, in the same priestly-looking garment which Frederick III wears round the tomb of Max at Innsbruck. I addressed him, 'Ave Caesar Imperator, Ghibelini te salutamus,' and when Johnny refused to be reckoned in that class, I nailed him with a certain article of his which was certainly as Ghibeline as anything that could be written. Then we went on to Frederick's image, and I sang as much as I could remember of 'Princeps terrae principum,' &c. Of course Ravenna is more perfectly unique and wonderful than this or than any place, but we have nowhere seen anything like the group of buildings here. I hold the duomo to be to southern romanesque what Durham is to northern. Then the tower, if it would only stand straight, is the very finest of its class. I went to the top in the hope of seeing the Mediterranean, and I could just see water, which was more than I could see of the Hadriatic from the tower of St. Apollinaris in Classe.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Bern, November 7, 1871.

I cherished a vain hope of getting a letter from you at Ravenna. I thought much of you there and also at Pisa, where I paid my respects to Harry of Littleburgh[1] and sang 'Salve mundi Domine' before the simulacre of Fred. B.[2] Here I am at home, on the soil of the Everlasting League, in a free city of the Lesser Burgundy, as the poet says 'Als krone im Burgundenreich,' &c., &c. I have been looking at the *Nationalrath* at its Bundesrevision. I say looking, because it is but little of the debates which I can follow, but I realize the thing better from knowing how the (Zürich, Nov. 8) thing looks. I have been several times in the *Nationalrath*, and I am specially struck with the singular order and stateliness of their doings, so unlike our House of Commons; but I won't go into details, as I design them for a middle. I have been talking also to some of their statesmen and scholars. The mass of historical learning in Switzerland is something prodigious, and its results are piled up as Alps on their wise

[1] The Emperor Henry VII, Henry of Luxemburg, is buried at Pisa.

[2] The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.

men's shelves. But to the outer world they are simply buried under bushels, because it is only one or two like Kopp who write books; other people write their essays—most learned and elaborate ones—in the transactions of societies which folk in general have no way of getting at. I have been talking about this to one or two; it is a most serious hindrance to study.

. . . I shall be glad to hear something at *the Deanery, Chichester*, which is to be my first point in England. I hope to go hence to Basel, thence Strassburg, to see Dutch Elsass—I have never seen it Welsh, save the little bit one passes through between Basel and Paris—then to Paris for a glimpse at ruins, cross to Southampton on Monday night, and on Tuesday pick up Margaret and Helen, who are to come with me to Chichester. My course has been Aachen, Köln (between trains), Koblenz (in the dark), Mainz, Würzburg, München (just to sleep), Innsbruck, Trento, Verona, Venezia, Padova, Bologna, Ravenna, Lucca, Pisa, Pistoia, Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Pavia (hurriedly), Milano, and over St. Gotthard to Bern. Johnny[1] left me at Ravenna to go to Florence, joined me again at Pisa, and left me there.

. . . I had the pleasure this morning of expounding the nature of Petty Sessions and Honorary Degrees to the Chief Judge of the Federal Court. He was evidently puzzled at my being at once a Doctor of one law and an administrator of another without having learned any law at all.

To Miss Florence Freeman.

Strassburg, November 11, 1871.

. . . I said I should not write again after Bern, and lo, I have written three or four letters. I stayed over one day in Zürich, had a good deal of talk with Dr. Keller, and paid him a visit in his home quarters, which are rather droll. He is coming to England at the end of the next 100 years. When he goes about he takes his 'ousekeeper with him. Particularly tell your mother that I shook hands with Herr Staub or 'Dust,' who is now one of the chief librarians. I had also some political talk with one Professor Rütimann, who has been *Ständerath*. Do you know the Swiss Constitution well enough to

[1] Mr. J. R. Green.

know what that is? Yesterday I left Zürich and went to Schaffhausen between two trains to look at All Saints minster again. Then I went on to Basel by a way which I had not been before, and a beautiful way it was, by the right bank of the Rhine, seeing the falls, &c. Look for Lauffenburg on the map; it is one of the most picturesquely placed towns I ever saw. At Basel, tell your mother that I went to our old quarters at the Stork, and I asked if 'der Storch mit nur einem Beine' were still alive. Herr Klein answered in a voice faltering with emotion, 'Ah, er ist gestorben.' This reminds me that another friend of ours, to wit Von Mont, the Dean of Chur, is also dead. This morning I went to call on Professor Vischer, but I found he was ill in bed. I saw three of his sons, one of whom, who is Librarian, is an exceedingly nice fellow, and went about with me a good deal, and showed me some fine things in the Library. There was a list of the students in the University in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and it was curious to see many English names during the persecution under Philip and Mary, some of them famous names, as Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Francis (?) Knollis, Bishop Bale (not short for Basel), Bishop Pilkington; but after Elizabeth comes to the Crown, the English names stop. I looked again at the Cathedral, the *Barfüsserkirche*, and St. Leonhards, all which I suppose your mother will remember. Then I came on here for a crow over the Welsh, but 'twas dark before I got here; still I was comforted by the sight of a spiked helmet or two. 'Tis good to see 'Elsässische Eisenbahn' Kaiserlich-Deutsche Post: even Kaiserliches Zoll-Amt, though the latter might, I think, vanish, as it has in Belgium and Schweiz. You know that this Elsass is more distinctly *Kaiserlich* than anywhere else, not being part of Prussia or any other German state, but only of the *Reich*.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

In der uralten, löblichen, freien, von den Wälschen wieder gewonnenen deutschen Reichsstadt Strassburg im Elsass. November 11, 1871.

. . . Johnny left me at Pisa. I had then to see several places very hurriedly in order to get to Bern in time, viz. Pistoia,

Modena, Parma, Piacenza, and Pavia—the last unluckily most hurriedly—and so to Milan, where I rested a wee bit. As Margaret and I in 1869 came in for the ceremonies of St. Remigius at Rheims, so now I came in for the ceremonies of St. Carlo Borromeo at Milan. But then I did not see St. Remigius and I did see San Carlo. They keep him down below under the high altar, and folk pass by in a *queue*. Milan Cathedral is certainly very striking indeed, but it won't do after the real things, Köln, Rheims, Westminster, &c. The wonderful thing there is St. Ambrose—they have got him there himself, as well as the Emperor Lewis II, a great favourite of mine, but not much known to the general reader. From Milan came my great journey over the Alps. You go at a pull of about thirty-one hours, railway, diligence, steamer, and railway, from Milan to Bern; twenty-two hours is diligence. I have enjoyed few things more than the coming down part of the St. Gotthard pass, all through Uri. I had never been in the higher part of the valley before; it is most glorious.

November 12. There is a medium in all things. The folk at this inn be so Dutch that it was only with great pains that I could find out the time of the trains for Paris. 'You're in Germany now,' says the waiter in English. Now I don't go that length, as one may possibly want to get out of Germany. Also the post-office is godly, and shuts up from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. on Sunday.

To Mrs. Freeman.

Chichester, November 16, 1871.

I have now at last got time to tell you of some of my doings after I got to Strassburg. I looked about as well as I could during the little time I was there. Neither the minster nor the great Protestant church, St. Thomas, seemed to have suffered from the siege beyond the breaking of a few windows, which, however, as some of them were of stained glass, was a great pity. But the main fabrics of both were quite untouched. It was otherwise with the library; formerly, I think, a desecrated church, which has gone to utter smash, as well as most of the buildings, public and private, in that quarter, which is not very far from the minster; so it is

a great blessing that it was so little hurt. The minster itself disappointed me. The west front is an utter sham, made to give the notion of the church being half as high again as it really is, so of course the inside, which is a good thing in its way, falls flat. The one spire which is built is, to my taste, a very poor thing. The old choir and east end remain, just the things for me in themselves, but incongruous at the end of the nave. There I first saw Suisses again with cocked hats at high mass, which you don't see in Italy; also a German sermon in a side pulpit; I caught a French one going on in another church. I can't make out the Strassburg folk. Whether Prussians or native Elsässers I know not, but both at the inn and at the station their great object seems to be to hinder people from going to Paris. I could not get the *Indicateur* or any book of the French trains, and the Strassburg books only gave them as far as Avricourt on the new frontier. I had intended to take an evening train and go all night, but I was tempted by being told that the train which left at 2 or 2.30 was a fast train and got to Paris at 10. I thus thought to get a night's rest before the night on the steamer. Well, with some trouble I got a ticket and set out, but I began to suspect when I saw third-class carriages, and we seemed to go on mighty slowly for a *Schnellzug*. At last, after passing the frontier, showing passport, examining luggage, &c., I found myself about 8 o'clock stranded at Nancy, with seemingly no hope of getting on further. But on asking I found that the real *Schnellzug*, the first-class train, would come about 10, and by changing to that and paying the difference, I could get to Paris, as I had originally meant to do, about 6 or 7 the next morning. So I tarried and got some food, and the waiter, by what instinct I know not, said, 'Vous parlez Allemand, n'est-ce pas?' So we got up a talk in Dutch, and he volunteered the remark that many folk in Nancy and the coast thereof spake Dutch, so I drew the inference that the march should have been put further west, and that Nancy should have been made to change her last syllable, and taught to rime to *Danzig* and *Zwanzig*. Moreover there were many Dutch officers a-supping in the buffet, and two sentinels with spiked helmets and long bayonets marching up and down the

platform. My heart yearned much to say something to them, how I congratulated the world on their being there, but I could not get up courage, though I had spoken in the morning to two spiked helmets at Strassburg, and found them very mild kind of bodies. I saw them again at Epernay, which was better still, as one cannot deny Champagne to be French ground, whatever we say of Lothringen. Well, by the morning light I got to Paris, and got a cab straight to an hotel close by the Havre station, to eat and wash. I walked about most part of the day, but I laid a law on myself not to buy anything.

On the whole Paris seemed less changed than I expected. And both the German shells and the Communist fires have been discreet enough to destroy nothing of any consequence. The Tuileries are all ruined and blackened, and I sang a psalm over them, 'Now that he lieth let him rise up no more.' The Hôtel de Ville is all smashed, but Notre Dame and St. Eustache are all safe, and Ste Chapelle almost by a miracle, as a great deal of the Palace of Justice is down. I did not get into the quarter of Hôtel Cluny and St. Germain-des-Prés. In the course of my rambles I got your letter, and accordingly determined to go to London by Newhaven.

The accomplishment of Greek independence had not fulfilled the bright hopes which the lovers of Greece had entertained. This comparative failure was due, in Freeman's opinion, partly to the injudicious meddling of Western friends or foes, partly to the traditions and dreams of a past which could not be reproduced, and partly to an unwise imitation of political institutions in other countries, which could not flourish when transplanted from their native soil. But it was a grievous disappointment that the country had not raised up a generation of able men to carry on in peace the work which the heroes of 1821 had begun with the sword, by consolidating free institutions in the land which they had delivered.

Such reflexions deepened the feelings of sadness with

which Philhellênes heard early in the year 1873 that two of the most distinguished actors in the old war of independence were no more. Spyridon Trikoupes died at the age of eighty-five, and General Sir Richard Church at the age of eighty-nine. The former had pronounced the funeral oration over the remains of Lord Byron, the latter had been commander of the Greek forces from the year 1827 to the close of the revolution, and in 1854 was made General of the Greek army in the reign of Otho. Both men were links with a past in which there had been an honourable connexion between England and Greece. In an article in the *Saturday Review* for March 29, Freeman endeavoured to do justice to the great qualities of the Greek who had loved England, and of the Englishman who had loved Greece. 'Trikoupes,' he said, 'was not a soldier, but an orator and a statesman. . . . We do not hear of him as personally engaged in any military exploit, and the ancient parallel whom his panegyrists pick out for him is Tyrtaios. But we find him actively serving his country wherever his tongue and his pen could serve it. He is a member of every assembly, he fills some office under every form of government, under the irregular Republic of the days of the war, under the administration of Capo d'Istria, under the Provisional Government, the Regency, and the Kingdom. After his long diplomatic career in London and Paris he went back to his own country to act as a member of the National Assembly which followed the driving out of Otho, and there to plead earnestly on behalf of an English Prince as the choice of the kingdom [1], which it was then hoped was going to turn over a new leaf. . . . He appeared throughout as the champion of constitu-

[1] See above, vol. i. p. 268.

tional institutions, especially in the Revolution of 1843, which gave the kingdom its first constitution.' On the merits of Sir Richard Church as a military commander, Freeman offered no opinion, but that he deserved to be honoured as an old and true-hearted friend of the land which he had made his own he thought there could be no question. And Trikoupes and Church had thus much in common, that both alike, the English military officer and the Aetolian civilian, represented the civilized side of the great struggle. 'Both alike in their several ways had to struggle with the difficulties of dealing with men who, though brave and patriotic after their own fashion, had not learned fully to understand the restraints either of military discipline or of civic life.' It was unfair to be hard either upon a people whom long slavery to the barbarian had in some measure barbarized, or upon leaders who found it a difficult task to guide them according to the ideas of Western Europe either in peace or war. Greece had lost two of the men of the heroic age of her modern history, who had played their part in a struggle which was none the less noble because its final results had been less happy than men once hoped that they would be.

It is remarkable how, in the course of the five years 1870–75, many great Englishmen passed away whose fame was connected with Greece, either as historians of her past, or as actors in her recent efforts to recover her independence. Mr. Grote died in 1871; Trikoupes and Sir Richard Church in 1873; and in 1875 Mr. Finlay and Bishop Thirlwall. Although Freeman and Finlay never met, they had, as we have seen, long been intimate friends by correspondence, and Freeman had such a great personal regard for Finlay, and placed such

a high value upon his work as an historian, that he would certainly in any case have given some public expression to his feelings. But there was a very meagre recognition of Mr. Finlay's merits in the public press, and such singular ignorance of what he had done and written, that Freeman felt it to be a positive duty to do what he could to redress the wrong[1]. In an article in the *Saturday Review* for February 6, 1875, he said that Mr. Finlay had

'left his mark on the historical learning of the age. It is easy to point out faults in his writings. It is plain that they would in some respects have gained if, instead of being written at Athens, they had been written in London, at Oxford, or at Göttingen. But we believe that by such an exchange they would have lost far more than they would have gained. Mr. Finlay was never, in his earlier life, a man of the closet. He went out to Greece to fight as a volunteer in the cause of Greek independence; he stayed there to till the ground. He was led to study and to write history in order to explain what he saw in the processes of fighting and tilling the ground. He saw that the phenomena of modern Greece could be understood only by going back to that stage in Grecian history when Greece from one point of view might be said to be conquered, while from another point of view she might be said to begin her own work of conquest. In his view the history of the modern Greek nation began with Alexander. And he has told its tale from Alexander to our own day. There is a practical grandeur about such a conception as this which bears on it the stamp of the thoroughly practical way in which Mr. Finlay's studies began. . . . As a contribution to the general history of the Greek nation, as a protest against those who would end Greek history with the fight of Chaironeia or with the burning

[1] In the same paper in which long and full notices appeared about the same time of Mr. Kingsley, Lord St. Leonards, and Sir Sterndale Bennett, the only reference to Mr. Finlay, who had for many years been a correspondent of the paper, was contained in a few lines of small print, without so much as the heading of his name.

of Corinth, Mr. Finlay's history marks an epoch. It is quite possible that some one else may tell the tale in some respects better, but it is Mr. Finlay who first showed that there was any tale to tell at all. And his works are hardly less valuable from the Roman than from the Greek side. No one after him, save the most ignorant and thoughtless, can babble any more about "Greeks of the lower Empire." He sets before us the true nature and importance of that great and abiding power of the Eastern Rome on which the men of the eleventh century still looked with awe and wonder. That he, perhaps, a little undervalued the Western side of things is in no way wonderful, and is quite pardonable. His business was to teach us that there is an Eastern side. His books are among those which have an oecumenical value: they give us one aspect of the unity of history. . . . To our mind there is something heroic in Mr. Finlay's literary career. Away from his own country, his name but little known, cut off from many of the resources open to scholars in Germany or England, he put forth volume after volume on an unpopular subject, volumes to which the general public were utterly indifferent, and toiled on cheered only by the consciousness that he was doing a great work, and by the applause of the few here and there who could appreciate that work. Many a man would have turned away in disgust from such a seemingly thankless task. Mr. Finlay bore up under all discouragements, and did not stop till his work was finished. There are, it seems, those who know him only as the historian of events fifty years old[1]. By scholars he will be known as the man who has rescued two thousand years of the history of one side of the civilized world from undeserved oblivion and contempt.'

Bishop Thirlwall's merits as an historian were, of course, far more generally known and acknowledged than Mr. Finlay's. But Freeman had often found it necessary to protest against the comparative neglect of Bishop Thirlwall's work after the publication of

[1] He had been described in one brief obituary notice as 'the author of an excellent history of the struggle for Greek independence.'

Mr. Grote's history. And now that Thirlwall was gone, he expressed a fear that the generation which had not yet learned to know the name of Finlay might already have forgotten the name of Thirlwall. Yet while Grote told only a portion of the tale of Greece, Thirlwall and Finlay between them had told the whole, and each of them had told his part of it as it was never told before him.

'The merits,' he said, 'of Bishop Thirlwall's history are those solid and sterling merits which may seem but little attractive either to those who set more store by prettiness or brilliancy, than by accuracy, or to those who simply run after the newest thing whether it be better or worse than the old. The distinguishing characteristics of Bishop Thirlwall's narrative are unfailing accuracy and unswerving judgement. It would be rash to say that even he never made a mistake, but he certainly made as few mistakes as any man. And no historian ever wrote less in the spirit of an advocate or more in the spirit of a judge. No man was ever less swayed either by passion or caprice. The natural complaint against such a writer is that he is cold; and cold he doubtless is. But it is a coldness which is consistent with clearness, with vigour, with high narrative power, and with many passages of true, if condensed, eloquence[1].'

In the same year, 1875, soon after the death of Mr. Finlay, another man of equal eminence in a different branch of learning passed away, and, as Freeman again pointed out, with the same singular lack of recognition by the public press. 'A few dry lines, without the least comment on any of his distinguishing merits, were all that the chief daily papers could give in recording the death of Professor Willis[2]. . . . As in the case of Mr. Finlay, so in the case of Professor Willis, no one

[1] *Saturday Review*, vol. xl. p. 136.

[2] The Rev. R. Willis, M.A., F.R.S., Jacksonian Professor in the University of Cambridge.

would have guessed from the way in which the death of either was announced, how far the one soared above ordinary correspondents, and the other above ordinary professors. No one would have guessed that each was not only a master in his own branch of knowledge, but absolutely the creator of a branch of knowledge.' Both had passed away all but unheeded, while columns of biography were the meed of men of not a hundredth part of their true eminence. Which of the two men so unworthily treated was really the greater it was unnecessary to determine. Mr. Finlay had the greater subject, but in his work, carried on as it was under many disadvantages and the most chilling neglect, it was easy to find many and glaring faults. Mr. Willis carried his treatment of his own subject, architecture, as near to absolute perfection as any man ever carried the treatment of any subject; but the subject was of a narrower range, and he pursued it under every advantage.

'It was characteristic of him that he was always and everywhere known by his professorial title. Professor he eminently was, even when addressing non-academical audiences. As a lecturer he was simply perfect. The power, the clearness, the vividness with which he brought forth every point, left absolutely nothing to be wished for. . . . Apart from his official duties, his great business was to work out the architectural history of a large number of the great churches of England. The phrase "architectural history" was one of his own invention and exactly expressed his work. He cared but little, or at least gave no outward signs of caring, for history apart from architecture, or for architecture apart from history. . . . The great point of excellence in his treatment of his subjects was that he was thoroughly and equally versed in two sources of knowledge each of which is imperfect without the other. Like his neighbour, Dr. Guest, he was at once a man of the closet and a man of the open air. A building was to him exactly

what a ditch, a mound, a battlefield was to Dr. Guest. That is, he had thoroughly grasped and mastered, and learned how to make use of, every scrap of written information about the buildings which he took in hand. And he also knew every stone of them with his own eye, an eye as keen for every constructive point as that of the best practical architect. . . . His great art and power was the way in which he brought his two sources of knowledge to bear upon one another. Here was the written record: there were the stones of which the record spoke. Each in his hands explained the other. What he said often sounded startling at first hearing; but he seldom failed to make out his case to the satisfaction of every reasonable hearer[1].'

The preceding extracts have been made not only because they represent Freeman's mature judgement on the character and work of very distinguished men, but also because they illustrate his characteristic anxiety to see justice done to real worth. Depreciation, forgetfulness, or neglect of the sterling merits of sound and accurate scholars, excited his indignation no less than the undeserved fame and popularity of writers who were shallower but more showy, or of the successful pretender and the charlatan. To try and depose the latter from their pedestals of false eminence, and to raise the former to their true position of dignity and honour, was a task to which he was continually impelled by his earnest love of truth, his keen sense of justice, and his admiration of all work carefully and conscientiously discharged.

A general sense of Freeman's merits as an historian was now beginning to be marked not only in England, but in other countries, by the bestowal of public honours. In 1873 he was elected an honorary member of the Historical Society of Massachusetts, U.S.A. In 1874 the

[1] *Saturday Review*, vol. xxxix. p. 341.

honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him at Cambridge. In 1875 the King of Greece made him a Knight Commander of the Greek Order of the Redeemer, and in 1876 he was elected a corresponding member of the Imperial Academy of Science at St. Petersburg.

The Public Orator at Cambridge, Dr. Jebb, introduced him to Congregation at Cambridge in the following speech:—

'Viro qui inter historiae et antiquitatis studiosos principalem tenet ordinem, meministis quam frequens haec curia abhinc biennio plauserit eloquenti[1]. Cujus merita tot et tam eximia vel percensere, vel commendare neque coram vobis opus est, neque verecundia patiatur. Duas tamen volo res animadvertere quae, judicante non populo sed Academiâ, huic viro praecipuae laudi sunt. Hoc primum, quod cum nonnullis Historiae Musa videatur, ut Sophoclis utar verbis, τοὐπιόντος ἁρπάσαι[2], hic docuit historiae scientiam cum exactâ linguarum peritiâ, non veterum quae vocantur tantum, non solarum recentiorum, sed omnium arctissime esse conjunctam. Qui litteras non ad amussim calleat, is historicus esse non potest. Illud alterum quod, cum plurimi putent eum posse res Anglorum gestas intelligere qui Graecorum nesciat, eum Romae se sentire domi qui Francorum ne nomen quidem auribus admiserit, hic docuit esse historiae non scientias sed scientiam; partes ejus individuas, summam esse unam. Duco ad vos Edwardum Augustum Freeman.'

From 1870 to 1875 Freeman had the fifth and last volume of his *History of the Norman Conquest* upon his hands. The amount of time occupied in the preparation of this volume was due partly to the quantity of other work upon which he was engaged, but mainly to the

[1] Alluding to his delivery of the Rede Lecture before the University in May, 1872.

[2] *Oedip. Col.* 753.

plan on which it was written, including as it did a survey of the reigns of William Rufus, Henry I, and Stephen, and an inquiry into the effects of the Conquest upon the foreign politics of the nation, and its internal administration, upon the condition of the people, upon language, literature, and architecture. And the further effects of a change of dynasty were exhibited by a sketch of the reigns of the Angevin kings from Henry II to the accession of Edward I. Thus the period of time covered by this volume was far longer than that with which he had dealt in the three preceding volumes, and the subject-matter was much more various and complex.

In 1870 he made arrangements with Messrs. Macmillan for the publication of a series of short histories to be entitled *An Historical Course for Schools*. The design of the work was to put forth clear and correct views of history in simple language, and in the smallest compass and cheapest form possible, so as to supplant as far as might be the many wretched compilations and epitomes which misled and bewildered the minds of young readers by their blunders, and disgusted them by their dullness. He himself was the Editor, and wrote the first volume of the series, which was a sketch of European history from the earliest times of which there were any trustworthy records down to the year 1872, in which he was writing. There can be no question that it is more difficult to write a really good short history than a long one, and looking to the vast space of time embraced in this one small volume, and the quantity of matter compressed into it, it must be regarded as a very masterly performance. The other volumes, containing the histories of different countries, were entrusted

to writers of his own selection, on whose skill and accuracy he could rely, he himself superintending the whole work. Three of the writers were ladies. 'These,' he says in a letter to a friend, 'that wicked Johanunculus, homunculus meus[1], calls my historic harem.'

A mere outline of his other literary undertakings, and of his travels during this period, is sufficient to indicate his extraordinary industry and untiring energy, physical as well as mental.

The work on Historical Geography was being carried on at intervals throughout the whole of these five years. In January, 1872, he gave three lectures at Leeds and Bradford on the growth of the English Constitution, which were published a few months afterwards in an expanded form, with the addition of notes. In May of the same year he delivered the Rede Lecture at Cambridge on his favourite subject, the Unity of History; and in the following November he began to write a course of six lectures on Comparative Politics, which were read at the Royal Institution (London) in January and February, 1873, and published in the autumn of the same year, with the addition of notes and references. Of longer articles contributed to Reviews and Magazines the most important were:—

'Mahomet,' in the *British Quarterly* for January, 1872.

'Cathedral Churches of the Old Foundation,' in a volume of *Essays on Cathedrals*, by various writers, published in 1872.

'Saalburg and Saarbrücken,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1872.

'Public and Private Morality,' in the *Fortnightly*, April, 1873.

[1] 'Little Johnny, my little man,' i.e. Mr. J. R. Green.

'Swiss Federal Reform,' *British Quarterly*, April, 1873.

'The Place of Exeter in English History,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, September, 1873.

'Field Sports and Vivisection,' *Fortnightly*, May, 1874.

'The Primaeval Architecture of Rome,' *British Quarterly*, July, 1874.

'Federalism and Home Rule,' *Fortnightly*, August, 1874.

'Trier and Ravenna,' *British Quarterly*, July, 1875.

A series of letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1874, on 'The meaning of Disestablishment and Disendowment,' were reprinted, with additions, in the same year. This small volume is of special value on account of the force and clearness with which the writer proves the legal and historical continuity of the Church of England from Augustine to the present day, and exposes the vulgar fallacies that it was ever formally established by any definite act of the State, or that it was endowed by the State, or that its property is national property, except in a sense in which all property is national property, or that the State in the sixteenth century transferred the property of the Church from one religious body to another[1].

A large number of his articles in the *Saturday Review* were suggested by his tours on the Continent, which were becoming more extended almost every year. In June and July, 1872, he travelled in Central Germany, and had the pleasure of staying with Dr. Ihne at Heidelberg, and Dr. Pauli at Göttingen[2]. In September, 1873,

[1] See also above, vol. i. pp. 211–215.

[2] See articles in the *Saturday Review*, vol. xxxiv, on 'Aachen Revisited*,' 'Bamberg,' 'Fulda,' 'Gelnhausen*,' 'German Romanesque,' 'Leodium,' 'Lorsch,' and the 'Torture Chamber at Nürnberg.' The articles marked in this and the following notes with an asterisk have been reprinted in *Historical and Architectural Sketches*.

after visiting Trent, Verona, Venice, and Ravenna, where he met Sir Gilbert Scott, he went by way of Rimini, Ancona, and Foligno to Rome, which he now saw for the first time. Here he remained three weeks, confining his attention chiefly to the earliest Christian basilicas and to the remains of pre-Christian times, in the examination of which he was often accompanied by Mr. J. H. Parker and Gregorovius. On his way home he stopped at Florence, Bologna, Milan, Monza, Pavia, and Lyons, and arrived in Oxford at the end of November, just in time to take his place as an examiner in the History School[1]. On October 4, 1874, accompanied by his two youngest daughters, after visiting Trier (where he met Dr. Pauli again) and some other places in Germany, and in North Italy, including Aosta and Genoa, he arrived at Rome on October 22, and, after spending a fortnight there, made his first visit to Naples and Paestum. On his return home, which he reached on November 30, he visited Arles, Avignon, and Orange[2]. In June, 1875, he made a tour in the North of England[3], and in September of the same year he and his wife were the guests for a week of the Vicomte de Neuville at Livet, near Lisieux, in Normandy. Thence

[1] See articles in *Saturday Review*, vol. xxxvi, on 'Ancient Verona*,' 'Ancona*,' 'Ariminum*,' 'Basilican Churches,' 'Great Roman Basilicas*,' 'The Lesser Churches of Rome*;' and vol. xxxvii on 'Faesulae*,' 'Neighbour Churches of Florence*,' and 'Monza*.'

[2] See articles in *Saturday Review*, vol. xxxviii, on 'Aosta*,' 'Brescia*,' 'Como*,' 'Arles;' and in vol. xxxix on 'Avignon,' 'Nimes,' 'Vienne,' and 'The Walls of Rome*'; also in *Macmillan's Magazine*, 'Recent Works in the Buildings of Rome,' June, 1874; 'Orange,' Feb., 1875; and 'Roman Diggings,' April, 1875. The article on 'Orange' is in the fourth series of *Historical Essays*.

[3] See articles in the *Saturday Review*, vol. xl, on 'Bamburgh and Dunstanburgh,' 'Carlisle,' 'Notes on the North Riding,' 'The Percy Castles,' and 'Selby Abbey.' All these have been reprinted in *English Towns and Districts*.

he went to Paris, where he was joined by his friend Mr. Horner, with whom he travelled to Venice and Trieste. From Trieste they were accompanied by Lord Morley in a voyage to the Dalmatian coast. Here at last Freeman gratified 'the yearnings of thirty years' to see the architectural wonders of Spalato. Cattaro, Cettinge, Ragusa, and Trebinje were also visited, and on the return journey Traü, Pola, Parenzo, Aquileia a second time, and Cividale. Articles appeared in the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette* on most of these places, and the majority of them, with others written during later tours in the same region, are contained in a volume published in 1881, entitled *Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice.*

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE (1870–75).

To F. H. Dickinson, Esq.

The Knoll, Farnborough Station, January 16, 1870.

. . . I cut our Sessions, but I was rewarded by turning into Hull Sessions, and seeing 'the gifted author of *Ten Thousand a Year*' on the judgement-seat, both civil and criminal. I was fully convinced that there is some virtue in a periwig. I am sure that neither you, nor I, nor Magnus miles Milo himself—nor even John Wood, unless in a periwig—would have uttered the words, 'on your solemn oath,' in the thrilling way in which Warren, D.C.L. did, to say nothing of the way in which the *Diary of the late Physician* examined a medical witness, showing that he knew much more about ossification of the heart than the doctor.

To Dean Hook.

Somerleaze, Wells, February 27, 1870.

. . . So your old Bishop is gone[1]. I suppose you have long expected it; I knew very little of him save that beautiful bald

[1] Dr. Ashhurst Turner Gilbert, aged eighty-five.

head, which I wished to stroke so long ago as when he was Principal of Brasenose and I Scholar of Trinity. And I remember Margaret's exaltation when he asked her to take wine at your house in times past. (March 6.) I think Gladstone should pay you the compliment of offering it to you, not that I think you will take it, though it would be less work for you to move across the street than to go anywhere else. You ought to have been Archbishop of York instead of Thomson.

. . . Sorry if I was naughty about ——. But is he not a Puritan as well as pluralist? Can a Puritan make a good Dean? I want those things for Stubbs, Dimock, Haddan, Pocock, Church, and such like, and they go to men who I suppose don't 'know a transept from a gurgoyle,' perhaps not 'an octave from an andante.'

. . . All people here are changing places. Lord Auckland keeps the palace, so the Bishop, after great searchings for a house, is to rent the Deanery, the Dean going to a Canon's house for nine months. If Lord Auckland lives nine months I don't know how they will manage. Also S. G. O.[1] is moving about from one Canon's house to another. How Gisa would stare, or even Robert[2].

. . . I have been looking at Haddan's book, which is really wonderful, only I have had to touch him up for talking about a 'Saxon period'—but I excuse him, partly as working among Wealas and catching their ways, partly as living among the Hwiccas, where there really was a Saxon period.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Somerleaze, March 6, 1870.

. . . Round towers are common in East-Anglia, and there are two or three in Sussex. But I did not know that they were ever detached. Those I know seem to have been built round simply to save quoins in that flint country, whereas in Ireland

[1] The Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, well known as a writer of letters to the *Times* signed S. G. O.

[2] Gisa, Bishop of Wells 1061–1088, tried to make the Canons of Wells live more after the manner of monks, building for them a common dormitory and refectory. Robert, Bishop 1136–1166, increased the number of Canons and gave them separate estates.

the form was clearly preferred for its own sake, as they are often of very fine masonry. The East-Anglian towers are mainly Romanesque. . . .

March 10. I am greater than Cicero, who was smiter of one Antonius. I venture to think that I have whopped the whole Gens Antonia. First, Anthony pure and simple, which is Trollope. Secondly, James Anthony[1], whom I believe myself to have smitten, as Cnut did Eadric[2], swiðe rihtlice[3], in the matter of Saint Hugh. Thirdly, George Anthony[4], with whom I fought again last Tuesday. At our Education Board (all parsons save four) we carried, by twenty-seven to seventeen, a resolution in favour of Forster's Bill.

To THE SAME.

Somerleaze, April 22, 1870.

I trust the papers are not deceiving me again, as they did for a season in the matter of Jones. *Daily News* affirms that you are, or are to be, Regius Professor of Civil Law instead of Twiss, whereat, if it be true, I do greatly rejoice. I only wish you had your Prebend of Salisbury 'annexed to the same by King James of ever-blessed memory,' I know not exactly by what authority. The other worthy, D. Justinianus sacratissimus princeps, ought to do something in his grave with delight, and mutter that Caesar will at last have the things that be Caesar's rendered to him. I am not writing where the heading of my letter would imply, but rather at Minehead, in the parts of Wellington, and we read the news in the train, Margaret being very proud that she saw it first. I go home to-morrow. I am afraid the income is not enough for you to do what I should like—cut the ungrateful Bar, and devote yourself wholly to Caesar and his fortunes.

To MISS EDITH THOMPSON.

Somerleaze, July 8, 1870.

It is very grand to date from the British Museum, much grander, and less open to misconstruction, than when I have

[1] I. e. Froude. [2] See *Norman Conquest*, vol. i. Appendix D. D. D.
[3] 'Very rightly.' [4] I. e. Denison, Archdeacon of Taunton.

sometimes dated to you from the Lunatic Asylum[1]. What were you after there? Prying into the mysteries of geology, in which you have shown so sudden an interest, or hunting up anything in which I could take a part? Margaret believes that you were looking for 'some*thing*,' which she says is all the answer which you ever give her to any asking after your pursuits. But I believe that the Museum is so far akin to the Asylum that *τὰ πολλὰ γράμματα*[2] had for a moment had the same effect on you which they had not on Saint Paul, seeing I asked whether you would be at home in the latter part of October, and you answer that you will be at home all July and August. This is what, in the Art of Pluck, is called 'the answer irrelevant.' Still, as all things, according to the logicians, are either Caesar or not Caesar, so all months must be either August or not-August; so I trust that you will find a time to come hither in one of the remaining not-August months of 1870, and that not only—

1st, Because I have not had a good spell of your company *quietly* since February, 1869; but also

2nd, Because there be many things to be talked over and fixed touching both Godric and the little book, which can be nowhere so well talked over and fixed as in this library. This last argument you do not seem fully to take in.

The scheme about little books is on this wise. I am to write a general sketch of European history (which I have already begun), and you and such other as I may catch are to fill up particular parts in greater detail. I don't know that you need wait till my sketch is finished to begin your part, as I think you know pretty well what my notions of Old-English History are.

To Miss Freeman.

Craigieburn Villa, Dunoon, N.B., August 28, 1870.

My dear Gretchen,

Thanks for your letter, map, and papers, which I found at Hexham on Friday. I had posted a letter for your mother that morning at Newcastle, and I did not write to either of you from Hexham, as I had several other letters to finish. This

[1] Being a member of the Board of Governors.

[2] 'Much learning,' Acts xxvi. 24.

place keeps the Sabbath; so this letter cannot go till to-morrow, and you cannot get it till some time on Tuesday.

At Newcastle I was swindled of 1*s.* 6*d.* for *hock* drunk by Greenwell in my company; so I shook off the dust from my feet, and wrote a spirited letter to the proprietor from Hexham. St. Nicholas at Newcastle is, bating the flying spire, which, after all, is more curious than beautiful, the very poorest church of its huge size I ever saw. The keep of the castle, temp. Henry II, has been got hold of by the local Antiquarian Society, and is filled with their things—but no harm is done. Thence to Hexham. The church turned out even grander than I thought, all thirteenth century, save Wilfrith's crypt down below, where all sorts of Roman stones, etc., are built up. The nave is gone, said to have been smashed by 'quidam latro publicus, Willelmus Walâys nomine[1].' It seemed funny to see bills in Hexham how Dr. Collingwood Bruce—I had no time to see him in Newcastle—was to preach on Sunday at the U. P. Church, and on Monday to be at a tea-party, followed by a lecture on the Roman Wall. Then I took a return ticket to Barton Mill, and walked out to see a grand piece of the Roman Wall itself—over hills and dales, a wild land enough, only here and there a farm-house, but such wonderfully neat farm-houses, more like a parsonage all by itself. The part of the wall that I got to is a station; so there is a vast deal of remains of gates and towers and stones of all kinds lying about—most striking in such a wild place. (August 29.) Then on Saturday I come on here by Carlisle and Glasgow to Greenock and across the Firth by steamer. This is certainly a lovely place, with the hills all above you, only the brutes to whom they belong won't let you walk up to the top—some beastliness, I believe, about the game, though I never before heard of enclosing miles of barren mountain as if it were a park or a garden. Going up a little way, you can see the high hills to the north and the Greater Cumbrae (as also Bute) to the south. And herein comes a shocking instance of human ingratitude, showing how utterly the folk of one, at least, of the adjacent islands, have forgotten the thoughtful care of their neighbours. I tried the

[1] 'A certain public robber, William Walâys by name.' Walt. of Heming, ii. 128.

Church as by law established yesterday morning, and I am sorry to say that the Minister of Dunoon did not put up a single petition for either the great or the little Cumbrae—to be sure he left out the adjacent islands also[1], and did not deal in intercession at all. His sermon was not amiss, but nothing particular—rather more than half an hour—the whole thing making an hour and a half. The singing is certainly hearty and vigorous, and the blessing at the end—more like Wordsworth than Thomson—is striking. But the prayers seemed to be about nothing in particular, and though he chose a very striking lesson, that about the dry bones, he made nothing of it in either prayer or sermon. I don't think I shall turn to that persuasion anyhow. Dunoon, I am bound to say, provides places of worship for all persuasions, from the Paip to U. P.

To the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Barnburgh Rectory, Doncaster, September 13, 1870.

My dear Lord,

I shall be very happy to be one of the Committee proposed to be formed to consider the arrangement of Diocesan Conferences. May I add that I look on such a scheme, coming as it does from the true ecclesiastical authority of the Diocese, the Bishop acting with, and at the head of, his real Chapter—instead of the Elizabethan imposture[2]—as one of the most cheering things in the ecclesiastical way that I have seen yet.

Your letter reached me here this morning. I hope to be at home next week, and I shall make a point of attending the proposed meeting.

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

October 18, 1870.

. . . I have done William's Northern campaigns to the best of my power, save that I shrank from the Cleveland hills.

[1] An allusion to the story of a Scotch minister in the little isle of Cumbrae, who prayed in kirk for 'the greater and the lesser Cumbrae, and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.'

[2] Alluding to a charter of Queen Elizabeth's, in which she granted the Cathedral Church of Wells and other property to the residentiary Canons only, and deprived the non-residentiary Canons of their votes in Chapter, except for the election of a Bishop.

I conceive that he took the train from Huddersfield to Manchester; at least I did.

Your report of Offa's Dyke is very comforting, and I shall tell Cox. A map of all dykes will indeed be a gain.

Johnny talks of going to St. Remo—I have very vague notions where that is, but, if it be on the way to Ravenna, I hope to go after him as soon as the state of Europe will let me. Not that I quarrel with that state. The wild beast of Paris must have his teeth drawn and his claws cut.

I have always said, with G. C. Lewis, that there is no evidence *in Greek and Roman writers* to show that Phoenicians ever came here, and that the passages commonly quoted are altogether misunderstood. But if you have *archaeological* evidence, I shall be quite prepared to listen, as I have always held it to be an open question from that side.

To the Same.

December 22, 1870.

. . . Pray come to us as soon as you can, wife and all. Do not talk of running down to us from Bath, which is irreverent towards the elder brother, but come to us 'dacently,' and thence you may go for a day to Bath if you will. I want the Ritual Commissioners to make a change in '*Benedicite, Omnia Opera.*' It stands 'O ye Wells, bless ye the Lord,' which is bald, and bad rhythm. I propose to read 'O ye Baths and Wells,' which might also take in Baden, Aachen, Aix, and, what more nearly touches you, Dax.

What do you mean about killing crocodiles? Do you speak parables, having upset some man's *alligator*[1].

I have been fraternizing with Kingsley and sitting at the feet of Mill and his step-daughter. Did you see how the drunkards made songs upon us in *Punch*?

Forgive long silence, as I give you a frisky letter at the end.

To Dean Hook.

Somerleaze, January 8, 1871.

I have been pondering over your two letters, the latter of which came this morning. This latter one removes your

[1] I. e. allegory.

physical difficulty about a stall wherein to put the new Residentiary; but what a confused jumble the whole thing is[1]. That is what comes of legislating without knowing the nature of the things for which you legislate. I conceive that you and I are just as fit to reform the constitution of the court of the Grand Lama as Bishop Blomfield was to do the like by an old-foundation church. I got up the Act once, but I have not got it by me now. I fancy that it gives the bishop the right to nominate 'canons' or residentiaries, but without defining their relations to the other prebendaries of the church. No doubt those who made the Act did not think about it, or rather they meant to destroy the non-residentiary stalls altogether. (January 10.) They were, I think, saved by an amendment in the Lords. I have no doubt that this produces difficulties and contradictions in the construction of the Act. How can one reconcile a clause giving to the bishop an absolute power to appoint residentiaries without reference to the prebendaries, and another clause securing to the prebendaries all their old rights (as distinguished from revenues), therefore, of course, their right to have residentiaries chosen out of their body?

Is not that something like the state of the case?

But I do not quite take in your case. Your way of appointing the residentiaries is *practically* what at Wells it is *formally* (by the Elizabethan charter), namely, an election out of the prebendaries by the existing residentiary body. At Wells this goes on still, as long as Mr. Beadon the Chancellor lives; at his death (he is ninety-three years old, and has never died yet, so most likely he never will[2]) it is understood that the appointment will go to the bishop, I presume absolutely, but I have

[1] The Bishop of Chichester had recently appointed a man to be a canon residentiary of the cathedral who had not already been made a prebendary, contrary to the ancient constitution. Dean Hook consulted Mr. Freeman how he ought to act under the circumstances. The stalls in the choir being all assigned to prebendaries, where was he to put a canon residentiary who was not a prebendary when called upon to install him? This physical difficulty, however, was removed by the discovery that when the choir was refitted, after the fall of the spire, four additional stalls had been provided. The objection, however, to the infringement of the ancient constitution remained unaltered.

[2] He died in his 101st year.

not heard the point argued. How do you stand at Chichester? Have you any vestige of old times like Beadon, keeping up vested interests, or are you wholly under the new system? In this latter case, do you simply claim that the bishop shall choose the residentiary from among the prebendaries—including, of course, as you hint, a prebendary appointed by himself the day before—or do you still claim for the residentiary body a right of—perhaps only formal—election? As far as I remember the Act, I should think you could hardly put this last construction upon it, though I should think a good deal might be said on behalf of the prebendaries still retaining the right to have the residentiaries chosen from among them, whether by the bishop or by anybody else.

I will here ask three questions.

1. At York, Thomson appoints residentiaries and *institutes* them. To *what* does he institute them?

2. At St. Paul's the Crown now appoints residentiaries absolutely. Before the Act, they were elected under a letter missive. How did they do? Did the bishop first make the Crown nominee a prebendary, and then the residentiaries, or whoever were the electoral body, call him into residence?

3. When a residentiary of an old-foundation church is made a bishop, does not the Crown appoint to the residentiary stall? Should it not rather appoint simply to the prebend?

All these things show the state of utter confusion in which the whole subject is.

. . . I do know *Jebb on the Choral Service* very well. It was the book from which, twenty-five or twenty-six years ago, I first learned anything about those matters. It is not well put together, but it contains a great deal of matter put in a clear way.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

The Knoll, Farnborough Station, January 10, 1871.

Will you believe it, that I have come all this way to get out of the way of a dance? The house is going to be turned bottom upwards for some days, and I thought I should be driven wild, so I came to pay the visit which I did not pay in December, and here I am.

I am writing to you in a triple sandwich, along with old Hook, dear old boy, as so often before, who writes to ask what he should do in a question between him and the bishop about the appointment of a canon; also to Galiffe, of Geneva, to whom I am writing to learn something about the Swiss military system, which I conceive must be the best. It is as well to get up something about it, though I believe this present army panic, like so many before it, is just got up by captains who want to be colonels, and colonels who want to be generals, and newspaper editors who want to sell their papers, and that it will just blow over like all the others, and that will be a good job, as then you won't bury your face in 'Jupiter,' and draw it out talking of Snider rifles. But you may utilize your military studies so far as to tell me what is meant by Prim's widow being made a captain-general. (That is the same as field-marshall here, is it not?) Is that the last thing that you and Lydia and Lady Amberley have developed in the way of women's rights? Is she actually to command armies, or only to draw pay as if she did? . . .

To G. Finlay, Esq.

Somerleaze, January 12, 1871.

I am utterly ashamed when I look at the date of your last letter. But you are no worse off than a great many other people, especially those in foreign parts, to whom one must write letters, and cannot put them off with halfpenny postcards. But it is really amazing to look at a letter seven months old, τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, when the tyrant was still boasting himself that he could do mischief, and when the Bishop of Rome was still a temporal prince. I am Dutch to the backbone, as, notwithstanding the apostasy of the multitude and of the newspapers, nearly every one whose opinion I care a rap for abides still. I was in your native land when I heard the sound of the great crash, which, by the way, was heard at Edinburgh sooner than it was at Paris. I was staying with J. H. Burton, and had been taking a long walk round what I took to be the parts of Dumbiedikes[1], and came down into a back street by the Canongate, where the walls were placarded with 'The Emperor Napoleon a prisoner,' and that kind of thing. The

[1] See Sir W. Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*.

feeling was a very peculiar one; joy did not come till a little later; it was simple wonder and taking away of breath. I had a very pleasant run in Northumberland and Scotland. Long before the war began, I had settled not to go out of this island in the year 1870, but to trace out all William's campaigns in the north, which I hope I have done pretty fairly. This took me to Abernethy, William's farthest point north, and being there and seeing the round tower, I could not fail to go on and see the other round tower at Brechin, where I was nearer to the North Pole than I ever was before, as in 1855 I got no further than Dunblane and St. Andrews. This year I dream of getting nearer the Equator than I ever was before by going to other round towers at Ravenna. When shall I ever get into Greece and see you? You had better join me midway at Ravenna, and we can contemplate Justinian and Theodora together in the church of St. Vital.

Have you any indications as to the *time* when the English who left England in William's days came to Constantinople? Orderic places it quite early in William's reign, about 1067, but he directly after talks of Alexios Komnênos as emperor, which won't do for the date. You will remember that the false Ingulf found Alexios reigning at a still earlier time. Did they put the name of Alexios at a shot for any Byzantine emperor?

All that you sent me about Harold Hardrada at Athens has been put into the shape of a note in the appendix to the second edition of my second volume. Vol. iv. is just beginning to be printed.

What a state of things you do describe—and since then there has been all this about the murders[1]. I stuck to the Greeks as long as I could, but they really have got beyond me. But I can't turn Turk—never, nowhere, nohow, not at all. I must be *φιλορωμαῖος* only instead of *φιλέλλην*, and look forward to something coming of Strangford's *Bulgarians*. What is all this talk about an Oecumenical Council in the East, held, according to the Anglican article, by the commandment and will of the Grand

[1] Of Mr. Herbert Lloyd Vyner and Count de Bŏgl. The letters of Mr. Finlay about this time are full of terrible stories of brigandage and murder, and of the feebleness or apathy of the Government in dealing with disorder.

Turk? It struck me, because I had been lately helping in a diocesan synod in our parts, where the rights of the secular power were ably argued from the fact that Constantine presided at Nikaia while still unbaptized, and therefore not so much as a layman. This seems a precedent for a Mahometan *advocatus ecclesiae.*

The last news is the Germans at Le Mans. I hope they won't hurt it, but they may ding down Paris as much as they please.

To Mrs. P. A. Taylor.

February, 1871.

Madam,

The question of women's suffrage is one on which I see much to be said on both sides, and on which I should beg to be excused committing myself either way. Not being in Parliament, nor, as far as I can see, likely to be, I do not see that I am bound to commit myself.

If I were to continue my history to Henry VIII, I might possibly find arguments your way, on the one hand, in the succession of three female sovereigns; and, on the other, in the clear need in those days of some protection for the necks of queens consort. But in my benighted eleventh century we had not yet thought either of setting women to reign or of cutting off their heads. The question, therefore, does not come so closely home to me as it might perhaps to Mr. Froude. Would it not be better to press him on the subject?

Believe me, madam,

Yours obediently.

To Dean Hook.

Somerleaze, Wells, March 5, 1871.

Margaret has been writing to you so much lately that I have rather kept back, having such worlds of other letters to write. But we were all much troubled to hear both about Mrs. Hook and about your own accident. You were able to speak sportively about the latter, but I am afraid it was rather serious for you, and about Mrs. Hook, it is indeed a trial and grief to you. I do trust she may get over it all[1].

(March 12.) There, you see, another week has slipped by. Letters which must be answered the same day have a sad

[1] She died two months after the date of this letter.

trick of eating up my one letter-writing hour on common days, and drive the others on to the next Sunday, when they make a relaxation, according to the *Book of Sports* put forth by the late King James of ever-blessed memory.

. . . What a funny custom about your residentiaries[1]. There is a queer custom here with the vicars, which I did not know till the other day. The chapter nominate, but the vicars themselves elect or 'perpetuate,' after a year, like a probationary fellow. Our vicars' college has both clerical and lay members, and it seems that just now the lay vicars (shoemakers, &c., &c.), having to perpetuate a new priest-vicar, took the opportunity of the momentary superiority mightily to insult him. He makes his moan to me, and tells me that my doctrine of vicars is all wrong, and that he had rather be a minor canon on a new foundation. He won't listen to what I say of the dignity of being a member of a corporation with its own estates, &c. The remedy, I suppose, is to make the college wholly clerical, or rather, I want to absorb the so-called theological college into the vicars' college, making the vicars' places into clerical fellowships, holy orders to be taken after a time or by a certain number, but not to be held by permanent shoemakers and such like.

The Dean of Chester has asked me to write something about Old Foundations for a collection of essays on cathedral matters which he is making, and I think I shall, if I can find time[2].

[1] Extract from Dean Hook's letter, to which the above is a reply. 'Our custom used to be to agree among ourselves as to the prebendary we intended to call into residence. When the chapter met he appeared. The dean, with a stern voice, said, "Mr. Prebendary, I protest against this intrusion upon the close chapter." The prebendary, in a weak voice, replied, "I have only come to seek the good will of the dean and residentiary canons to come into residence." The dean, sternly, "Sir, you will quit the chapter, and your request shall be taken into consideration." He cooled his heels outside while the chapter transacted some other business. Then the prebendary was admitted, and the dean said, blandly, "Brother So-and-So, we call you into residence; please to listen while our regulations are read, and say whether you will adhere to them."'

[2] The volume was published in 1872. Mr. Freeman's essay is entitled 'The Cathedral Churches of the Old Foundation.'

. . . I have given a longish chapter of vol. iv. to Lanfranc and ecclesiastical matters generally. I am not quite clear how far Lanfranc was honest, but he was amazingly able. You don't love Anselm as you ought. I never read a word of his theology or metaphysics, and I do not mean to. He figures with me as 'The man who saved the hunted hare and stood up for the holiness of Ælfheah.'

The saints then, like the philosophers now, are strong with me on the field-sports question. I don't count Cranmer for either saint or philosopher.

I must see you somehow this year.

Yours affectionately.

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

March 19, 1871.

Thanks for the reference to Rymer, which is all right. Is not the wolf, like his dinner the sheep, a Celtic beast, not to be found far from the Welsh border? I have seen somewhere that Holinshed speaks of wolves in the time of Elizabeth, but I have no Holinshed. In Ireland, of course, they went on much later, and there is the tradition of Sir Ewen Cameron killing the last, just like the tradition of some man whom I want to find killing the last bear in the eleventh century. Only I have a notion that what he killed was not Ursus anything, but a Biorn or Osbiorn, or somebody of that kind. I have not the *Orkneyinga Saga* in full—(somebody has bagged my *Torfaei Orcades*) and I cannot find the place in Johnstone's extracts, and Dasent has gone writing novels instead of publishing the Saga, which he has promised so long.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, April 16, 1871.

. . . Congratulate me on having killed and buried Willelmus Magnus—the latter, as you know, being no easy matter[1]. I am mighty busy with this and that.

. . . Well, I will crow over you one while. You said you had not changed during the war. I appeal to contemporary

[1] See *Norman Conquest*, iv. 716–721.

authorities, yea, to MSS., yea, like N. E. S. A. Hamilton, to autographs. August 3, 1870, 'you tried to prepare your mind for seeing London plundered by the Turcos,' and meanwhile 'thought it vexatious enough to hear that the French had succeeded at Saarbrück.' August 28, you were 'delighted at the German successes, which were simply amazing, &c.', and you wished to give 'Savoy to Italy, Alsace and German-speaking Lorraine to Germany.' Then, October 3, 'you wished now that the French could beat the Prussians in moderation.' Explain the fact, if you can, but don't deny it. I have simply stayed where you were on August 28, not being able to understand that right can become wrong simply because (for one time in a thousand) right is successful. . . .

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

April 30, 1871.

When you talk of Strathclyde, which Strathclyde do you mean? For you wrote out of one of the twain. The Strathclyde (*Ystrad-clwyd*—I translate into your native tongue) where St. Asaph is, had a little history of its own, and often gets confounded—so Haddan tells me—with the bigger Strathclyde to the north. The latter might, no less than the other, claim the title of καλλιγύναιξ[1] in the person of the Briseides, sisters of the Regius Professor[2], and aunts of the Holy Roman Empire[3].

Verily, you get mighty rapturous for a man of bones. If you have taught the squires to dig, it may be a practical gain for them when the Commune is proclaimed at Llanelwy.

But don't ask me about the history of Strathclyde—northern, I mean; 'tis the plague of my life. Ask Haddan about it. I don't believe anybody really knows; but he does, if any one. He has a general 'familiaritas pulicum[4]' which I maintain not to be healthy in a Dutchman, and which makes him look more like a ghost than a man. You will find (by digging) something

[1] 'Having beautiful women.' [2] Bryce.

[3] In reference to the book of Professor Bryce on the *Holy Roman Empire.*

[4] Literally, 'intimacy with fleas,' with reference to his minute knowledge of the history of Celtic races, commonly called by Freeman 'unsavoury nations.'

in his first volume, and I believe there will be much more in the next. Write to him boldly (Rev. A. W. H., Barton Rectory, Moreton-in-the-Marsh), and tell him that I told you. In Eadward the Elder's time, as you know, Manchester was in Northumberland.

To Mrs. Thompson.

The Elms, Tooting, S.W., June 14, 1871.

We had a mighty breakfast yesterday—five defeated candidates of 1868: Roundell (not M.P. for Clitheroe), Brodrick (not M.P. for Woodstock), Warren (not M.P. for Mid-Cheshire), Robarts (not M.P. for Mid-Surrey), Freeman (not M.P. for Mid-Somerset), three *non-Mids* (on which Robarts suggested that 150 seats were vacant in France, and I proposed to stand for Mid-Normandy). Also Mackay (inquiring Nether-Dutch Baron), Oxenham (exorcist and pope-smiter), Johnny Green (Johnny Green), and Rutson (Home Secretary's Master). After that I was most of the day with Johnny, and came here at eventide.

Edith has made a hit with her Georges—that there is no doubt of. I will write to her more at large when I have another breathing-space. Let me thank her and you and Mr. Thompson for a very pleasant tetameron[1]. If Edith does snub me a bit now and then, I am well used to it, and Owen was not by—so it does not matter. I believe I love her and Johnny more than most people, partly because they bully me the most.

To Miss Florence Freeman.

Carisbrooke Vicarage, June 21, 1871.

As the librarian[2] will be gone before you get this, I must make my wants known to the sub-librarian. Margaret has not sent me any great stock of drawing-paper; can't you find another block anywhere, either in the library or in the dressing-room? And I want you to look in the other Florence[3] under 1087, and copy me exactly what there is about Donald, the son of Malcolm—he is most likely called Duvenaldus—and his being a hostage. Now use your discretion, called in the

[1] Four days' visit. [2] His eldest daughter, Margaret.
[3] The chronicler, Florence of Worcester.

Greek φρόνησις, and for your own sake and mine copy all that bears on the matter in hand and nothing else. The other Donald, Mackay to wit, I met in London, and I think I shall try to persuade him to come to us for the Assizes, as he is still searching out all the institutions of the land.

This is a pleasant isle, and the look-out from this house on the castle is not a little winsome. Look in the *Chronicles* for Wihtgar and his doings, and tell me whether you can believe them. I am trying hard to do so, but you know, doubtless, that *gar* is spear—and it is nearly as funny for the conqueror of Wiht to be called Wihtgar, as if Moltke were called Frankreichspiess.

To the Same.

Carisbrooke Vicarage, June 25, 1871.

You will be almost afraid at seeing a letter from me, as you will think I am setting you more to do. Well, I have still a little more to set you to do, but not much. Prythee, look in the sheets of the *Norman Conquest*, vol. iv. p. 565, note 1, and tell me whether there ought to be the word 'cur' between 'maligni' and 'cum,' and also in p. 623 whether the words 'qua quamdiu' should not be 'quo quamdiu.' But I must (in a figure) pat my sub-librarian on her little wee, wee, wee, bit headikie for doing what I have set her so well and so quickly. Also for her suggestion about *Duncan* for *Donald*, which I think is right, but the names do look much alike in their Latin forms. I suppose I was thinking of Donald Mackay.

Your mother and our hosts made a water trip yesterday by the *Cowes* to Ryde. I walked to draw Arreton church, going over the downs, where you get a good view into the adjacent island of Great Britain (N. B. Settlers from G. B. are here called *Overers*, i.e. folk from the περαία, ἤπειρος, or *back of beyond*; not the *back of the island*, which is the other end towards Normandy). To that island we mean to make our way back to-morrow.

. . . You see, I have made a mess of two pages of my letter; that comes of having my inkstand and my tub in the same room, as one has when one is in other people's houses; but there is something to be said for the arrangement.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, July 22, 1871.

I am left alone with Fanny Tobler. Ye be all scattered abroad hither and thither. From the most distant there came a letter this afternoon[1]. He has reached China safe and sound, but seems to have been sadly knocked about on his voyage. Then Harold is in a reasonable part of the world, even Kent, which comes first in Domesday; as for Margaret and Helen, they are reported to be in Cumberland, but as there is no Cumberland in Domesday, how can I tell where it is? To be sure, there is no Tenby in Domesday; but then I have been at Tenby, and I can bear witness with my own eyes to its being a real dwelling-place of man.

. . . I was much amused with your account of Margam. I conceive that the vicar of whom you speak so lightly is no other than my very good friend Dafydd ap Thomas, now Rector of Garsington, *vice* the Rev. S. W. Wayte resigned. That is why he is going away. You don't seem to have seen the ruins of the choir and chapter-house. And I confess to doubting about your seeing *rein*deer in the park: fallow-deer very likely, and a red deer or two not impossibly; but about reindeer, ask the Professor, who is specially learned on that head, and who, I think, will tell you that there were reindeer in Caithness in the twelfth century, but that there be none in Morganwg in the nineteenth.

. . . I sent a message to Mrs. Drummond that, as her children had left off coming to my window, I had taken to the pea-chicks instead. The white hen came round this morning for the first time. Your carl cat is in sad disgrace for killing two little guinea-chicks, and your mother utters dreadful things against him.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, December 18, 1871.

I find from the Dean's account that you are the most discerning of mankind; that is, that you found out what a shy

[1] His son Edgar.

body I am[1]. That is one of the things which Mr. Timbs ought to put into the next edition of *Things not generally known.* I never can make people believe it, but so it is. I once began a speech with 'I feel great diffidence,' and everybody burst out laughing; but 'twas true all the same.

I am writing to you to ask whether you know where the passage of Cassiodorus about 'columnarum juncea proceritas' is to be found. I have hunted and caused to be hunted in all likely places of Cassiodorus and in all people likely to have quoted it; but I find it nowhere save in a note of Hallam quoted secondhand without any reference. I did find a place where Theodoric bids the Prefect of Rome send him workmen to make mosaics for a basilica at Ravenna.

I am meditating a letter to the Dean. Margaret is very glad he is beginning to send her some proofs again. We hope that you and Mrs. Stephens, and, if so be, the *bambina* and the *bambinetta*, will find your way hither before long.

I want to see your *John* Chrysostom[2]—I hope you don't call him *Chrysostom*—as I have got into his times by two other ways, Ravenna and Historical Geography.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, December 30, 1871.

Don't depreciate your own discernment, the less so as you have found out the place in Cassiodorus[3]. I have read through the place 'Formula ad Praefectum Urbis de Architecto faciendo.' I can't see that it has anything to do with Ravenna at all, or with any *new* buildings. The words are rather a musing on the ancient buildings of Rome, which I believe some people are so far down in the blackness of darkness as to fancy that our Goths defaced or destroyed. But I have lighted on another

[1] I met Mr. Freeman for the first time in November of this year at the house of my father-in-law, Dean Hook, and I remarked to the Dean not long afterwards that I thought Freeman's occasional roughness and shortness of manner to strangers was mainly the awkwardness of a shy man. That the Dean should have repeated this remark to Freeman is a striking proof of the freedom and candour which marked their intercourse.

[2] A life of that Father which I had just written, published in 1872.

[3] *Variae*, vii. 15.

letter, i. 6, which seems to me distinctly to refer to the mosaics of S. Apollinaris.

I shall gladly receive *S. John Chrysostom.* I know nothing of the Fathers. I suppose I ought to know something, as they must throw a great deal of light on history. Anselm is one of my chief favourites, but I tremble at *Cur Deus homo.*

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, March 10, 1872.

. . . Let me congratulate you heartily on your father's appointment, which is a virtuous thing for me to do, as I fear that, if you go and live in Lancashire, I shall see less of you than I have done hitherto. You can come here just as well, but I shan't have you to drop in on when I go to London. However, it is part of a law which has carried divers of my friends, as Jones, Dawkins, and Dimock, York-and-Lancaster-wards. (To Raine, coming from Durham, York is a step southwards.) If you get into the parts of Manchester, you will find as good company as you can want—that is, according to my standard,—I know nothing of the 'county families'—among the Owens-College people (and I fancy that Cheetham's is a good library). Greenwood, Dawkins, Ward, Roscoe, &c., make as good a circle as may be, and some of the manufacturing bodies seem decent folk.

. . . Had I been in London, I should have much liked to see the crowd inside and out of St. Paul's[1]. But what the crowd went to see I cannot guess. . . . The *Bundesrath*[2] is never born, never marries, never dies, never recovers from sickness. Think what a saving of trouble and money!

. . . I shall have a fuller Romanesque article in next *Fortnightly.* You could not choose better than you have done with the Tower and Durham. But bring out that up to about 1050 all Western Europe built much alike. Then come local styles, of which Norman came into England, T. R. E. and T. R. W.[3], and gradually displaced the older fashion. Westminster is

[1] At the thanksgiving service, on Feb. 27, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness.

[2] Executive Council of the Swiss Republic.

[3] Time of King Edward, and time of King William.

hardly *typical* of Henry III. 'Tis our grandest thing, but very French. Salisbury and parts of Ely are the best examples of purely *English* thirteenth century work.

To THE SAME.

Somerleaze, April 21, 1872.

It seems that you act faster than I write. But I may say for myself that you have not four or five books going at once, nor are you interrupted by asylums and such like. However, I have at last done your questions, and here are the answers—also some autographs. Among them I have at last lighted on one of Sir G. C. Lew*is*, as also G. H. Lew*es*.

All seems straight about your little book. Macmillan seems delighted.

. . . I send you some (uncorrected) sheets of my own bookikie[1], from which you will see that I have been pretty well recasting it as well as you. First, Macmillan suggested that the paragraphs should be shorter, which I thought would be a gain; but this alone involved almost a recasting, as they commonly wanted new heads and tails. Secondly, I perceived of myself that it was not done to one scale, that it wanted enlarging in some parts and cutting short in others. You will see the result. My principle has been to cut short the particular history of each nation (leaving that to you and the rest of you), and to enlarge on those things which bring the several nations into connexion with one another. By this rule I am going greatly to cut short the English part of the chapter headed 'The Saxon Emperors,' leaving it to you; so you can work in the matter of it. And my little Constitutional book[2], though desultory on the face of it, may, I hope, put you up to a thing or two.

. . . Did you ever hear the human race divided into 'men, women, and policemen?' I am told that all those three classes may vote at the election of a School Board.

To J. BRYCE, ESQ.

Coblenz, June 19, 1872.

We are gradually making on our way, all six of us, and we hope to be set up for a season at Wiesbaden in two days

[1] The *General Sketch of European History*, see above, p. 31.

[2] *Growth of the English Constitution*.

more. Our course has been Antwerp, *Leodium*[1], Aachen, Köln, Bonn, and this Confluentia. We slept at all save Bonn, where we stopped only between steamers. While I was drawing at the minster, my wife and the girls went to the University Library, where they were received gladly, specially on saying whose wife and daughters they were. They found my writings there, and in request. Howbeit, when I went there myself I was kicked out. So I left a card, adding to my name 'In Universitate Oxoniensi Doctor Honorarius, in Universitate Cantabrigiensi Praelector publicus[2] [which I still am, though my duties are over], in Universitate Bonnensi ex bibliothecâ prorsus ejectus.' Such a date. So I hope some one has mused on that. 'Tis now Friday 21, and we hope to reach Wiesbaden to-day. This place I had seen before only by moonlight, and I saw it again by moonlight yesterday evening, having walked up with Kate behind Ehrenbreitstein, which is an ugly stronghold enough. But 'tis a glorious view—think of the ὕβρις[3] of those Gal-Welsh ever thinking they should have these places. Kaiser Wilhelm and his house, and the scenes of the war, are still up everywhere as they were last year. But I see that everything is still *Königlich*, save things like the telegraph which are distinctively *Kaiserlich*. Those men calling themselves emperors were at Ems together the other day, to wit Francis Joseph and Alexander, besides our man here.

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

Rheinstrasse, No. 19, Schwalbach, July 17, 1872.

Pity you can't come to Ravenna or anywhere. Stubbs can't come either; I wanted him to come with me to Göttingen to see Pauli, which I had to do by myself. We are now all gathered together here, and Margaret, Kate, and Florence are all bathing, or drinking, or something of the kind, which is held to do them good. I have been running about to several places, and I mean to run about a bit more before we come home, the time for doing which is not yet exactly fixed, but the address

[1] Lüttich or Liége.

[2] With reference to the Rede Lecture, which he had delivered in the preceding month.

[3] 'Insolence.'

which I have given will do for a week or more. About Ravenna, I have asked Allon to send you a proof of my article. Perhaps you would not mind looking at my authorities and the inferences which I make from them. My great difficulty is in reconciling the account of Jornandes, who distinctly speaks of the haven as being choked up, and of apple-trees growing where masts have been; and those of Prokopios and Agathias just at the same time, who talk of fleets still coming to Ravenna. Then in Strabo's time Ravenna seems to have been something like Venice, with canals and bridges, which it certainly is not now, and could hardly have been in the time of Theodoric. W. G. Clark tells me that the frogs are still tuneful at Ravenna. I did not hear them, but that is, I dare say, a difference rising from the difference of times of year. I had plenty both of frogs and gnats at Speier, if not at Ravenna.

To E. B. Tylor, Esq.

19 Rheinstrasse, Schwalbach, July 20, 1872.

I ought to tell you of all men that I have had a very satisfactory correspondence with Dr. Bence Jones, and that I am to hold forth in a series of six lectures at the Royal Institution next spring. Many thanks for your agency on this behalf.

I have taken for my subject one which I think follows very well on Max Müller's and yours, namely what, till I can find a better name, I call *Comparative Politics*. I should, however, much like to get a better name, as C. P. may suggest modern or party politics, which I certainly do not mean to talk about. What I want to do is to carry out the same line of thought which you and others have applied to the language, the mythology, and the customs of different nations to their political institutions, and to show that the forms of government of the Aryan nations —I suspect one may safely go beyond the Aryan nations— all spring from a common source, an *Urbrunnen*, to use the language of Langenschwalbach. You will, I dare say, have noticed that I have incidentally said something about this matter in divers places, but I shall be glad of the chance of dealing with it more systematically, and I hope I may be able to make something of it.

I don't know whether you will be surprised at my date, or whether I told you that we were going in a body to High-Dutchland—that is, if it is naturally High-Dutchland, and if there be any natural High-Dutchland at all, for I distinctly heard two boys in the street at Marburg say to each other 'Harry.' 'Wat?'—not *what* certainly, but decidedly *wat* and not *was*.

. . . This is an idle, sleepy place; but it is pleasantly set down among hills, and I never anywhere saw such a choice of woodland walks.

To Miss Freeman.

Nürnberg, July 23, 1872.

My orders are to write you an account of all that I have been doing; so here I begin.

I reached Wiesbaden without any remarkable adventure. Then I went by rail to Frankfurt. At Frankfurt be two railway stations, east and west, and to get on the Bavarian line you have to take a droschke from one to the other. But with a ticket straight from Wiesbaden to Bamberg the droschke is paid for you. So I ate and drank and went on my way rejoicing, even unto Aschaffenburg. Rejoicing, say I, in what was in itself painful, for in the carriage were four British tourists, in whom I discern, so to speak, *materiam medii*[1]. Saith the father, 'The Prussians seem to treat the Germans like a conquered people.' (The text for this sentiment was a story of a Prussian officer at Coblenz cutting open a man's head, which, if true, suggests divers thoughts, but makes the ethnology none the better.) Answereth the daughter, 'There are as many Germans in the army as there are Prussians.' General agreement. 'But the Prussians have done so much for the Germans that they must put up with a good deal at their hands.' Now, would these people talk of Yorkshire men treating England as a conquered country—say, when Leanam wants to buy the Bridgewater seats for some plan up there? Or do they think that Dutchland, High and Low, is held in bondage by natural heathen Prussians, talking *mi* and worshipping Perkuns, the god of thunder? Then

[1] 'The Matter of a Middle,' i. e. material for a middle article in the *Saturday Review*. The Middle here proposed will be found in vol. xxxiv. p. 176, entitled 'Tourist Talk.'

change at Aschaffenburg (whereof Lambert was not), bread and beer; second pull to Würzburg, with much sleep. Change again and on to Bamberg, at Bamberger Hof. We pass by divers little places, as Schweinfurt and Hassfurt, which I should much like to stay and get up. I should like to get up Francia thoroughly, that Francia whose dukes dwelled at Würzburg, not at Paris. At Bamberg I finished my Norwegian middle, and took it out to post, but the post-office has no outer letter-box, so I had to wait till the morning. But I walked about and saw the *dom* by moonlight. Bamberg has points in common with Bristol, a city of rivers, canals, and bridges. The *dom* is up above, and so is St. Michael's Abbey and some other things. I got a first glimpse of the *dom* before breakfast—I make a big breakfast and supper, so as not to waste time on dinner—and after went to the Town Library, where I was courteously entreated and shown divers fine things, as a Bible writ by our Alcuin, Henry II's prayer books, with ivory sides, &c.

At *dom* I was less lucky, as it was only with much ado that I got into the crypt, and I did not see Henry II's pretty things at all. The *dom* has two heads, like Mainz. St. Michael's has been Jesuited inside, but it is not much hurt without; and there is a most curious set of pictures of the life of St. Otto, c. 1100, as also St. Otto himself, Bishop of Bamberg and Apostle of Pommern. Hard by may a man drink beer and look over Francia. In the course of the day I did my Bamberg pretty thoroughly, making my nuncheon of bread 2 kr. and beer 3½ kr. Then at 5.30 rail to this Nürnberg, first to Bayerischer Hof; but the one room they had for me was too little, with a table on which I could hardly have written this letter. So I turned out and quartered me here at the sign of the *Rothes* (qy. Chestnut?), Ross (N.B. I saw the Blue Lion somewhere), where I am in a good room when I get to it, but up a frightful lot of stairs. I shall post this as early as I can to-morrow, so don't look for any account of Nürnberg. But I see that there is a vast deal of all kinds—churches, houses, and town-walls. There is fine cinque-cento work both in this inn and in the other. I wrote to your mother to-day from Bamberg, and I told her that I shall come on Thursday morning and play the part of the Schwalbach cocks by coming and waking her up.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, October 13 (translation King Edward), 1872.

Let me first hope that you have safely moved into the parts of Cheshire between Mersey and Ribble—Lancashire is a modern device which I know nothing about. However, trusting that the land may be within the reach of the post, I sent off Miss Sewell's book yesterday, and I hope to send off this letter to-morrow. Secondly, let me congratulate you (and Miss Macarthur along with you) on your both being, in the opinion at least of Keene's *Bath Journal*, 'writers of eminence.' Far from me be it to say that you may not both be so in the paullo-post-future, but it is surely a little premature to put it in the present. However, we will hope that it is a good omen [1].

. . . I have sent you proofs no end; you *must* put back the old beginning, and I am glad of the gaps, as you can bring in some other things. Here and there you will do well to *bedutch* a word or two. Don't be afraid. I am bringing out another volume of *Essays*, and I have quite to translate some of the older ones—you would be aghast at the look of the interleaved copy, but I find that fifteen or sixteen years back, I talked of 'commencement,' 'conclusion,' and 'termination.' I really believe that, in these times, simplicity of style comes only by long practice. This should be cheering to you. The thing may be done. Am I not the horrid example?

I lighted on the *Graphic*—I think it was, one of the illustrated papers—and there was somebody's picture of Taillefer before the battle [2]. It was something to see how much people of that kind have learned, and how much they have not learned, by all that we have done. The man had really taken in that the English stood thick on a hill. There was no Harold prancing about on a horse in a plain. But, though he drew a hill, he would not draw the right hill. For the sea, of which you can see from Senlac just one teacupfull more than you can from Ben Knoll, was made quite near, with ships and what not.

Margaret has come back, save that she has caught a cold, the

[1] Miss Thompson wrote the *History of England*, and Miss Macarthur the *History of Scotland*, for the series of short histories which Freeman was editing.

[2] Of Senlac, see *History of Norman Conquest*, vol. iii. 478.

better for her sojourn. Edgar also is come, looking very well, and having sent a small monkey before him, a most pleasing and kindly little kinsman, *cousin à la mode de Darwin*—in your late travels you may have learned what *oncle à la mode de Bretagne* is, and may have learned also to treat that relation with more respect[1]—a sort of half-way house between a man and a rat. Also, E. B. Tylor gave us a black kitten, with the bidding that he should be called Hugo, but they will call him Pluto.

. . . I was told lately that you had 'the temper of an angel.' I answered discreetly in the words of Maitland, that I 'knew so little of the nature of angels' that I could not tell. Privately, I don't think that any angel would trample on any creature, bating a dragon, as you (and Johnny) trample on me.

N.B. I have been trying to get Bryce to review us all instead of Johnny, of whom I know you have (in that character) a not unreasonable dread. But the professor is frozen up in Iceland with only a Geyser to warm himself at. So it looks as if our doom would come from the banks of the Arno. *The Exchange, Bazaar, and Mart*—I mean the literary correspondent—says that my book is 'no improvement on its predecessors,' as if a man (not *à la mode de Darwin*) should say that Adam was no improvement on his forefathers.

. . . October 21. Your letter came this morning. I will not say that you were in 'the temper of an angel' when you wrote it, but I am used to be snubbed; so it does not matter. My comfort is that, though at twenty-four you snub those of forty-nine, at forty-nine you will not snub those of seventy-four; at least, I do not snub Hook.

FROM THE RIGHT HONBLE. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE (NOW LORD CARLINGFORD).

Chewton Priory, Bath, October 20, 1872.

MY DEAR FREEMAN,

During my visit to Balmoral, the enclosed letter was entrusted to me for you—and I must not delay putting you in possession of so flattering a document. Mrs. Ponsonby, the wife of the Queen's private secretary, Colonel Ponsonby, is an

[1] Alluding to himself as being *oncle à la mode de Bretagne* to Miss Thompson.

old friend of mine, and in the course of conversation happened to say how delighted her little daughter Betty was with your *Old-English History* for children, and that she was resolved to write and tell you so, and had actually composed her letter. When I told her that you and I were neighbours in these parts, she asked me to take charge of the letter, which she could not refuse the child permission to send, and to certify that the writer comes of honest parents. She also said that you had inspired this Betty with a deep distrust of other historians, and that she often says, 'I wonder what Mr. Freeman would say.' If I were you, I should think this a very gratifying incident. The child is as quaint and clever as possible. I must say, though I am more than ten years old, I hope with her to have more of the *Child's English History*. Pray also write a History of Ireland, which shall give offence to no party or creed in that country, and tell the truth about all! I hope to try to see you soon.

FROM MISS A. V. PONSONBY.

The Mains of Abergeldie, 18 October [1872].

DEAR MR. FREEMAN,

I am a little girl of ten years old, and I have read your *History of England*, which I like better than any book of history I have ever read. I am writing my life, and I am going to write a description of your History of England, and so I should like very much to have your photograph to put it in. Please would you send it to

Miss A. Ponsonby,
Abergeldie Mains, Ballater, N.B.

I like Harold much better than William, and I do wish you would write a History of England after the Conquest, as you said you would at the end of your book. It would be so much clearer, truer, and more interesting than what other people write.

TO MISS A. V. PONSONBY.

Somerleaze, Wells, October 21, 1872.

MY UNKNOWN LITTLE FRIEND,

Mr. Fortescue has sent me your letter, with which I am very much pleased. I gladly send the photograph, which

I have put in this letter; it was made last year at Milan, and people say it is like me, though, for my own part, I do not think I look quite so fierce. I am delighted to find that my History is doing good just where I wanted it to do good. So go on and prosper, and when you have written your life, let me see it.

I hope to go on with the *Old-English History* when I have done the last volume of my big work on the *Norman Conquest*. So you like Harold better than William; but I am not sure that you ought not to like Cnut better than either. For your name must have come from the place Ponsonby, and the *by* shows that it is Danish. But Mr. Fortescue says you are called *Betty*. How is that, if your name begins with an A?

Believe me, very truly yours.

FROM MISS A. V. PONSONBY.

Abergeldie Mains, October 24.

DEAR MR. FREEMAN,

Thank you very much for that nice photograph of you. I do not think you look fierce at all. I am going to put it directly in my life. I am afraid I cannot show you my life. It is only about foolish things you would not care for, and I only show it to mama. I am very glad you will go on with your *Old-English History*. I think I would rather be Saxon than Dane, and I hope it is the place Ponsonby, not the people who were Danish. My name is Alberta Victoria, but when I was a very little girl, if my nurse was angry she used to say, 'Miss Alberta,' and mama always calls me Bettie; so it always makes me think people are angry with me if they call me Alberta.

Thank you for your nice letter.

Your affectionate

BETTIE PONSONBY.

TO THE REV. W. STUBBS.

Somerleaze, November 24, 1872.

MY DEAR STUBBS,

There is a certain writ of William to one Deorman, confirming him in his lands, which I saw in the Guildhall in London in 1866. I am sure it is printed somewhere, but I cannot now find it anywhere. Do you know where it is?

I think you are inclined to believe in the Westminster writs in *Monasticon*, vol. i. I am using them, because, whatever the matter may be worth, the formulae at least are sure to follow the type of genuine ones, and it is the formulae with which I am concerned.

. . . A creature called —— wrote to me about the 'subsidy of research,' which I did not understand, and I see that it has grown into a meeting for the 'organization of study,' which I don't understand either. If it means that they will give you and me and Haddan something, instead of wasting it on a parcel of idle youngsters in London, I shall not object. But it is fun to hear Brodie and that lot crying out against what was done in 1854; saying just what they then called me an old fogey for saying.

I am getting on in foreign parts; two sets of folk in Dutchland striving to translate *The Growth of the English Constitution*, besides Tauchnitz's edition and an English second edition.

Johnny has been at Rome and fell ill there, and wrote from Naples, and was going across to Tiberius' island, whence I hope he will send me a *verbosa et grandis epistola.*

Pauli speaks lovingly of a letter which he had from you some time back.

You must come here in the Christmas vacation—you have cheated us so often—any time, as far as I am concerned, up to January 19, when my Royal Institution Lectures begin—only haply I may be driven away sooner by dancing or play-acting.

I am now going to put on an ephod and read the Word in the congregation, a duty which I have lately taken on me. I had to read this morning that great truth, that of making many books there is no end[1], for which the whole household mocked me when I came home.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, December 15, 1872.

. . . I wish you joy of index-making. If you were here, Margaret and I could give you a lot of mechanical hints, but I am not sure that we could put them into writing. But one

[1] Ecclesiastes xii. 12.

thing is certain, that it wants two people to do it; you to cry out 'George the Second, burns his wig, p. 165; counts his money, p. 166,' and another to write it down. People have said over in America that there ought to be indexes, so Macmillan is setting some one to make one for my second edition; but I tell him that no man can make an index for another, save haply Stubbs for me or I for Stubbs. I see I have made a verse like Tacitus at the beginning of the *Annals*[1], but I did not mean it.

Three men, Bryce, Wayte, and Owen, pressed me to come and vote for Stanley[2]. A fourth, Curteis, took for granted that I should come. But I answered steadily, 'Let the potsherds of the earth strive with the potsherds of the earth.' I could not go and vote for a man who keeps an Alfred millenary[3] and turns Gospatric into Guy, and fancies himself either an abbot or an archbishop, and talks about the metropolitan cathedrals, and can't tell St. Remigius at Rheims from Nôtre Dame, and believes that St. Werburh's at Chester was founded by Woden, and that Harold Harfagra was buried at Westminster. But neither could I go along with Bur { rows / gon } in a theological shindy. Moreover, it does not seem to me that a select preacher is worth kicking up a row or creating a rumpus about. I have just nominated (December 22) a letter-carrier; I wonder whether anybody will protest against him, and his brethren refuse to act with him, on the highest principles.

. . . I send you a card, in which I set forth one of my hindrances to finishing this letter before. Certain sons of Belial in τὰ ἐπὶ Wedmore have, it seems, made a conspiracy by which one goes and shoots or otherwise maims his neighbour's cow (West-Saxonice *bullock*), and his partner goes and buys the beast at a low price, say £7 instead of £25. I and E. H. Clerk sat on them two several Mondays, but though the suspicion

[1] 'Urbem Romam a principio reges habuere.'

[2] Dean Stanley, whose appointment as select preacher at Oxford was opposed by some persons on theological grounds.

[3] Alluding to the perpetuation of the myth that King Alfred was founder of University College, Oxford, by celebrating the so-called thousandth anniversary of the event in 1872. See two amusing articles on this absurd incident in the *Saturday Review*, vol. xxxiii. pp. 626, 788.

was very ugly, there was nothing on which we could commit. Bajazet would perhaps have cut them up to see if there was any beef inside.

. . . N.B. I learned to-day that I have a cousin, Rowena, of whom I never heard before. She really ought to have been shown at the Alfred millenary.

Pray don't you call me Augustus—it might be a proper compliment from them of Germany and Italy. But you in this 'alter orbis,' where 'De tributo Caesaris nemo cogitabat' must be satisfied to live, T. R. E. Bretwalda or Basileus, if you like, or better still, mine own natural title of Ealdorman.

. . . I suppose you all begin to kick after a while; I am a mummy from the smitings of my Johnnikin, and now Hunt is beginning.

. . . Nothing much blown down here save the top of a tree, which was already marked to come down. But water and mud everywhere, so that going to church in the evening 'tis all σκότος καὶ βόρβορος save the shining of the stars, and to-night it struck me that the carl-man had upset his wain—the plough-tail pointed nearly straight downwards. What is it they call it—wishes, compliments—one has to put in? I am sure I wish you well at all times, but I don't know that I wish you more well at midwinter than at any other time. On St. Silvester[1] go I to Excester to get out of the way of play-acting, or rather of the bother afore and after it.

To the Rev. Professor Stubbs.

Somerleaze, December 22, 1872.

. . . I am reading a lot of Waitz for my Royal Institution Lectures, on what I call Comparative Politics. It strikes me that Waitz did not look up old English matters so carefully as he did some others. To be sure, they were not so easy to get up as they are now, as the *Codex Diplomaticus* was only just beginning when he wrote that part, but he seems to have made little use of the chronicles. I don't follow him where he says that the English came into Britain under kings, as it is plain that Hengist and Cerdic came over as Ealdormen or Heretogan, and did not call themselves kings for some time, which

[1] December 31.

quite falls in with his notion of kingship, all the more in Cerdic's case, as the old Saxons never had kings at all, and he does not allow any nobility in England older than that of the Thegns. What then does he make Eorlas and Ceorlas? But it is a wonderful book, and makes a great many things very clear; but, I am glad to say, commonly confirms my own notions and does not upset them.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Somerleaze, April 13, 1873.

All last week I was asked daily, as the bag was opened, Is there a letter from the professor? And it was ever the days of *Noe*, which somebody at Cambridge defined to be 'a time of universal negation.' It certainly is dreary, when we had counted on a most pleasant housefull to have literally nobody, and to have to put up with some small (April 14) cousins and such like. You might have had a brief to-day in a case of cutting a thorn-tree, which was so hard that we went two of us to look at it with our own eyes. I took Hunt with me, who to my amazement began to pour forth a great flood of civil law, touching the state of things which we had to see to—namely, when one man's tree overhangs another man's land. I, not to be distanced in my own faculty, and remembering *The Heart of Midlothian*, made answer that if A's tree overhung B's land, it must, whenever there was rain, be guilty of *stillicidium*[1] from the leaves. However, we ruled to-day that the tree ought not to have been cut, and made the cutter pay 5*s.* damages and costs, including four guineas in lawyers. What a race you are to swallow everything up, and commonly two branches of you to swallow everything up twice over!

Your review of the *Essays* is not yet out, so I want you to look at the one in *Pall Mall* on Thursday. It is civil after their abuse of me some time back, but it strikes me as written by a narrow sort of classical man, who does not understand what we mean about the unity of history, and the lasting on of the empire. I cannot say that I am up in Bossuet, Lessing, or Carlyle. I read a page of Carlyle when I was a scholar, and

[1] 'Drop-falling.'

it seemed such unintelligible rant that I never read any more. And is not he the man who taught people that *King* had something to do with canning or cunning? If so, how can he understand English or German or anything else? I got my imperial ideas from Palgrave, strengthened by Finlay, neither of whom the *Pall Mall* man mentions—most likely he has never heard of them. I saw the other day in one of the illustrated papers a little life of Sir Richard Church, ὁ τσώρτσης, in which all his doings in Greece are left out.

To the Rev. Canon Venables, Praecentor of Lincoln Cathedral Church.

May 22, 1873.

... For subjects for the Chapter House windows, I should say that the two most prominent ought to be the Visitations of Bishop Robert in the thirteenth century and Bishop Christopher in the nineteenth; the difference of dress would make a pleasing diversity. Then you might have Remigius going to consecrate the minster and not doing it, and no end of subjects from the life of St. Hugh—he might be carrying a hod, or the two Kings might be carrying his bier, or he might, best of all, be trampling on Froude, with Dimock and me on either side as his henchmen. Or you may put it the other way, as a scene of martyrdom—Froude trampling on St. Hugh and Dimock, and I weeping. Poor dear Dimock! I have not heard from him for ages, but I had a letter the other day from his daughter, who reports that 'in spring he knows nothing about anything but birds.' For ten years have I been pressing him to come and see me here, and pay his respects to St. Hugh at Witham[1], coming or going. N.B. To balance the two visitations, you might have a subject from the other side—the refractory canon preaching and the stones falling from the roof. Then you might have William coming in by the Newport gate, Coleswegen building his towers, and the black man's head rolling down the hill into the Jew's house, and many other things, no doubt, which local memories will suggest.

[1] St. Hugh first came into England from the great Chartreuse to be prior of a new Carthusian house at Witham, near Wells.

To Dean Hook.

Somerleaze, May 25, 1873.

Of all the noble Romans in the Latin Grammar, I feel myself most worthy to be likened to L. Calpurnius Bestia, feeling myself to be verily a beast, yea more than one beast, *Behemoð*, as the Psalmist calls himself (there's Hebrew for you, taught with þorns [1], like the elders of Succoth [2], to become Dutch) in the plural, seeing I have yet taken no kind of notice of your letter dated April 21. I have been thinking why bother should be called *tribulatio* or þistledom, while it should rather be *spinatio* or þorndom; for to me at least the þistles are quite harmless, while I am ever taken among the þorns, as the printers won't print them, driving me mad by turning þ into *þ* and ð into *d*. Well, there is λῆρος or bosh enough for one portion.

I am amazed at the newly-found virtue which you and your bishop have found in me. I have always thought that the hardest precept—or rather implied precept—in the New Testament is that which bids us to suffer fools gladly, and I thought I had suffered the Vicar of —— anything but gladly. But perhaps the bishop thought I should do something very frightful, and found me mild as compared with the Malleus of his imagination.

I have been terribly hard at (June 1) work ever since I came home at the end of February. And now my bit of holiday is a-coming, as Trinity Monday is drawing near, and I take a few days on each side of the feast. After that I mean to be at home, with some small interruptions at the Exeter meeting, till October, when I have let myself in to go to Church Congress at Bath (I never was at Church Congress before) and talk about capitular matters. You may have seen that I have been talking about the Lincoln visitation. The bishop sent me the papers, and the praecentor wrote me an account of their doings. After Bath I hope to go to Athens, Rome, Spalato, or somewhere. I fear that there is no chance of our getting you here, but it would be joyful, joyful if it could be done. But at

[1] The letter þ in old English, signifying *th*, is called Thorn.

[2] See Judges viii. 16.

least I have been looking for Stephens, who was to turn up, so he said, weary and footsore. So I told him he was to come like

Little Johnny Jack,
with his wife and his children all on his back.

But he has not come yet. Meanwhile the real Johnny Jack, who has no wife or children to bring on his back or otherwise, has so far come back that he is in his old quarters in London. He is going to be examiner at Oxford.

... I am glad to hear that you are getting on with Grindal. I hope you will soon get on to Abbot, as Margaret and I were talking over the question of his man-slaying the other day[1]. It turned up out of an odd statement in Lingard that some people thought that Charles I's coronation was invalid, on the strength of Abbot's irregularity. I at once took the interleaved copy of the *Norman Conquest* and marked it down as parallel to the questions about Stigand. But it seems also to show that the notion of coronation as really something lingered on. But how did it hold alongside of the lawyer's theory, by virtue of which kings, James and Charles very conspicuously, did all kingly acts before they were crowned, no one objecting? Charles held his first parliament uncrowned.

To W. Longman, Esq.

Somerleaze, Wells, June 19, 1873.

My dear Sir,

Let me thank you heartily for the copy of your book of *St. Paul's*[2], which I found on coming home last Monday. I wish I could say something definite about *Historical Geography*, as it is much in my mind; but there is no chance of getting on with it till the fifth volume on the *Norman Conquest* is out, and there is one fearful chapter ahead which frightens me more than any other, but it will doubtless be got through some time.

[1] Archbishop Abbot once took part in a stag-hunt in Bramshill Park. He missed his aim in shooting at a buck, and the arrow pierced the arm of a gamekeeper, who died of the wound.

[2] A history of the three cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul in London. G. W. Longman.

WRITTEN IN MRS. PARKER'S ALBUM AT FYFIELD, THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF J. PARKER, ESQ.

June, 1873.

Here by the home of heroes twain,
Of Fifhide's[1] Sheriff[2], Kingston's thane[2],
Ye bid me straight, by hook or crook,
Find thoughts and rimes to fill your book.
The thoughts come pressing on the mind;
'Tis harder far the rimes to find.
I cannot find a rime for Thurkill,
Save that which warns me that I work ill.
With better luck the name of Godric
At once suggests the rime of Brodrick.
In Woodstock town[3], on Senlac's height,
Each fought a good but losing fight;
And better truly such defeat
Than Wiggod's land or Barnett's seat.
But if 'tis hard in verse to tell
How either chieftain fought and fell,
'Tis something in these days to find
That each has left his name behind.

In Fifhide's hall ye still may view
A Godric[4] and a Thurkill[5] too.
Let Godric to the eye appear,
And Thurkill straightway greets the ear.
Unlike of old in speech and strain
Were English sheriff, Danish thane.
Unlikeness now hath grown yet more,
Two legs hath Godric, Thurkill four.
One, true West-Saxon, speaketh nought,
But gives no doubt the more to thought,
And years to come we trust may show

[1] Fyfield, Berkshire, five miles east of Abingdon.

[2] Godric of Fifhide, and Thurkill of Kingston, who fought on Harold's side.

[3] Hon. G. O. Brodrick had stood for Woodstock against Barnett.

[4] Eadward Godric Parker, born at Fyfield, and baptized there Michaelmas, 1868, Mr. Freeman standing godfather.

[5] The name of a lively little spaniel.

That words and deeds from silence grow.
The Dane, with Wiking mien and bay,
We see all eager for the fray;
He springs at Caesar's[1] very face,
Or, with a touch of heathen spight,
He seeks the parson for the fight[2],
As though he did his garb abhor,
Like one who bears the name of Thor.

If he who wrote a former page[3]
Could see that fine Berserker rage,
No longer would he dare 'pooh-pooh'
A 'bow-wow. doctrine[4]' proved so true.
But, O ye men of Godric's land,
When in your polling-booths ye stand,
With mouths all closed and souls all bent
To choose the best for Parliament,
Think who they be whom now ye send
Your rights to guard, your laws to mend:
Two of the three by fame unheard,
And strange the calling of the third,
The man who draws his wealth and power
From Jupiter's own golden shower[5].
Then, O ye men of Godric's tribe,
Rise above fear and taunt and bribe,
Cast all aside, and better choose
The thane of Kingston hight Bagpuze[6];
Send one whose voice so truly tells

[1] The name of a large black retriever dog.

[2] An incident of Thurkill seizing the vicar's cassock, of which Mr. Freeman happened to be witness.

[3] In the same book in which these lines were written Professor Max Müller had written some lines.

[4] For the 'pooh-pooh' and 'bow-wow' doctrine, see Professor Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Language*, pp. 374-386.

[5] Mr. John Walter, proprietor of *The Times*, and at that time one of the three members for Berkshire. Jupiter was Freeman's favourite name for *The Times*, borrowed from Mr. Trollope's novel *The Warden*.

[6] Kingston Bagpuze is the name of the adjoining village to Fyfield, the manor held by Thurkill in 1066.

Which is the shire in which he dwells;
Look out from all your fields and marks
The fittest wight to sit for Berks.

E. A. F., June 16, 1873.

To the Rev. Professor Stubbs.

Somerleaze, September 14, 1873.

(Day of Godwine's return[1]; Mycel gemót to-morrow).

How cunning you are; you still won't tell me when your book is likely to be out, that I may know whether I shall be able to suck any advantage out of it. As for law, of course about law up to about Edward I, lawyers are worthless, and worse. Truly they take away the key of knowledge. But I must trace out the coming in of feudal ideas, and generally of lawyers' nonsense; and it is hard work.

I can't come with you to Arras, because I suppose you will be going before the beginning of term, while I must stay here at least till October 15, both with guests and with work. Morrow of St. Calixtus I may, perhaps, start. Otherwise I would go with you to the Atrebates, and you should come on with me to the Treviri[2].

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Somerleaze, October 13, 1873.

. . . You have seen a good deal in the South that I have not seen, as Narbonne and Carcassonne—the latter of which is a favourite theme of Parker's; but you do not say how you went down. I saw, besides Bourdeaux, Bayonne, Toulouse, and some of the Pyrenaean churches which you speak of, Poitiers, Angoulême, Perigueux, Limoges, Albi, and that wonderful place, St. Emilion, with houses and churches bored in the rock, also Brantôme (where is the same), Chancellade, and others. There are, as you say, two kinds of church—the wide, aisleless, often domed bodies, Romanesque, and running

[1] Earl Godwine, banished by King Eadward at the instigation of his Norman counsellors in 1051, returned in 1052 on Sept. 14. A Mycel gemót was held on the following day, at which the outlawry of the Norman archbishop and of many other foreign favourites of the king was decreed. See *Norman Conquest*, ii. 330–33.

[2] The names of Arras and Trèves or Trier are derived from the tribes of the Atrebates and Treviri, the ancient inhabitants of those regions.

on into Early Gothic, but with the pointed arch *by itself* proving nothing of itself; and French churches (here and there an English touch) of the ordinary type; you get the two joined together in a strange way in Bourdeaux Cathedral. But the local type has much in common with that of Anjou, which again runs up into Maine, and almost skirts Normandy.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Rimini, October 24, 1873.

Here we are, like Lars Porsena, on the march for Rome, and, considering all that we have gone over, not so far from the end of the march. Had we driven, as we once thought of, from Ravenna hither, I believe we should have actually crossed the Rubico; but the railway goes further inland, above its source, as I fancy, Rubico being physically but a small matter. . . . We got here this evening; we go on to-morrow to Ancona, and on Monday to Urbs Aeterna. I always in journeying take some particular class of subjects to be worked, making everything else secondary, and now I am on the heathenish track, and have come here for a bridge and a triumphal arch, which I hope to see to-morrow. In this way, as one cannot hope to master all Rome at one visit, I hope to master one aspect of it. I must have a sight of Florence on my way back, show them Pisa and Milan, and, if possible, do Aosta, Lyons, and Autun (Ancona, October 25); but if one side takes to setting up a king in France, the other side may take to kicking him over, and if there is a row anywhere, there will certainly be a row at Lyons, so we may perhaps have to come back, as we went, through reasonable countries. To-day we saw Rimini, with its arch and bridge, but had to miss Fano with another arch; but we got our first full sight of the Hadriatic on the one side, and of the mountains of San Marino, sister of Andorra and Uri, on the other. Here in Romagna, almost more than elsewhere, one is struck by passing at every station some place which has a history, its own commonwealth, and its own tyrants. At Rimini the tyrants show themselves plainly enough in their big castle, and in the Malatesta elephant stuck all over the great church, as though they had been lairds of Gask, N. B. He is an African 'olifant' with big ears—a remembrance of Hannibal? We

crossed Metaurus this afternoon. Many folk are about now; in St. Vital yesterday we lighted on Sir G. G. Scott, to great mutual delight; we hope to meet him again in Rome.

To the Rev. Professor Stubbs.

Ancona, October 26, 1873.

I have been leading my company about by Brenner to Ravenna, to show them things, and thence by Rimini to this *ἀγκών*, or elbow, to see things myself. Truly, St. Cyriacus stands proudly on his rock, with Trajan's arch at his feet and the Hadriatic, 'hoot mon, all aboot.' We fell in with Sir G. G. Scott at Ravenna, and we hope to meet him again in Rome. I hope also Parker will come before we leave, as he will be a useful guide, though I do not expect to believe in his theories, or eat apples in his pomoerium (N. B. we bought a pomegranate here to-day). But when shall I have to come back? Please to put off the Schools as long as you can, and give me the longest notice that you can, as we have several places to go to on our way back. I must get a glimpse of Florence, which I have never seen; and I have work at Pisa, Milan, Aosta, Lug- and Augusto-dunum[1], if I can manage them all. Would it be very costly to telegraph as soon as you know the time? I will repay you the cost. We shall be in Rome at 51 *Piazza di Spagna*, whither we hope to get to-morrow evening. I am going this time to give myself mainly to heathenish things, and I am practising drawing Ionic capitals and such things, to which I am not very well used. The duomo here has grand marble columns, with a wonderful set of capitals, but you will hardly believe that they are all wrapped in red rags, like doctors[2].

To J. Bryce, Esq.

51, Piazza di Spagna, Rome, October 31, 1873.

We have now been here since Monday. Jupiter Pluvius above, and Father Tiber below, have fairly joined their forces to turn Rome into Venice. When we came out of the Baptistery yesterday we instinctively called for a gondola, as there seemed no other means of getting away. Surely these popes ought to come to an end, as it was right that the

[1] Lugdunum or Lyons, and Augusto-dunum or Autun.

[2] Referring to the scarlet hood of the doctor's degree at Oxford.

emperors should when Francis II had described himself as Emperor 'd'Allemagne et d'Autriche.' There, in the head church of the city and the world, the patriarchal chair of the Bishop of Rome is kicked out into the cloister, and a shabby altar put in its stead. These popes must have really forgotten who they are, just as much as the emperors. We are going about diligently, but there are crowds of things which I have still to see. It was only this morning that I got to any part of the walls, namely at Porta Appia, by Drusus' arch. It is something indeed to see the Forum and Capitol; but it puzzles me a good deal how, with such a crowd of great buildings close together, there could have been room for the Assembly. I am most struck by the prodigious gap between old and new Rome; there is nothing like it elsewhere. Bating the walls and gates, which seem to be of all dates from Romulus to Pius IX, there is next to nothing for the (November 1) whole time from Constantine to Nicholas V—just Phôkas' column to remind one that there were exarchs, Crescentius' (or whoever it is) house and four or five campanili, just to remind one that there were intermediate times with both a secular and an ecclesiastical side. Of all the house architecture of Venice, Verona, and elsewhere, there is not a trace; one would welcome a bit of Ruskinesque in the dull modern streets of Rome. I suppose for a long time Rome must have been the most forsaken place on earth, all smashing and no building. But why? Because the whole world had become Rome, so that the local Rome did not much matter. Only don't so far identify the empire of William and Bismarck with that of either Augustus or Joseph, as to think that, because a 3*d.* stamp carries a letter all through Germany, it therefore carries it to Rome. I was painfully convinced of this gap by paying (or having to pay when my bill comes in) 1 fr. 20 c. for your letter which came this morning. It will not, however, be badly spent if it brings me the acquaintance of Gregorovius, to whom I have sent your letter on. Many thanks indeed for it. Your letter had tracked me to Venice and Ravenna. Since I began this I have lighted on a Ruskinesque church, St. Mary over Minerva, hard by M. Agrippa—here he drops his Vipsanius; he was all drowned yesterday; also just a scrap of a house by Sixtus' bridge, and a chapel hardly Ruskinesque, but almost English, close by Cecily's tomb. We went out thither yester-

day afternoon, taking in St. Paul. How grand those basilicas must have been, and how it makes one curse and swear to see how these wretched paips have mauled all things, heathen and Christian; and this Pius IX is stuck about everywhere, sometimes jumbled up with Jupiter as P. O. M. St. Mary Major or Basilica Liberiana struck me much, as the one great example I have seen of Greek construction *inside* a church; one could wish the columns bore arches; still the long unbroken entablature is very wonderful; only there again two fools of popes have gone and spoiled it by cutting it through; both these give you the effect of length, which you don't get in new Peter and spoiled John. People talk rubbish about the perfect proportion of new Peter hindering you from taking in its bigness; they mean its perfect disproportion. There are four arches where there should be twenty, and, of course, the effect of size is lost. Men had their senses in the fourth and fifth centuries, but they were brainsick fools in the sixteenth. Margaret made a good joke the other day; I started a question what became of the wolf's own cubs when she suckled Romulus and Remus? Margaret said that of those *Welfen* came all later *Welfen*, and that, thus kicked out of their nourishment and inheritance, they got a way of snarling and growling at all that sat on the Palatine.

To E. B. Tylor, Esq.

Examination Schools, Oxford, December 11, 1873.

My dear Tylor,

. . . Here I am examining. We put out our class-list yesterday, and now I am striving with passmen. It is a very odd thing with many men that they know odd points of foreign, specially German, history very well, and don't know their queens and rivers here in England. (I feel inclined to use to them the Cumbrae minister's prayer, 'Not to forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland[1].') The equity of the case would be to pluck them for their B.A. here in Oxford, but to give them certificates to be made doctors at Rostock.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Tooting, December 21, 1873.

. . . I found your letter at Lyons. We came from Rome by Florence, Pisa, Lucca (that is, I, the rest Pistoia), Bologna,

[1] See above, p. 40.

Milan. Thence we were to have gone to Pavia, which I saw but hurriedly in 1871, but I got a cold which, as I have had no chance of lying by, has stuck to me ever since, and is only going away now. It was a horrid bore in the Schools, also on Thursday, when I dined with the Merchant Taylors' Company—their Toryism being modified by Coleridge, Church, and the Lord Mayor—and had to make a speech, which, I fancy, nobody heard for my hoarseness.

. . . We did not see the Bishop of Rome. I had not the least wish, as I could only have told him to go back to his own place at the Lateran, and look after his diocese, and not sit sulking and cursing and making dogmas on the wrong side of the Tiber; but you perhaps know by this time what I think of paips and their nephews.

. . . I am starting almost directly for the centre of earth, not Jerusalem or Delphi, but Clapham Junction, thence to Glaston and Wells. To-night I am to find at home a strange dog—if it be a dog, I shall raise the point on the question of dog-tax—which Edgar has brought from China. He brought two wee-wee antelopes or musks safe from Java to London, and there they died. We have also a big Newfoundland pup growing up, which I have not seen yet. I have another letter to finish to Earle, so good-bye.

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

Somerleaze, December 28, 1873.

. . . I hope that you as a naturalist bear me out in this doctrine, one unluckily unknown out of this island, as you must have found out. 'All the Gallinae, Rasores, or Scratchers, when they be roasted, do deserve bread-sauce of congruity.'

This seems to me to be an eternal *θεσμός*[1], one of the *ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν νόμιμα*[2].

Yet on the mainland all men, Dutch and Welsh, do, instead of bread-sauce and praties[3], offer you this and that kind of grass, dandelions, lettuces, and such like bitter herbs, at which I am alway tempted to answer, 'I am neither Nebuchadnezzar nor a silkworm.'

[1] 'Ordinance.'

[2] 'Unwritten and stedfast laws of the gods.' Sophocles, *Antigone*, 454.

[3] I. e. potatoes.

Edgar has brought what he calls a dog from China. I hold it to be a wolf. Are all the genus *Canis* liable to dog-tax?

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Somerleaze, January 23, 1874.

. . . You know that I cannot offer myself to stand anywhere. I must wait till I am asked, so the question is not likely to be practical. Anyhow, I am not so anxious as I was in 1868. Then there were several great questions ahead into which I went heart and soul; now it seems to be all Contagious Diseases, Women's Rights, Permissive Bills, 25th Clauses, and such like mere nuisances. (January 25.) It is odd that the dissolution has come in the midst of this paragraph. Gladstone has, I think, given us one or two good cries. I go in heartily for household suffrage in counties, but it must be accompanied by a real and careful redistribution of seats. Hitherto all attempts at redistribution have been done carelessly and in a hurry. There is more than one principle on which it may be done—I go in for grouping, but that is not the only way—but hitherto it has been attempted without any principle. E.g. Wells had no claim to keep separate members, but to disfranchise Wells and keep Evesham and Shoreham was monstrous. I say, *all* should have been grouped; if not, *all* should have been disfranchised.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

January 25, 1874.

. . . About the 'blunder' about the fallen Church of England, that is thoroughly characteristic of Johnny's style of reviewing. There is no 'blunder' at all; but you look at things in a way and use a language which everybody has used hitherto, but which is different from what Johnny is using in his book, which has not yet come out. What he means is this —I always maintain stoutly, setting aside all purely theological questions—this Church of England that now is, is legally and historically a society set up under Æthelberht, and not sooner or later, not under any British body, either Lucius or Henry Tudor. I pointed out as a curious instance of continuity the *congé d'élire* of Matthew Parker, which speaks of the see of Canterbury as void and desolate, or whatever the exact form is,

by death of the Most Rev. &c. Cardinal Reginald Pole, &c.; that, I say, is legal and historical succession; and the question whether Pole and Parker thought exactly the same is no more than the question whether Augustine and Pole, or Parker and Tait, thought exactly the same. No new society is formed; but certain changes, good or bad, were made in the old society. Johnny says that in certain registers of presentations to livings there is just as little break under the Commonwealth and Protectorate as there is at the 'Reformation.' Therefore, it was the Church of England all through, and it is a blunder to talk about the 'fallen Church of England.' Now, I believe I could draw a good distinction between the two cases—again quite leaving out theology—but waiving that, you speak in a way which everybody has used hitherto, and which everybody understands. Another way may possibly be better, but it is absurd to call your way a blunder. I don't know about Charles dying like a gentleman—William Rufus is my ideal gentleman, '*probus miles*,' '*preux chevalier*,' 'officer and gentleman,' and all the rest of the humbug—but he certainly died as Marvel (and Johnny) says that he died, and his enemies had stupidly contrived to put him in the right at the last moment. Moreover, Charles, like Henry VIII, is a great study of human nature, a remarkable specimen for the anthropological cabinet, and daubing either way does not do. A man who lied on religious principles is worth putting under a glass case, like my white pea-hen. (N. B. We have just set up a brock or badger, who is not under a glass case.) As for John Wickliffe or the John Wickliffes, however so many they may have been, they are making themselves a nuisance by their numbers and doubtfulness. I have never gone into the matter in the authorities, because it does not come in any of my times, so I always believed Shirley; but some time back John of Broughton came to me with a manuscript which he had read at Oxford, in which he seemed to make one or two good points against Shirley. If you are curious in the matter I will ask him to send it you. As for Finsbury, I really cannot remember everything. I got the derivation I gave in *Comparative Politics* from Kemble; I don't remember about the other.

And now what are you doing yourself, now that you have got rid of little England? Something or other I hope. Do you

turn to Godric, or what? And what chance have we of seeing you here this year? Your name is only once at the beginning of our book of comers and goers, beginning in September, 1871. I wish you would come some time between this and Trinity Monday. Nobody comes this first part of the year, though it contains all the best months—I do not say that they are yet come—opening flowers and the rest. So pray take this into serious consideration, and choose your own time. Reasonable people tell one when they can come, and do not wait for the would-be host to name half a dozen times, none of which may happen to suit. You may not unlikely meet Pauli or somebody about Easter, but choose your own time from now to the great feast of the year, as at present I do not want to leave home for any long time till then.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, January 26, 1874.

I have been reading through your MS. of the South-Saxon Bishops. Mind you bring out that they were specially South-Saxon Bishops, they seem to have stuck to the tribal title more steadily than any other bishops. I suppose you mean to say something more about Æthelric, and his deposition, and his knowledge of the laws, and his coming in the waggon, of all which I have found something to say in vol. iv.[1] You seem to have worked well at it, and you are, at any rate, dutiful in your choice of modern writers to refer to.

. . . I am not clear whether you do not sometimes go rather too far afield into the department of things in general, though I grant that Wilfrith is somewhat of a polypus, and clings on to all parts of the world at once. As for Ceadwalla and Ine and our people, I will send you, if I can find it, a proof of what I have written about them.

. . . Alack, I cannot at this moment find the part of the Ine proof which I wanted, but I will send it if I light upon it.

[1] P. 366. Æthelric, Bishop of Selsey, had been deposed by William the Conqueror, but was summoned to give evidence at a Scirgemót, held on Penenden Heath, touching a dispute between Archbishop Lanfranc and Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and was conveyed by the king's order from Marlborough to Canterbury in a waggon drawn by four horses.

To F. H. Dickinson, Esq.

Somerleaze, January 31, 1874.

You are a fine fellow to ask me to give you materials to make mock of my friends. Well, I have none to give you. I know nothing about anybody save Brodrick, and of him (since the dissolution) only what has been in the newspapers. One or two jack-a-lanterns have been dangled before my own eyes, but not enough to set fire to the smallest matter. It is plain that the battle is to the rich, which I take to be the lowest state that a commonwealth can come to. But I do not believe with you that the mass of the electors prefer the 'épicier' to the scholar, if they have the two fairly face to face: only the épicier has much better chance of getting face to face with them. Still, the épicier who has made his fortune, and who must have some degree of sense to have made it, is at least better than the man whose sole claim is that he has inherited his. I quite understand a respect for a Fabius or an Erlach, but A. and even P.—far the best of the lot—are not exactly Fabii or Erlachs.

I take *ἀριστοκρατία*[1] to be the ideal government; only 'tis a thing that never was and never will be. *Τῶν ὄντων, δημοκρατία*[2] (as defined by Perikles and Athenagoras[3]) is the best; *ὀλιγαρχία*[4], the base counterfeit of *ἀριστοκρατία*, I take to be the lowest.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, February 1 (1.35 a.m.), 1874.

I forgot to look at the Scotch places, so I really did not see till just now that Bryce is up for Wick. He went to look at it at an election some time back; but, as 'Jupiter' said, 'there was no room for Mr. Bryce.' But he learned how little sunlight there was at Wick, and there must be less now. My own feeling towards a seat in Parliament is rather like the feeling of the Athenians towards Alkibiades.

ποθῶ μέν, ἐχθαίρω δέ, βούλομαι δ' ἔχειν[5].

[1] 'Aristocracy;' i. e. literally, the rule of the best men.

[2] 'Of things as they are, democracy;' literally, the rule of the people.

[3] Viz. the rule of the *whole* people. See Thucydides, ii. 37. 1, and vi. 39. 1, 2.

[4] 'Oligarchy;' literally, the rule of the few.

[5] 'I long for it, yet I hate it, and yet I wish to have it.' Aristoph. *Frogs*, 1364.

That is, I wish for it, but I know it would be a great nuisance; I am glad to be out of it, and yet I am disappointed not to get it.

To THE SAME.

Somerleaze, February 15, 1874.

It is *see-saw* indeed when you appear openly as a champion of the Stupid Party. I did not so much mind your voting against us in 1868, as I know you had a conscience about the Irish Church; but now you definitely commit yourself to be on the level of —— and —— *et id genus hominum*, the class of people who are to me the great argument for universal suffrage. If you give them votes, how can you refuse votes to any human being? So I don't like seeing you in such unnatural company. It seems to me that proposing a candidate is quite another thing from merely voting for him. You may vote for a man simply because he is the least bad of a bad lot; if you propose him, you pledge yourself to him as being in himself the right thing.

. . . Yet, though you have become a standard-bearer of Beer and Bible, you might like to come and meet Reinhold Pauli, the German historian of England (N.B. he speaks English as well as we do), whom I hope to have here on or about March 21. I want to get some men, as you, Tylor, Earle, Hunt, to show him that still, as in his own time (thirteenth century), 'nec cuncti provinciae sic sunt idiotae'[1], as I find continentals cannot understand that a man may live neither in a capital nor in a university, and yet be able to read and write.

To MISS EDITH THOMPSON.

Somerleaze, February 15, 1874.

. . . As far as I can see, I shall stick here till Trinity Monday. Eleanor and Helen have been to London to see Harold at the kicking-match, where he has again shown himself 'Scotorum malleus.' I have been running Thursdaily to Bath to give what are called 'Lectures to Ladies,' into which I was led by Earle (I hope you have seen that a Wakefield barrister has been kicking at Earle, and that I have kicked back again). Some of them write answers to questions, which some do very well, and only one or two so badly as a passman; but then

[1] 'Nor are all belonging to a province such very unlearned folk.'

they differ from the passmen in this, that, of course, it is only a few of the more zealous who do the questions at all. Among my hearers I have lighted on one whom I made fierce love to about thirty-eight years back, and have not seen since, but she does not do the questions. This comes to an end on Thursday, otherwise nothing special has happened, save that the Chinese dog has worried two of a neighbour's sheep, for which I have had to pay £6, of which only a small part has come back to me in the shape of mutton.

Little Germany will, I fancy, be out pretty soon, but A. W. Ward has revised that, and not I. *Little America* has begun, and is tip-top as far as it goes; I look for the author, J. A. Doyle, of All Souls—*not* son, as I took for granted, like Sir Henry James and Captain Edward James, of the Professor Sir Francis—here on Thursday. Pauli is due from Göttingen on or about March 21, and I hope divers folk are a-coming to meet him.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, March 29, 1874.

I have taken a big sheet, as there is a whole heap of letters of your's on the table to which you have had no better answer than cards and scraps. A creature like me, who lives by rule, is turned adrift when he has to break through his rule. I lay in bed a Sunday, and had to sit idle a Monday, and was more or less stupid for several days after. Ever since I have been trying to catch up the time thus lost, specially in the matter of writing letters. I am not sure whether I told you that I had some kind of foot-sore, rheumatic gout, I believe they called it, which tormented my left foot for two or three days, so that one night I had to crawl upstairs on my knees like Caesar. Then came some days when I had to be driven about instead of walking, but now I am all right, and I did a good deal of climbing in our small Mendip way with my guests of last week. Pauli came March 20 and went March 27, and I had to meet him, Tylor, Earle, Boase, and your correspondent John of Broughton, who may in a figure be called also John of Salisbury, being Prebendary thereof.

. . . To get rid of rats I know but two remedies. First, the obvious one of Lanfranc; 'Mures et rati nobis valde sunt infensi, et idcirco adfero catum ad comprimendum furorem

eorum'[1]. The other is to get an Irish saint to curse them, which does the business thoroughly, and they go away altogether; but first catch your Irish saint. I am writing to Forbes, Bishop of Brechin, who, according to the doctrine which lawyers, I believe, call cy près, is the nearest thing I know, the more so as he has a round tower in his diocese. Perhaps he might do something for you, only one must not tell him that he is in the province of York, which he is, according to my notions of ecclesiastical geography.

To Miss Freeman.

Aosta, October 17, 1874.

. . . I fancy we are the first people who ever went from Milan to Genoa by way of Aosta. Yet this feat we have done, and we are now at Genoa (October 19), ready to sail for Civita Vecchia to-morrow evening. Unless we be shipwrecked, we shall be in Rome on Thursday.

The birthplace of Anselm is a wonderful place. Right among great mountains, the snow seems wonderfully near, for to be sure the city itself stands higher than Dunkery or Sugar Loaf. We walked some way up the hillside, and saw what we guessed was Mont Blanc—it was something else, but it did just as well to look at. Dora Baltia[2] goes tumbling about the valley, and the spires of Aosta rise above the Indian corn (*ἀραβοσίταριον*), which is something where that 'cereal' is so tall. But Augusta Salassorum, Augusti Praetoria; what shall I say of the Roman walls, gates, bridge, arch more like Rimini than Ancona, towers, piece of theatre, streets guttery, stony, filthy, rivalling Sitten itself (Num dominus dilexit portas Augustae?), folk ugly, stunted, begoitred, cretinized, what Dawkins would call a God-forsaken lot. Moreover, they speak French, at least *Gal*, and not *Rum*; for doubtless, if one came to examine it, it would prove to be *oc*, and not *oil*. But French, not Italian, is the written tongue; 'tis a bit of Burgundy on this side of the Alps. Yet have they churches no end, bishop, canons, what not. *Cathedrale*, two great towers, and *collegiate*, one much to my liking, and several smaller; churches themselves not much, save stalls, mosaic, pavements, crypts, cloisters. An old

[1] 'Mice and rats are mightily troublesome to us, and therefore I bring a cat to suppress their fury.'

[2] The river Doire.

canon, who looked half-starved, showed us many teeth, St. John Baptist's teeth among them, but I fastened on another consular diptych, of Probus Famulius in Honorius' days, whom you may look out in the *Fasti*. One can hardly compare Trier and Aosta—there is no one thing like Porta Nigra, but the circuit of the walls and towers is nearly perfect. Our quarters were just outside the town, a gain, as we got fresh air instead of stinks—the sort of inn I like, but I did not seem to fancy it. Aosta seems a place for climbers—things of Bonneys are stuck about. We spent Sunday in the dilly, as I told H. and F. they might sing 'In exitu Israel de Aegypto'[1] there as well as anywhere else. We just got to Turin to sleep, and started again this morning. (Genoa) La Superba disappoints me a bit; I knew the churches were nothing tip-top, but I did look for something in the way of towers in the 'city of palaces,' but they seem all trumpery things. Talk of Venice, why Verona whips this place into any number of cocked hats.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

51, Piazza di Spagna, Rome, October 23, 1874.

I don't know that I came quite honestly by this paper; but I at least did not steal it from the War Office[2]. He that took it thence, whether honestly or dishonestly I know not, was General Sir Stephen (I think) Chapman deceased, from whom it passed to his widow, Dame Caroline Chapman, and her present husband, W. E. Surtees, Esq., in whose house we were tarrying just before we left England, and my wife put up some of the paper allotted us by mischance. Knowing your warlike fancies, I kept it to write to you on, my other correspondents being peaceful bodies.

We have seen much of soldiers, Rum-Welsh soldiers at least, of late, having journeyed with many of them by sea from Genoa even unto Oldborough, called of the Welsh Civita Vecchia. They were going to Palermo, where I hope they may eat up all the brigands; howbeit, they seemed to me a set of special louts, as they did also to an English captain who was of our company.

[1] Psalm cxiv. 1.

[2] The paper of this letter has the stamp of the War Office at the top of the page.

To Dean Hook.

Somerleaze, December 20, 1874.

I was very glad to see your handwriting again, and, I may add, to see it so much firmer and clearer than it was the last time I saw it before. But I have had frequent reminders of you through Margaret's proofs[1], as I am often called in about something or other, which is hard when it has got so far out of my beat as Abbot. I don't profess to go beyond Edward the First, save here and there when I am stirred up to slay a popular delusion, as I strove to do yesterday about the doctrine of the Reformation. I was with George Williams at Ringwood on Friday night, and I told him that I did not go in for any party, because I went in for facts, and all parties, as parties, go against facts. Is not that true? If I told my story of sixteenth century to a mixed mob of Romans, Anglicans, and Puritans, how they would with one accord stone me.

To Ringwood I went on the way to Bournemouth to my boy Harold's wedding, which went off yesterday.

(January 3, 1875.) You see that I have made a stoppage which has carried me into another month and another year. You know why; but it gives me another argument against Hosack's defence of Mary Stewart, where he says that no man ever began a long letter, stopped, wrote a short letter to the same person, and then finished the long one. I have done it several times. I am truly glad, so are we all, that your son—the one of your sons whom I do not know—is one of those who have suffered the lighter kind of injury in that fearful crash[2]. I daresay I often seem a brute, because I really never know what ailments of any kind mean; I never get beyond the general idea of A. B. being sick. But I hope that I am right in thinking that this is the kind of damage which time and rest will set right again. But it must have been a terrible fright and anxiety to you at the time.

. . . I have a world of things to do. Volume v. is getting on;

[1] Miss Freeman helped to correct the proof-sheets of Dean Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*.

[2] A bad accident on the Great Western Railway near Oxford occurred on Christmas Eve, 1874, in which several persons were killed, and many more were injured, including the dean's eldest son, the Rev. James Hook.

I am at the constitutional part, where the chief thing to be done is to translate Stubbs into thunder and lightning. His *Constitutional History* is a wonderful book, more like a German than an English book. In fact, I reckoned it as a German book, and read him in German hours. Johnny's book, on the other hand, may be read at any moment; but it is a wonderful book too in its way.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, February 21, 1875.

. . . Do you know anything of the nature of female swans? To judge from one specimen, they seem to be most unaccountable animals. I had given me a Benjamite swan, to wit of the goods and chattels of the late Benjamin Attwood, and wishing him not to be alone, I gat him a mate from Bishop Roger's place at Sherborne. (N.B. He who sent her, A. M. Curteis, late Fellow of Trinity, did irreverently call her Eadgyth; you can see why—not that I believe that anybody ever had so long a neck[1]). Now she sulks alone in the lower pond, and for seventeen days no one saw her eat; not bread nor oats nor anything that the other swan and the ducks eat. Yet she lived and moved and hissed—specially when food was offered her. At last, yesterday, I took Drummond[2] to see her, and then she ate. Now a bird that lives without eating is very strange; but a bird (Feb. 28) that will eat only when a parson is by is stranger still.

. . . Wat Tyler or Helyer of Maidstone can hardly be Tyler of Dartford. Yet Stow may have put Dartford for Maidstone. The Dartford story seems to come only from Stow, whose value is that we know that he often used authorities which are[3] lost or not forthcoming, as *Vita Ædwardi*. The case is—

[1] Alluding to Eadgyth Swanneshals, Eadgyth Swanneck, an early love of King Harold, who, according to one story, was the only person who could discover his body on the battle-ground of Senlac. *Norman Conquest*, iii. 512.

[2] The Rev. Morton Drummond, then Vicar of Wookey.

[3] This must be a slip for 'were,' as the *Vita Ædwardi* has been published in the Master of the Rolls series, and is referred to by Freeman in *Norman Conquest*, vol. i, note on authorities prefixed to chapter vi, and elsewhere.

1. Walsingham has Wat Tyler of Maidstone.

2. So has Knighton, only he makes Wat Tyler and Jack Straw the same.

3. Knighton tells the same story as Stow as a general practice of the collectors, without name of place or person.

This looks very much as if Stow (or whoever Stow followed) had dramatized and localized Knighton's tale, bringing in the best-known name.

To Dean Hook.

Somerleaze, March 14, 1875.

... *Re* 'Eastern Position.' I saw at Rome something of the *western* position. The bishop, as you know, fancies that he is in prison, and so lets his diocese go anyhow, while he sits in a corner and makes dogmas. So the sight (March 21) of him in his proper place is no longer to be had. But I saw one saying a mass in Sta Maria in Trastevere that way, and the bairns clomb up into the chair in the apse behind him, and played as they listed—all this on a Sunday before a biggish congregation.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

4 Beaumont Street, Weymouth Street, W.,
April 8, 1875.

... My head-quarters are here in the empty nest of Johnny Green, who is gone to Venice with the Macmillan party. They saw some of the doings at the King of Hungary's coming, which are among the few doings of kings which I should care to see, as Victor Emmanuel and Francis Joseph meeting friendly at Venice is a piece of history. But I dodge about; I went to Rochester with James Parker on Monday to do Gundulf, and came back yesterday. To-morrow I have got to go down to Ellesmere to my sister's funeral.

... I was at Royal Society conversazione last night, but all philosophers and poets, hardly anybody to talk to but Greenwell.

... The swan—poor dear—found her way out into the mill-stream, where she was pitifully murthered of certain brutes with stones and a rake. But Edgar set catchpoles to work,

and they are to be had up next Monday at Petty Sessions. I believe there is an old statute about swans, matching Howel Dha's about cats, but the more modern law about malicious injuries to animals will serve our purpose. 'Twas a horrid shame from every point of view. She is stuffing, along with the old peacock who died of disease of the heart—I believe that to be the most worshipful way of dealing with a dead bird.

To the Rev. R. E. Bartlett.

4 Beaumont Street, Weymouth Street, London, W.,
April 22, 1875.

You have asked me the hardest of all questions, the answer to which I wish anybody would tell me. There is a book of Toulmin Smith's called *The Parish*, which I suppose I ought to know; but I don't. And there is a queer pamphlet by Isaac Gregory's brother James, called *The Parish in History*, from which I picked up a thing or two.

Our local system is, to me at least, utterly dark. We must have started, like other folk, with the *mark*, *village community*, *gemeinde*, or *commune*. Then the lord, with his sac and soc and what not, creeps in at one end, and turns the commune into a manor; the parson creeps in at the other end, and turns it into a parish. The vestry clearly is the *Mearcgemót*—to use a most rare word—but the parson has somehow come to be alderman of it. There is the puzzle. Beyond sea men can never be made to understand that an English parish is a civil as well as ecclesiastical division.

Parochia, as you doubtless know, in my time[1] meant a diocese. But there must have been parishes much like ours, T. R. E.[2] or sooner. Brihtheah, Bishop of Worcester, offers St. Wulfstan a rich living, much as a bishop might now, only Wulfstan will not take it. In Domesday you read of churches—that is, their advowsons—being inherited, divided, sold, &c., &c. So the system then must have been much what it is now; it clearly was under Henry II. Oh, long before this, Æthelstan's law

[1] I.e. the time about which he had been writing in his histofy.

[2] I.e. time of King Edward (the Confessor).

about the ceorl becoming a thegn makes one of the signs of thegnhood that he has a church, doubtless its advowson[1]. I wish I knew more about it; but I never worked it from the ecclesiastical side, only as a corruption—shall I say—of the mark.

To Miss Macarthur.

Somerleaze, May 21, 1875.

. . . If the post at Girton is what Bryce says, you should think twice before you run at it. I will fill the world with volumes witnessing to your powers of learning and teaching. But if it be a matter of pots and pans, wine, beer, and clothes, and washing linen, or being generally agreeable, why I don't know that I should crave the post for you any more than for myself. Either you or I will succeed better, I think, as Shebna the scribe than as Eliakim who was set over the household. But you must judge for yourself.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, May 29, 1875.

When you say that I carry all German dates in my head, you must be either mocking or else taking me for A. W. Ward. I wish I carried a few more. I cannot at this moment turn, though I have been looking in one or two places, to any full account of the *Zollverein*[2]. But I see that in my own book I have put 1818 as the time of (May 30) its beginning. It began with Prussia, and most other states joined it gradually, Austria very late, not many years before 1866. Do you not remember the joke, or am I going back too far for you, when the *Times* solemnly announced that *Prussia* had joined the *Zollverein*, and discussed the matter in a leading article? The Hanse Towns, at least Hamburg, have joined, as I found in 1865. This also is fixed on my mind by the Murray's hand-

[1] See the law in Thorpe's *Collection of Ancient Laws and Institutes*, i. p. 191, though it is not placed there amongst the laws of Æthelstan, but in a collection of which the date is uncertain.

[2] A commercial union, of which Prussia was the centre, among the German States. No duties were levied on goods passing from one State to another, but only at the common frontier.

book, which said that because Hamburg was a *free city*, *therefore* no tolls were made. To the traveller a free *port* (which may be a free *city* or not) means that he is examined when he comes out of it, as Venice and Civita Vecchia.

To M. Charilaos Trikoupes.

July 19, 1875.

I can hardly express the surprise and pleasure with which I this morning opened the packet which bore the Athenian post-mark. Its contents were the more delightful, as they were, as you know, utterly unasked for, utterly unlooked for[1]. It is something indeed to find that whatever I have been able to do in the way of history, and specially in the way of Greek history and politics, has been so valued by the sovereign and people of Greece.

I am so utterly unversed in the ways of courts that I hardly know how properly to return my thanks to His Majesty for the honour which he has so graciously conferred upon me. I must ask you to take the task upon yourself, and to make His Majesty understand how deeply sensible I am of his goodness. Nor must I omit my thanks to you personally for a gift which I know must be mainly your doing.

If anything could increase my old goodwill towards Greece and her people, it would be to feel myself bound to them by so close a tie. It is something that the highest honour which I have ever received from any quarter should come from Greece.

I hope that I may some day be able to thank both His Majesty and yourself in my own person. It is just possible that I might be able to reach Athens this autumn, as I have settled with one or two friends for a visit to Dalmatia to see the remains of Spalato. But in this case I should not be able to see Greece as I should wish to when I do come.

Καθηγητής, I fancy, translates *Professor*, but that is no title of mine. I am M.A. and Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford, and Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge; but I have no official place in either University.

[1] The Order of Knight Commander of the Greek Order of the Saviour conferred upon him by the King of Greece.

To F. H. Dickinson, Esq.

July 25, 1875.

. . . I said I had something pretty to show you, which is none other than the cross of the Greek Order of the Saviour (*βασιλικὸν τάγμα τοῦ Σωτῆρος*[1]), of which King George has been pleased to make me *ταξιάρχης* or Knight Commander. So everywhere extra iv. maria[2], I shall hold myself greater than the C. B.[3] though I shall not think it needful always to write *ταξιάρχης* after my name. It has a strangely military sound for a peaceful body like me.

To Sir H. Maine.

August 4, 1875.

I am not at Somerleaze, but in the Grand Jury Room, among the xxiii. yldestan þegnes—are we any use or not? I heartily wish you or anybody would drop down suddenly to-day or to-morrow, and deliver me from two or three dinners and such like. If I could only say that a distinguished stranger had turned up suddenly. Macmillan, Johnny Green, and others have only just gone. I am at home till the 10th. But I fear from what you say, that we shall not see you till after I come back from Spalato. Then you must bring Lady Maine also.

I am a sad dog never yet to have thanked you for your lecture. I wish it had been more distinctly on the unity of law. Still they all fit in together.

. . . If I read your question rightly, you want a case of a brother succeeding in preference to a son[4]. I don't know of any except those that you must know, as Alfred and Eadred. In these cases the son was young. I am not at this moment ready with a case of anybody being preferred to a son of full

[1] 'Royal Order of the Saviour.'

[2] 'Beyond the four seas.'

[3] Mr. J. H. Parker.

[4] Extract from letter of Sir H. Maine, July 10, 1875. 'You will place me under considerable obligation if, at your leisure, and as they occur to you, you will put down any examples of royal or semi-royal succession of brother to brother, to the exclusion of a minor son, in Western communities not quite escaped from the tribal condition. I have collected a good many, but most of them are capable of a special explanation.'

age. But you may have noticed that I have some suspicions that Eadmund Ironside may have been chosen over the head of an elder brother[1]. But I can't prove it distinctly. Ine was chosen king in his father's lifetime, but his whole genealogy is puzzling, and his father does not seem ever to have been king. I have not lately been working at times likely to bring out such cases, but I will carefully bear it in mind.

To the Rev. Canon Greenwell.

Oeborne, Fernhurst, Haslemere, September 17, 1875.

I am on my way to Spalato and Ragusa, but I have not yet got further than the South-Saxons. I cross the sea on Monday, pay a visit in Normandy, and really start on the twenty-seventh.

. . . I quite take in what you say about the non-appearance of the turned baluster shafts in the choir at Jarrow. It certainly is a difficulty in the way of its being a work of Benedict Biscop[2], but surely there are greater difficulties in the way of believing it to be a work of Ealdwine[3]. I thought we quite made out that the tower which is surely Ealdwine's was quite distinct in masonry from the choir; also while the tower, though not Norman, shows distinct signs of Norman influence, such as we should look for in a church of Ealdwine, no such signs are seen in the choir. If you like to say that the choir of Jarrow is the work of somebody between Benedict Biscop and Ealdwine, as I think you clearly made out that the upper part of the tower at Monk Wearmouth is—that is another matter. I shall have something to say about these matters in the architectural chapter of my fifth volume[4], and the notes thereto which I hope you will see at least by the beginning of next year.

I do wish that you would come and see us soon. There are heaps of tumps[5] and things which I want to have expounded,

[1] See *Norman Conquest*, i. Appendix SS, and on the general subject of succession, i. 107, 108.

[2] A. D. 682. 1074.

[4] I. e. of the *History of the Norman Conquest*, see pp. 610, 635, and Appendix YY.

[5] A common name, especially in South Wales, for the mound of an ancient fortress.

and the C. B.[1] professes to have found a grand fortification in a field of my own, which I shall not unreservedly believe in till his notion is confirmed by somebody else.

I gave your notes to Johnny Green who was thankful for them, as he will be for any more of the same kind. He is even ready to be thankful for whatever is true in the scurrilous attack on him in *Fraser*, a great part of which is not true. It is really meant as an attack upon me, and my sin is that of not doing poojah to old Carlyle who, after babbling and blundering for thirty and forty years, took upon himself to write some nonsense about early kings of Norway. A few weeks back I showed up one —— who took on himself to write nonsense about Tewkesbury, and so he or some admirer writes in a Tewkesbury paper to say that I must have eaten much cucumber and that I know nothing about Tewkesbury or Beverstone. Now it happens that I never eat cucumber and that I know both Tewkesbury and Beverstone very well —fungi, you know, I do eat in certain company. The picture is something like one which a man at Sheffield gave of me —as chiefly devoted to playing at croquet, smoking cigars, and reading novels, of which three things, the last I do but seldom —the other two never at all.

To Miss Helen Freeman.

Turin, September 28, 1875.

. . . What am I to tell you about my Viscount? First, that he would not be Viscount in England, being the old Count's younger son. Secondly, that he is a mighty pleasant fellow. Thirdly, that he talks of coming to us next July. He took me about a great deal on Saturday to the stump—there is nothing but earthworks — of the original Montgomery of Roger and Mabel. In the manner of living, both at his house and his father's, I am struck with a certain simplicity. One jolly old boy in livery waits (at Livet) instead of Roundell's tall butler and his helpers[2]. He and his wife seem to do most things; but there is a coachman, and one stumbles on one or two odd

[1] Mr. J. H. Parker, then recently made C.B.

[2] He had been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Roundell at Oeborne, near Midhurst, in Sussex, just before he started on his journey.

boys and girls. Simplicity of furniture struck me a good deal after Oeborne. But outside (September 29) it would seem as if a French place could not be neat. The shaven lawn is hopeless; instead of it, at Livet a tethered cow grazes near the front door. Neuville[1] would really be a fine place, with an English gardener; without it, it hardly is. Hours seemed queer at first, *déjeûner* at 11, dinner at 6.30; but they sent me up a little breakfast at 8, and I found that the hours were really not bad if one wants to go about a good deal, and at the same time to get a little work done. By getting up early, one can get something done before 11. I told some of you that L. de Neuville (my host) has two daughters and a son—the latter about fourteen, the girls somewhat older; they were all dancing on Sunday evening, at which some people would have looked glum. But there was an old priest in the house, and they had had mass in the morning. Everything was as kind and pleasant as could be, bating the nuisance of having to talk Gal-Welsh all day.

To Miss Freeman.

Off Spalato, October 7, 1875.

'At last,'—is it not a better 'at last' than when Kingsley got to some nigger-driving island? To-night we have seen Spalato by moonlight and contemplated the arcades of the court of Jovius. How long have I yearned for this — it is like getting one's fellowship or seeing one's first Landesgemeinde. It is wonderful, but I must not write down again all that I have just been writing in another shape, and besides we shall come and stay several days on our way back. I think you understand our plan; we go straight on to Cattaro, just looking at the places where the steamer stops, and waiting till we come back to see them more thoroughly. Yesterday we saw Zara in this way; to-day we looked at Sebenico, where I posted a card for your mother; this evening, just at sunset, we reached Spalato; we at once got a boat, went on shore, saw what we could by moonlight and came back to the steamer for supper.

I was thinking as I stood on the bridge—here is the thing that I have been aiming at for years, and how easy it has been to do when one once began it. We are all in high spirits,

[1] The residence of the Count of Neuville, father of Freeman's host.

delighted with everything about our voyage. We all agree that it is the most comfortable steamer we ever were in. Morley and Horner have had larger experience that way than I. Horner, who is apt to be bad, has been quite well here. It is lovely sailing along the smooth sea between the coast and the islands, almost like a lake, only, very unlike Swiss or Italian lakes—barren stony hills rise out of the sea nearly all the way except where the towns are. The towns themselves are at least as good as Italian towns of the same size, and Spalato is quite a big place. I quite laugh at the notion of one's ever having had any doubts, fears, difficulties, about the journey, when all is just as good as anywhere else. I must certainly bring some of you some other year.

To F. H. Dickinson, Esq.

Steamer *Australia*, between Zara and Sebenico,

October 7, 1875.

You were brought home to my memory yesterday in the Albergo al Cappello, at Zara. Do you remember sending me Admiral Rous' defence of cockfighting and how Themistokles fought cocks when he besieged Dalmatia? Well, they gave us at that inn some most strange form of gallinaceous food, which made us all agree that we had got to the site of the siege and that we were eating the insides of the cocks—*καρδίαν ἀλεκτόρων*—who fought in that main. They were very nasty, but we got on better with beef-steaks, though Horner maintained that they were Turks' flesh.

'Twas very odd to be sitting in the street at Zara, drinking maraschino in its native place. The journey is delightful, the steamer most comfortable; going along between the coast and the endless islands, it is almost like a lake. And I am well pleased with my comrades. Your nephew, my wife looked to with great confidence to be to me a *forte scutum*[1] in case of danger. As yet we have had no dangers or even adventures, but he is a right good fellow. So is our third the Earl, who joined us at Turin. He is very pleasant and knows a great lot. We are going to Cattaro, just skimming the places as the

[1] Mr. J. *Fortescue* Horner.

steamer stops, to see them more fully as we come back. Next week we go up to Cetinje. There I mean to appear as Il Cavaliere, and wear my order. I don't fancy Slaves love Greeks, but it is all part of the general Turk-hating concern. My letter to the Prince has never come, so we trust to the effect to be wrought by Morley's Earldom. N. B. The distinction of *Jarl* and *Karl* is not attended to in all parts, *Earl* being often read *Carl*.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

On the Hadriatic, October 8, 1875.

The sun has somewhat set behind black (more truly green) Korkyra; her last rays (which would have gladdened Cox) have ceased to light up Issa: but the moon still lights up the sea Meleda; captains of thousands going forth to war with the heathen hounds are expounding their chances to an English Earl: yesternight we saw Spalato; in a day or two we hope to see Cetinje; think of all that. Do not think, however, that we have *done* Spalato, μὴ γένοιτο[1]. May I do it far more than I have done it yet. Our plan is to go straight to Cattaro, getting a look at each place at which the steamer stops, and to work them more perfectly coming thence. Thus we shall see each place *twice*, and the first short glimpse enables us to judge of the time to be given to the fuller examination of each. We came on Spalato by sunset and left it by sunrise. The sinking sun typified Jovius[2] in retirement; then the great bear rose over York and Trier. But the glory of the moonlight to-night makes one half turn pagan in a lunatic fashion. Fancy one's first moonlight view of Diocletian's arches, the great campanile, the temple of Jupiter. All I could say was that October 7 was a day to be set down along with the day of my scholarship, and the day of my first Landesgemeinde.

To Mrs. Freeman.

Cattaro, October 9, 1875.

We have ended our delightful voyage, and are here at Cattaro, ready to start at five to-morrow for the Black Mountain — six hours ride to Cetinje—I am a wee bit afraid of it. I shall take this letter up with me to finish and post—you will not have

[1] 'Heaven forbid!' [2] Diocletian.

many letters from Montenegro, which is a state of the Postal Union, which France is not.

. . . *Cetinje.* October 10. Here we really are. We started about six—it was to have been five—and did the thing in about seven hours, allowing for a stoppage to breakfast on *raki*, wine and water, bread, onions, and the liver of some creature, may be a Turk. It is a wonderful road up out of Cattaro, zig-zag, with wonderful views of the mountains and the sea, but it was rather giddy for my head. It did better for me afterwards when the road became much rougher, but when there was not the same looking down. Once up, we never came down again the same height, but went on, up and down, sometimes walking, sometimes riding, through limestone mountains, which often reminded Horner and me of Cheddar and Ebbor, till we got into this plain—about the height of the Brecknock Beacons. Bating the village where we breakfasted, we hardly passed a house, but the land is tilled wherever it can be, and there are sheep and goats about, and sometimes cows. Wild as it is, the land is as safe as the most civilized lands; robbery is utterly unheard of, which it was not when Sir G. Wilkinson was here. We are quartered in the old Vladika's palace, a queer place enough, but Danilo lived in it after him; the prince Nicolas that now is has built him a new house. This looks as if it had become old before it was new, paper on the walls and gilding on the ceilings dying out, but the rooms are good enough, and the prince allows us soap. We look on the monastery on the hill-side and above it the tower where the Turks' heads used to be set, but there are none now. The monastery church is very small, but in it are the former princes in boxes—they opened the lid of Vladika Peter, and there he was in his robes, and a plate of coins on his body.

But here comes this; we have no notion how we got into this house. We were brought here somehow; an aide de camp of the prince has been to talk to us, and meals have come from some quarter—we suppose from the prince. But we thought we should be asked to the palace this evening, and we have not. Morley thinks we must have made some mistake of etiquette—that is, *he* has, as Horner and I, who do not profess to know the manners and customs of princes, trusted wholly to

him, who does know them. But we shall try again in the morning. I had brought up coat, waistcoat, trousers, white shirt, and Greek order to pay my respects in. We have turned somebody out, that is clear, for just now a grand looking Montenegrin officer came in and said it was his room; so I took him to Morley, who made a speech to him, and he very good-humouredly went off to another. They are a fine race here; every man goes armed. But they make the women carry things. But Sunday all the people were about, and they seem quite quiet and well-behaved. The prince's officers seem quite civilized people. I need not explain that here the nation is the army and the army the nation.

They are making roads here, and one is a-making to Cattaro, which will save the rough ride. So you may come here in 1877.

To Sir H. Maine.

Ragusa, October 12, 1875.

I have been up into Montenegro, seen the prince, walked about unhurt among pistols and yataghans, and mourned only that they were all idle, while there was so much Turk-slaying to be done within a stone's throw. They are noble fellows to look at, mighty civil, and the head men quite civi*lized*. The land is now as safe as any part of Europe. But what brought you into my head while I was up there was that I hear that, besides state-lands and private lands, there are communal lands, both pasture and forest, but, I understand, no tillage. So pray turn your mind to Montenegro. I have no books to refer you to, but one may be sure that some German professor has taken that in hand, like everything else. Also is there not such a thing as a common Aryan, perhaps a common human, dress? The dresses in these parts, the Roman military dress, the Highland dress before army-tailors took it in hand, and the dress which our own forefathers are shown in in the tapestry, all seem varieties of one type. And the kind of shawl or blanket which the Montenegrin uses is very like a toga. . . .

24470

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EASTERN QUESTION. A VISIT TO GREECE.
GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A.D. 1875–1878.

FREEMAN'S visit to Dalmatia, originally planned with a view to the study of antiquities in that country, occurred two months after the insurrection had broken out in Herzegovina, which soon swelled into a general revolt amongst the Slave population in south-eastern Europe against the rule of the Turk. It is needless to say that Freeman's sympathy with this movement would in any case have been very ardent, but it was intensified by his being brought into close contact with the scene of the first outbreak, and by learning from the mouths of eye-witnesses the tale of intolerable wrongs, which had driven the people to take up arms, and of the frightful cruelties perpetrated by their oppressors in their endeavours to suppress the insurrection. He had seen some of the refugees, the destitute women, children, and aged people, who had escaped from their merciless destroyers by flight into the Austrian territory of Dalmatia. He could 'bear witness,' he said, 'to the sight, as the saddest which his eyes had ever looked upon.' In the language of Burke, speaking of the

victims of another desolating war, 'it was a people in beggary, it was a nation which stretched out its hand for food.' During the next three years he was indefatigable in collecting money and clothing for these refugees, nor was he less industrious in stirring up public sympathy by his writings and speeches, not only in England but throughout Europe. He regarded it as a kind of sacred duty to do what he could to break down the mass of prejudice with which diplomatic sophistry and ignorance of history had surrounded the whole subject of Ottoman rule in Europe, and to urge the course of action which, as he thought, was demanded by Christianity, humanity, and justice. He never advocated any wild or chimerical enterprise for the total or immediate expulsion of the Turk from Europe, still less from Constantinople, although he devoutly longed for such a consummation. What he constantly urged was, combined action on the part of the Great Powers to secure the complete emancipation of some of the Christian provinces, and the practical independence of others. By practical independence he meant freedom from the presence of Turkish soldiers and officials of every kind, a fixed annual tribute being paid to the Porte as an acknowledgement of a certain kind of suzerainty. He did not wish to extirpate the whole of the Mussulman population, who often lived on good terms with their Christian neighbours and suffered as much as they did; but what he insisted upon was, the necessity of abolishing the rule of the Turk, since all experience proved that the Mussulman could live peaceably and happily under Christian rule, but that the Christian could not live happily under Mahometan rule.

The relations of England to the Porte had long been

to him a subject of real distress, and he trusted that the time had now come when his country would vindicate her honour, and stand forward as the champion of the oppressed. The speeches which he made, the articles and the letters which he wrote during the next five or six years on the Eastern Question, would fill a large volume. No doubt the fervour of his enthusiasm for a righteous cause, and the passionate antipathy which he felt towards certain prominent politicians whom he believed to be misleading public opinion and national policy, betrayed him sometimes into bitter and intemperate expressions which were injurious to the cause which he had at heart. At the same time, it is only fair to say, that his enthusiasm and his antipathy were not the outcome of caprice, imagination, or sentiment, but of convictions based upon a long and careful study alike of ancient history and of recent events[1]. In the following pages I have endeavoured to present in a condensed form his views and principal lines of argument upon the Eastern Question, collected from his writings and speeches upon the subject.

He regarded the perversion of feeling which induced Christian nations in western Europe to support the Mahometan oppressor of Christian nations in eastern Europe, as being in some measure a survival of the old rivalry between the eastern and western divisions of the Roman empire, the old jealousy between the eastern and western divisions of the Church. The Christian nations of the west had for ages looked upon the Christian

[1] His old college friend, Sir G. W. Cox, says, 'I can answer for it that his enthusiasm on behalf of all nations which were oppressed or in practical slavery was just as keen fifty years ago as it was when he set out on his last southward journey.'

nations of the east with aversion and contempt. The Greek 'of the lower empire' had been held up to scorn, as the type of everything that was degraded, and the modern Greek was regarded as a little more vile, if anything, than his Byzantine forefathers, while of the great mass of the Christian subjects of the Turk, the Slaves, and the Bulgarians, many people seemed to be absolutely ignorant. Hence, while the western nations could sympathize with the struggles of the Pole, the Hungarian, and the Lombard, against Russian or Austrian oppression, the struggles of Christian nations east of the Hadriatic to escape from the far worse tyranny of the Turk, were regarded with indifference if not with suspicion. Twenty years ago he had protested against a war into which we had been enticed by a crafty despot, with a people who had never wronged us, on behalf of the foulest fabric of tyranny upon earth. The names of Alma and Inkerman were to his ears memorials of national humiliation, records of blood shed by English hands in the cause of oppression[1]. By the Treaty of Paris, which was the conclusion of the Crimean War, the right of Russia to protect the Christian subjects of the Porte was cancelled, and the Powers which signed it pledged themselves to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire. It was true that the Turk had on his side promised amendment and reform in his administration of the subject provinces, but those who had studied the history of the Turk knew

[1] Sir G. W. Cox, referring to the time of the Crimean War, says, 'he confessed, not without some pride, that apart from ourselves he hardly knew of any whose judgement was not warped or perverted in this matter, except Sir Arthur Elton and John Bright. I remember the delight with which he welcomed John Bright's frank avowal that although every one was then agog for the war, yet within a quarter of a century the English people would be heartily sick and ashamed of it.'

that his promises were made only to be broken, and that his Hatti sheriffs and Hatti humayoms were only so many grand names for waste paper. For more than twenty years the ambassadors of various nations had been remonstrating and reproving, advising and exhorting the Turk to redeem his promises, but all to no purpose. England, nevertheless, had steadily continued to uphold him, she had lent him money and men, and in 1867, when an insurrection in Crete was put down with hideous cruelty, the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs had forbidden English consuls and the commanders of English ships of war to give shelter to the fugitives for fear of offending our esteemed ally. And not only had England refused help to the oppressed, but she had flattered and caressed the oppressor. At the very moment that the Sultan's victims in Crete were shedding their blood to cast off his detested yoke, the Sultan himself was being honoured with a grand reception in this country, and the cheers with which the London populace had once greeted Garibaldi, the champion of Italian freedom, were bestowed upon Abdul Aziz, the representative of the vilest tyranny on earth. He was feasted by the Lord Mayor, he was made a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and the badge of St. George was dishonoured by being placed round the neck of the Mahometan oppressor of Christian nations. As a climax of absurdity, a ball was given in his honour, and the expenses of this costly folly were charged upon the over-taxed people of India. The grand Turk went home loaded with honours, India paid the bill, and his unhappy victims in Crete remained under the yoke. For the sake of her supposed interests and on no other pretext, England had doomed struggling

nations to abide in their bondage. We had, therefore, a national sin to redress and to atone for. We were 'verily guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us and we would not hear.'

The revolt of the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina against their oppressors afforded England an opportunity to redeem her character. The wrongs of the West had been redressed, France had been humbled, Germany was united, Italy was set free, Austria had been reformed; and should not the far bitterer wrongs of the enslaved nations in south-eastern Europe be redressed also? If Lombardy and Venetia had been delivered from the Austrian whip, should not Greek and Slave, Albanian and Bulgarian lands be delivered from the Turkish scorpion? Sympathy with the Turk was due in great measure to ignorance or forgetfulness of past history, and of the essential nature of the Mahometan religion. Freeman disclaimed any animosity against the Mahometan religion or its professors. In the Arabian prophet who founded it, he acknowledged one of the greatest reformers in his own age and country. He freely admitted that there were large parts of the world where the preaching of Islam had carried with it a wonderful advance, moral, social, and political. Towards a Mahometan people living in a country which they had made their own he entertained no ill-feeling whatever. But the case of European Turkey differed entirely from the case of a large part of the Ottoman dominion in Asia. In European Turkey the Turks were in no sense the people of the land. They were now what they always had been, an army of occupation upon conquered soil.

Turkey was not the land of the Turk, it was the land in which the Turk held other nations in bondage. The Turk in Europe answered to Lord Palmerston's definition of dirt, he was 'matter in the wrong place.' The welding together of conquerors and conquered, as of the Franks with the Gauls and of the Normans with the English, which in these and many other instances legalized conquest, had never taken place in European Turkey, and in truth never could take place if the conquerors were Mahometans and the conquered clung to their national faith; for it was one of the first principles of Islam, that wherever its votaries had dominion, they should hold the disciples of all other religions in servile subjection. The Christian, the fire worshipper, the Hindu, who had been conquered by a Mahometan power, was politically, civilly, and socially, the inferior of all his Mahometan fellow subjects. The utmost for which he could hope was contemptuous toleration. The reforms, therefore, which statesmen and diplomatists were continually recommending to the Turk, and which simple-minded and credulous people imagined would be effected, were hopeless impossibilities as long as the Turk remained a Turk and a Mahometan. The Eastern Question which diplomatists with a solemn and mysterious air said must not be reopened, was in truth always open. The Christian subjects of the Turk were always suffering, always unhappy, and as the Turk could not reform, the only release from their misery was to be found in the removal of his presence. When the revolt broke out, diplomatists spoke grandly about the necessity of using 'moral pressure to pacify the insurgent districts, and to prevent the complications which might arise by the continuance of disturbances.' Freeman made short

work of such pompous phraseology. The only complication was the presence of the Turk, and as long as he remained there would be complications and disturbances which no amount of moral pressure could pacify. There were no complications in Montenegro, there were no complications in Dalmatia, simply because there was no Turk there. He had departed from Hungary, Servia, and from other lands, and no country from which he had gone ever wished to have him back again.

It was commonly said that the Christian nations now under the Turkish yoke ought to remain under it, lest the Eastern Question, as it was called, should be reopened, and the whole of south-eastern Europe should be plunged into a state of disorder. To this argument he replied that it was unreasonable to expect that men who saw their neighbours and kinsmen in Montenegro absolutely free, and others within the Austrian territories dwelling under a government which at least protected life, property, and family honour, would be persuaded that it was for the good of mankind, or for their own good, that they themselves should be held down under a government which was mere organized brigandage. Again, it was commonly said that the insurrection was instigated from outside. This statement was partly false and partly true. The movement was, indeed, a genuine native movement provoked by very real wrongs, but no doubt the ranks of the insurgents had been swelled by sympathizers from kindred and happier lands; and were these men to be blamed for going to the aid of their suffering brethren? Supposing that the people of Hampshire were free, and the people of Berkshire enslaved, would it be thought a great crime in the men of Hampshire if they helped their brethren

in Berkshire to raise the standard of revolt? Moreover, it was scarcely possible for an enslaved people to revolt without some help from outside, simply because they were enslaved. And if it was said that the present condition of the insurgents was not so bad, after all, as it had been in times past, the reply from the experience of history was, that revolts generally happened, not when things were at their worst, but when they had begun to mend; it was Louis XVI who was guillotined, not Louis XV. When things were at their worst, people were too much depressed to be able to move, but when they had once tasted a little freedom, the appetite for it was whetted, and they naturally asked for more. The insurgents of Bosnia and Herzegovina had made up their minds to get rid of their Turkish oppressor or to perish: which of these two alternatives should take place, it was for the great European Powers to decide, and an awful responsibility rested upon those who directed their counsels. He had the profoundest distrust of the two ministers upon whom in England this responsibility mainly rested. Lord Beaconsfield he regarded as a crafty schemer, oriental in his sympathies, sentiments, and tastes. Lord Derby he regarded as a dull passionless man, whose knowledge of human nature was limited to that which could be obtained from the study of Blue-books and the despatches of diplomatists; a man incapable of energetic action, or of taking a clear and comprehensive view of any great question.

The attitude and action of the British ministers from 1875 to 1878 confirmed him in these opinions. 'The Andrassy Note,' framed by the three Imperial courts at the close of 1875, in which they demanded certain specific reforms on the part of the Porte, received only

a hesitating support from the English Government. This Note was followed up in May, 1876, by the Berlin Note, which was couched in much more peremptory language, demanding a suspension of arms for two months, and threatening force if negotiations failed at the end of that time. France and Italy agreed to support the Note, but the English Government would have nothing to do with it. In the same month an insurrection broke out in Bulgaria, and in suppressing it the Turks perpetrated massacres and outrages which convulsed all Europe with horror. The Porte attempted to blind the eyes of the public by official reports which concealed the truth, and Lord Beaconsfield pronounced the tales of diabolical cruelty which reached England to be mere 'coffee-house babble.' The testimony, however, of a crowd of independent witnesses, furnished in great measure through the columns of the *Daily News*, was too strong and unanimous to be refuted. A tempest of indignation swept over the country. It was heightened by a pamphlet written by Mr. Gladstone, which appeared on September 6, and not allayed by a speech of Lord Beaconsfield at Aylesbury, in which he pronounced the leaders of the agitation to be as guilty as the authors of the Bulgarian atrocities. The popular indignation rose to such a height that even Lord Derby was induced to address a severe despatch to the Porte on September 21, in which he demanded the punishment of the chief instigators of the atrocities. It is almost needless to say that they were not punished. Meanwhile, Servia and Montenegro had declared war on the Turks, and were assisted by considerable numbers of Russian volunteers, officers as well as men of humble rank, and on September 26 Count Schouvaloff informed

Lord Derby that in the opinion of the Czar force should be employed to stop the war and put an end to Turkish misrule. The proposal of the Czar was that Bulgaria should be occupied by Russian troops and Bosnia by Austrian forces, and that the united fleets of the Great Powers should enter the Bosphorus. The British Government, however, refused to join in this armed demonstration. A European conference which was attended by Lord Salisbury at Constantinople in December, 1876, and a European protocol which was issued in April, 1877, failed to bring about any settlement of affairs. Russia then declared war against the Turks, and carried it on through the whole of that year, which ended with the fall of Kars and the capture of Plevna, the two fortified positions that the Turks had most stubbornly defended in their Asiatic and European dominions.

In an interview with our ambassador, Lord Adolphus Loftus, at Livadia, on November 2, 1876, the Czar of Russia had pledged his sacred word of honour, in the most earnest and solemn manner, that he had no intention of acquiring Constantinople, and that if circumstances should oblige him to occupy a portion of Bulgaria, it would only be provisionally, until the peace and safety of the Christian population were secured. The English Cabinet replied that they had received this message with the liveliest satisfaction, but the message and the reply were not made public, and one week later, at the Civic Banquet in the Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day, Lord Beaconsfield made a vaunting speech, in which, after laying great stress on the provisions of the Treaty of Paris for maintaining the integrity of the Turkish Empire, he declared that there was no country so well prepared for war as England, that her resources

were inexhaustible, and that if she entered into one campaign she had not to ask herself whether she could support a second or a third. The very next day, the Czar in a speech at Moscow, declared that if he could not obtain sufficient guarantees that the Porte would concede what the Powers had a right to demand, he was prepared to act independently, and was confident that all Russia would respond to his appeal. The commotion which this speech made, coming as it did immediately after Lord Beaconsfield's Guildhall speech, was very slightly allayed, if at all, by the publication on November 21, at the Czar's earnest request, of his special message and solemn pledge, which had hitherto been withheld from the knowledge of the English public.

The risk of this country being dragged into war with Russia on behalf of the Turk seemed now to be imminent. Two densely crowded meetings were held in St. James' Hall, London, on December 9, one in the afternoon and another in the evening, to express sympathy with the people who had risen against the Turkish yoke, and to protest against interference by England with the work of emancipation, whether it was promoted by Russia or by any other Power. Amongst the speakers at the evening meeting were Mr. Gladstone, Canon Liddon, and Freeman. When he rose to speak he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, which were renewed when he sat down. He spoke with fluency, boldness, and passionate earnestness. He was jealous, he said, of the honour of his country. Another nation had stepped forward to do single-handed the work in which we ought to have taken a leading part. The Czar of Russia had sent us his message of peace and had asked us to help him in aiding the oppressed. And

what was the answer that had been returned to that message? From amid the clatter of wine cups the voice of defiance had gone forth, conveying the brag which all the world had heard, that England was prepared to fight a first, a second, or a third campaign, rather than suffer another Power to do the work in which we ought to have had our share. Were then the English people prepared to wage war for one hour, or to shed one drop of English blood, in order to prop up as foul and bloody a fabric of wrong as ever a shuddering world had gazed upon? Would they fight to uphold the integrity and independence of the Empire of Sodom? Was it for such an object that the countrymen of Wilberforce and Canning were to spend their money and shed their blood? But we were told that English interests demanded it, that our dominion in India would be imperilled, and that the civilized world would crumble into atoms, if a Russian ship of war should be seen in the Mediterranean Sea. 'Well,' he cried, 'if it be so, let duty come first and interest second, and perish the interests of England, perish our dominion in India, rather than that we should strike one blow or speak one word on behalf of the wrong against the right[1].' 'But I need hardly refute fallacies which have been refuted a thousand times already. Look at the map. The path to India does not lie by Constantinople, and believe me further, it is not to reign in Constantinople that the people and the ruler of Russia are ready to draw the sword. Believe me that they are too wise for

[1] In reference to this speech it has been commonly asserted that Freeman used the expression 'perish India,' in spite of the fact that the words do not occur in any printed report of his speech, and in spite of his own declaration, constantly repeated, that they were never uttered. The above version of the passage is strictly correct.

that; they know full well, that he who reigns in the new Rome must cease to reign at St. Petersburg, and as for Russian ships in the Mediterranean, as long as we in our Atlantic Island boast that we hold the Pillars of Hercules, we can hardly complain if Russia chafes at being pent up within the bounds of an inland gulf.'

Mr. Gladstone wound up the conference in a speech of extraordinary eloquence, in the course of which he remarked, that considering the temptations to which Russia was exposed from her nearness to Turkey, it might be our duty jealously and severely to watch her movements; but he maintained that the best way of watching Russia or Austria was to become competitors with them for the affections of the Christian nations in south-eastern Europe. The policy of Canning was a model for our imitation. Canning sought to gain the confidence of the Greeks, and to teach them to look to England for protection. Canning invoked the aid of Russia in the good work, and invited the concert of Europe. He knew well that when two great Powers entered into alliance for a common object, they not only assisted one another, but each acted as a check upon the other.

This was precisely the line which Freeman had long been advocating. Conferences, protocols, notes, memorandums, and all the apparatus of diplomacy ended, and could only end, in nothing but talk. The experience of ages proved that preaching to the Turk was utterly vain, but resolute action could effect a great deal. The Turk, who bragged and massacred as long as he could do it safely, always knocked under to force. Pressure from the six Great Powers would have constrained the Turk to submit to their terms, and the

English Government was mainly responsible for thwarting such concerted action. Failing such action, he maintained that the next best thing would have been a frank and cordial union between England and Russia. By declining to co-operate with Russia, England had really played into her hands, giving her just that dominant influence in south-eastern Europe, which he for one heartily deprecated. He had no desire to see Russia aggrandized, but if he had to choose between Russian aggrandizement and the prolonged misery of Christian races in bondage to the Turk, he had no hesitation in declaring for Russian aggrandizement.

In the early part of 1878, when the Russians, who had now been joined by the Servians and Montenegrins, advanced through Bulgaria and threatened Constantinople, England again seemed to be brought to the very brink of war. In January, the British Fleet was ordered to Constantinople. But there were dissensions in the Cabinet; Lord Carnarvon resigned, and the order to the fleet was countermanded. In February the fleet was despatched, but in the following month Lord Derby resigned, and in April there was a great agitation throughout the country, in which Freeman took an active part, against war with Russia; and once more that calamity was averted. In June the Congress of the Great Powers was held at Berlin, which was attended by Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, and in July the Treaty of Berlin was signed. By this Treaty Bulgaria north of the Balkans, was made a self-governing tributary State. Bulgaria south of the Balkans, called Eastern Roumelia, was retained under the rule of the Porte, but was granted some freedom of internal administration. Montenegro was declared independent,

and the seaport of Antivari was allotted to it. Roumelia and Servia were declared independent and received some accession of territory. Kars and Batoum were ceded to Russia, and the Porte undertook to effect without delay the reforms demanded in Roumelia. By a secret treaty between the English ministers and the Porte, the Island of Cyprus was to be occupied by England as a guarantee for the integrity of the Turkish dominions in Asia. Lord Beaconsfield and his colleague returned to England, announcing that they brought with them 'peace with honour.'

The Treaty was severely criticized by Freeman, more especially in an article in the *British Quarterly* for October, 1878. He traced throughout the whole of the negotiations an endeavour on the part of the English plenipotentiaries to minimize the losses of power and territory to the Turk. In fact, it was publicly avowed by Lord Salisbury, that the essential aim which Her Majesty's ministers had kept in view, was 'the independent existence and action of the Government of Constantinople,' and it was mentioned as a cause of satisfaction that 'nearly two-thirds of the vast region to which in the Treaty of San Stefano the name of Bulgaria is given, have been replaced under the direct political and military rule of the Porte.' Knowing what the rule of the Porte meant, systematic robbery and outrage, daily denial of justice, daily grinding oppression of every kind, diversified by an occasional massacre, was this provision of the Treaty a matter for rejoicing, or one which tended either to peace or honour? Again, no sound reason had been given, why any distinction should be drawn between Bulgaria north of the Balkans and Bulgaria south of the range, why the one land should

receive substantial freedom, and the other only the vague gift of 'administrative autonomy,' while a third portion was restored to the Turk with no conditions whatever, beyond the usual conventional talk about reform. The valiant people of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who had struck the first blow for freedom, and who had suffered incredible hardships in their struggle with the enemy of their race and religion, were not to be permitted to unite themselves to their brethren in Servia or in Montenegro, because to quote Lord Salisbury 'a chain of Slave States stretching across the peninsula of the Balkans would, without doubt, be more dangerous to the independence of the Porte than any other combination.' The country, therefore, of this gallant people was to be occupied and administered by Austria, whose troops were now slowly fighting their way into it, in the face of a determined opposition. And this was 'peace with honour.'

More shameful still was the treatment of Montenegro. In 1814 Austria had filched Cattaro, the most natural and convenient seaport of Montenegro; since that time the Montenegrins had won by their own arms the seaports of Spitza, Antivari and Dulcigno. Of these havens Dulcigno was ceded by the Treaty of Berlin to the Turk, Spitza was ceded to Austria, and Antivari alone was left to Montenegro, the use even of Antivari being clogged with the most insulting restrictions, and rendered comparatively valueless by the Austrian occupation of Spitza, an almost impregnable fortress which commanded Antivari. And this was 'peace with honour.'

Worst of all was the treatment of Greece. When the Greeks had been invited by Russia to join in the late

war, they had been persuaded by those who spoke in the name of England to refuse the invitation, on the assurance that they would lose nothing in the end by this act of self-restraint. When the Congress met at Berlin, hope was expressed by nearly the whole of the English press that Greece would receive some considerable extension of territory. Representatives of Greece were admitted to plead their cause before the Congress on June 29. They asked for the annexation of Epirus, Thessaly and Crete, and departed on the understanding that their claim would be taken into careful consideration. Lord Beaconsfield, however, declared that the Greek Government was entirely mistaken as to the views of the European Powers, and that England had advised Athens not to count upon any territorial aggrandizement. The result was that the Congress only offered to Greece some small scraps of Thessaly and Epirus, divided by an arbitrary line from the other portions which were doomed to remain under the rule of the Porte. And while by the secret treaty with the Porte, Cyprus was handed over to the English (a distant possession of very doubtful utility), Crete which lay near to Greece, and was always longing and struggling for union with it, was condemned to remain in bondage to the Turk. And this was 'peace with honour.'

Even the grudging measures of relief meted out to Greece and Montenegro by the Treaty were not fulfilled until a change took place in the English Ministry. One of the first acts of the new government under Mr. Gladstone which came into office in April, 1880, was to invite the European powers to a Conference with a view to secure the fulfilment of the Treaty of Berlin. The Conference also decided that the port of Dulcigno should

be restored to the Montenegrins, and that a portion of Thessaly should be restored to Greece. The Greek troops entered Thessaly in August, and in November the fleets of the Allied Powers sailed to Dulcigno to enforce the surrender of that port, and of course as soon as the Turk discovered that polite diplomacy was exchanged for resolute action, he gave in. Nevertheless, the discontent which ensued, as Freeman predicted, from the tinkering policy of the Treaty of Berlin has never subsided, and manifests itself from time to time in insurrections in Crete and in those parts of Greece on the mainland which are still enslaved. At every fresh outbreak Freeman, by his letters in the public press, more especially the *Manchester Express* and the *Manchester Guardian*, drew vivid pictures of the unhappy condition of these distressed peoples, and maintained that 'the eternal Eastern Question' must continue to be eternal until the rule of the Turk over Christian nations was abolished.

By those who were opposed to Freeman's views on this question, he was denounced as an 'itinerant demagogue,' 'an agitator,' 'an hysterical screamer,' 'a philanthropic enthusiast,' 'a sentimental, unpractical politician,' and the like. Some of these choice descriptions, although intended to be opprobrious, were, as Freeman pointed out, in themselves quite inoffensive; it was possible, for instance, to be an itinerant demagogue and agitator in a good cause as well as in a bad one, and philanthropic enthusiasm was surely a praiseworthy quality. Some of the other descriptions only proved that his opponents, being unable to answer his arguments, consoled themselves with railing accusations. He replied to the charge of being a sentimental and unpractical

politician by retorting it upon his adversaries[1]. The really unpractical men were those who took no account of national sentiment, which was one of the strongest factors in national life. In the wise words of Guizot, 'the instinct of nations sees further than the negotiations of diplomatists.' The special danger of the diplomatist was that his line of life led him to deal with princes, ministers, and courts, hardly ever with nations. He was tempted to assume that every nation was necessarily represented by its government, and that the formal arrangements entered into between governments must take effect as by a kind of physical law, forgetting that to be successful and permanent they need after all the practical consent of the people who are affected by them. Thus, when an English statesman gravely counselled the Christian subjects of the Porte not to listen to 'foreign intriguers,' but to 'lay their grievances before their own government,' he forgot that those whom he counselled looked on the so-called 'foreign intriguers' as their own countrymen, and that their so-called 'government' was, in their eyes, only a system of foreign brigandage which hindered them from having any government of their own. In like manner, when diplomatists talked of 'Austria desiring' this, or 'objecting to' that, the only real reference was to the wishes or objections of the Austrian Emperor and his ministers, Austria being a mere patchwork of divers races, differing in language and religion. As there was no Austrian nation, so there could be no Austrian national sentiment. On the other hand, statesmen and diplomatists who paid no heed to 'national sentiment' were often themselves swayed by

[1] 'Sentimental and Practical Politics,' *Princeton Review*, March, 1879.

traditional ideas and sentiments, which the experience of history proved to be impracticable. The so-called sentimental politician knew human nature too well to suppose that an arbitrary division of a country into three portions, one free, one half-free, and one enslaved, would be accepted by the inhabitants as a satisfactory and final settlement. But the so-called practical statesman who clung to the idea that the Turk's promises of reform meant something, was the victim of a delusion which the experience and history of the past 1200 years refuted. A sentimental love of the Turk inspired hopes which could never be fulfilled; a sentimental fear of Russia encouraged an indiscriminate opposition to all Russian plans and operations, good or bad, which sometimes only strengthened the influence that it was intended to weaken.

It will be noticed that in this, as in all other political controversies, Freeman brought every question to the touchstone of morals. He did not ask in the first instance whether any proposed course of action was likely to promote British interests and power, but whether it was honourable, straightforward, and just. It was his zeal for righteousness which inspired him with detestation of the Turks, not only on account of the cruelties and oppression of their rule, but also on account of the nameless vices to which they were addicted. It was his intense love of justice which made him burn with indignation and shame that for the sake of supposed interests, territorial or commercial, England should support such a foul fabric of oppression as the Ottoman Empire, and that English officers should degrade themselves by selling their services to the Turk. It was his deep love of simplicity and truth which provoked his contempt for

the ambiguous phraseology and the conventional fictions of diplomacy. He strenuously maintained that the same principles of moral conduct held good for nations as for individuals, though there might be differences in the method of application[1]. War, for instance, was sometimes necessary or justifiable, because there was no common superior to enforce right between nations as there was in the case of individuals. 'International law' was only a code of rules for the good behaviour of nations, which there was no means of enforcing upon any nation which refused to comply with it. Something like an international magistracy existed in the six Great Powers, but it could not command general confidence because it was not chosen by those for whom it adjudicated, and there was no guarantee that its decisions would be wise and good. Arbitration was a more hopeful method of settling disputes if the arbiters were elected by the contending powers; but if one side refused to submit to arbitration, or rejected the decision of the arbiters, the old difficulty recurred. Hence an appeal to force was more often necessary in the case of nations than of individuals; but the principle was the same for both—that killing was wrong unless there were special circumstances to justify it. In either case the killer must prove that he had no other means of defending himself. But the principle that a recourse to violence, if it could be avoided, was as wrong for nations as for individuals, had not yet become as generally recognized as it ought to be. Many justified or encouraged war on grounds which, in the case of individuals, would not even justify an appeal to public opinion, much less to force. The mere possibility even

[1] 'National Morality,' *Princeton Review*, November, 1878.

of interests clashing, or of some wrong being done at some undefined future time, was considered a sufficient pretext for war; and imputations of motives, insinuations of insincerity, brag and bluster which would be reprobated as base and offensive in private life, were considered patriotic and laudable when practised towards a nation supposed to be a rival. No one in private life would dare to avow that he cared not what crimes were committed, provided they were in the end conducive to his own interests. Yet the preservation or promotion of 'British interests' seemed to be regarded by many as paramount to all considerations of right or duty. The English ambassador at Constantinople, in a despatch to Lord Derby written soon after the Bulgarian outrages, declared: 'My conduct has never been guided by any sentimental affection for the Turks, but by a firm determination to uphold the interests of Great Britain; and that those interests are deeply engaged in preventing the disruption of the Turkish Empire is a conviction which I share in common with the most eminent statesmen who have directed our foreign policy, but which appears now to be abandoned by shallow politicians, or persons who have allowed their feelings of revolted humanity to make them forget the capital interests involved in the question. We may and must feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down, but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was 10,000 or 20,000 persons who perished in the 'suppression.' This inhuman doctrine was echoed by a large section of the English press, and especially that which represented the society of the

London clubs and drawing-rooms; and any one who ventured to dispute it was denounced as unpatriotic. But 'the true patriot,' said Freeman, 'is he who seeks the highest welfare of his country, and who holds that the real welfare of his country is inseparable from right dealing. He will be zealous for the outward glory, dignity, and interest of the nation, but only so far as they are consistent with justice and honour.' In short, he maintained that in the case of nations as of individuals, duty ought to come first and interest afterwards, though in both instances it would commonly be found that the highest interests were best secured in the end by a straightforward and fearless discharge of duty.

The letters which follow will show how deeply his thoughts and feelings were absorbed by the troubles of south-eastern Europe, and how hard he worked in the cause which he believed to be that of humanity and justice. His correspondence was enormously increased by these labours, for he was in constant communication with Mr. Stillman (the correspondent of the *Times* at Ragusa), Madame Olga Novikoff, Captain (afterwards Sir Richard) Burton (the English Consul at Trieste), Baron Gondola, Miss Irby, Dr. Sandwith, and others who were engaged in ministering to the needs of the distressed refugees. He wrote sometimes as many as seventeen or eighteen letters a day in addition to his other work. 'My correspondence,' he says, in a letter to Mr. Dawkins in December, 1876, is cosmopolitan. The second post to-day brought me six things, which I will arrange thus:—

By Stamps.	*By Nations.*	*By Religions.*
1 German	2 English	3 Orthodox
1 Servian	1 Greek	1 English Church
1 Austrian	1 Servian	1 Mahometan
2 English	1 German	1 Jew
1 Megyar	1 Russian	No Papists

In addition to his private correspondence, he wrote a great number of letters in the public press upon the Eastern Question, and of articles in various periodicals, a list of which is given below[1]. At the same time his ordinary literary work, although hindered, was by no means suspended. He went on in short intervals of leisure with his volume on *Historical Geography*; he revised the contributions of writers for his series of Short Histories; he was preparing volume ii. of the *Norman Conquest* for a third edition; he began to write a *History of the Reign of William Rufus*, which was published in two large volumes in 1882, and he made several excursions in England and Normandy to make notes and collect materials for it. He also wrote the article on England in the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britan-*

[1] 'The True Eastern Question,' *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1875; 'Montenegro,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1876; 'Present Aspect of the Eastern Question,' *Fortnightly Review*, October, 1876; 'The English People in Relation to the Eastern Question,' *Contemporary Review*, February, 1877; 'The Geographical Aspect of the Eastern Question,' *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1877; 'The Relation of the English People to the War,' *Contemporary Review*, August, 1877; 'Neutrality, Real or Pretended,' *Contemporary Review*, October, 1877; 'The Three Treaties,' *British Quarterly*, October, 1878; 'National Morality,' *Princeton Review*, November, 1878; 'Sentimental and Practical Politics,' *Princeton Review*, March, 1879; 'The Fulfilment of the Berlin Treaty,' *Princeton Review*, January, 1880; 'The Elections and the Eastern Question,' *Contemporary Review*, June, 1880; 'The Austrian Power,' *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1880; 'The Position of the Austrian Power,' *Contemporary Review*, May, 1882.

nica as far as the year 1603, where he received permission to stop, having recommended Mr. S. R. Gardiner to the editor for the completion of the task. His book on *The Ottoman Power in Europe*, published in 1877, was an expansion of a tract called *The Turks in Europe*, which he had written in the first number of a series entitled *Politics for the People*.

CORRESPONDENCE (1875-1878)[1].

To Miss Florence Freeman.

Spalato, October 17, 1875.

. . . Lady Strangford's letter contained that one to the Prince of Montenegro, which we had wanted a week before. But here is a queerer thing than that. Some people in Trieste, we don't know who, some committee on behalf of the insurgents, telegraphed to Montenegro that we were a-coming. Well, will you believe it, the Prince's prime minister made a great dinner for us, and bade the lords, high captains, and chief estates of Montenegro to meet us—only they never told *us*; so we never went. We walked up and down the street expecting somebody to notice us; they looked at us, believing that we knew and expecting us to come to them. Did you ever hear anything so absurd? Also the Prince had a tea-party with Russian tea, which I should have liked of all things. All this we heard afterwards in Ragusa. I have sent word that I mean to come again when the carriage road is made—we may make it all straight then.

[1] 'The Jew,' a term which frequently occurs in the following letters, was Freeman's jocular designation of Lord Beaconsfield, in reference partly to his Hebrew extraction, partly to his Oriental sympathies.

. . . But now comes our great run of all, something quite new for Horner and me, though not for Morley. We have been in *partibus infidelium*, seen the seat of war, seen the Turks. On Thursday we three got a carriage along with a Russian, correspondent for the *Galosh* or some such name—he seems a regular *stick-in-the-mud*—and went over the mountains to Trebinje, the nearest town in Herzegovina. We were assured that it was quite safe, and found it so. But mark the difference between Christendom and paynimrie. The road is very good as long as you are in the Austrian territory, and gets bad as soon as you cross the Turkish frontier. Then you go down, as Trebinje is in a plain—a stony plain—so stony, where mighty little grows save *backy* close to the town. On, on, on, hills and stones on each side. Presently, a convoy of about 400 Turkish soldiers, such ugly, ragged dogs, and many of their officers not much better, going to get corn—they sent out skirmishers to run up the hills and look out. I never saw soldiers in actual campaign before. I was inclined to sing 'Exsurgat Deus'; but they did us no harm; we exchanged salutations with the officers and went on peaceably. But to get to the town we had to cross Jubenitza, which can commonly be forded in a carriage, but it was swollen (I should have said that we had a good deal of rain); so we crossed in a boat, such a boat, with a ragged Charon, who talked a jumble of Turkish, Italian, and German, but I conceive him to have been a Slave Christian. Just before we crossed was a village burned all but the church. Then we had to walk on over stony roads; I lagged behind, but Horner always kept in sight, and I was glad to catch him up when two men growled at me round a corner. So we got to Trebinje, and I saw for the first time Mosques (ugly), and minarets (pretty), and a bazaar with live Turks lolling in their shops; also tents as in war-time. The bazaar seemed to me like a wild beast show with the fronts of the cages taken off; the hyaenas might have sprung on us if they had chosen. We did not stay long, but walked back to the river—no Charon! Morley begins to undress to wade, when Charon came and said he would be drowned if he tried. So boat again, but it was full of water, but Charon ladled it out with a big spoon and we got across

to our carriage, and so back to Ragusa, Christendom, and civilization. Ragusa is full of refugees from Herzegovina, poor, half-starved creatures; but much is gathered for them, and the Austrian government gives them a small allowance. We went and saw them, and gave something to help them. Friday the waves of the sea were mighty and raged horribly—'twas a grand sight to look at them on the rocks, close by our quarters—so the Trieste boat due on Friday did not come till Saturday, and we doubted much whether we could get away yesterday. But yesterday afternoon the weather quite changed. We set sail at six o'clock, and it turned out a lovely moonlight night, and the sea, after a little while, became quite smooth. So we got here this morning, and have looked up this wonderful place pretty thoroughly. You must understand that the old town is *in* the palace—the palace wall made the town wall, and a great deal can be made out of the walls, besides the great arcades and the temples. We rather think that the one which is now the cathedral was a mausoleum and not a temple. Then the great campanile—I need not tell you that Diocletian did not build that. The thing quite equals my expectations of years. We are to see Traü and Salona, and on Wednesday evening start for Pola, getting, we hope, another look at Zara. Horner and I have just been up sitting in the peristyle by moonlight, and then drinking coffee and maraschino, 17 kr. each.

To Miss Macarthur[1].

Somerleaze, Wells, December 18, 1875.

. . . Moreover, as these are times in which one must heal with one hand and slay with the other, if he will leave off murthering of birds, and send me the guns, powder, &c. I will send them to those who will use them to shoot Turks, a far more useful and righteous form of sport. There's that beast going about in India; if he would only shoot Turks instead of elephants, he would be doing some good in his

[1] After begging her to induce the master of the house where she was staying to send something to the fund for the Bosnian refugees.

generation. You are not a bad hand at preaching, so take these papers to your text, and preach away to the —— and the rest of mankind.

If *Fortnightly* or *P. M. G.* reaches you, you will see that I have been at it in my fashion, and there is more a-coming in *Macmillan*, including a touching reference to time-tables.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Somerleaze, December 19, 1875.

What am I a-doing of? Why, many things. First of all, fuming and wondering whether any human being ever means to come and see me again. I have not had a soul here since I came back. Secondly, I am pressing on vol. v. &c. &c., and, as I am doing Angevins, offering mental whole-burnt-offerings to the Great Teacher as I go along. Surely there is but one Stubbs, unde nil majus, &c. &c. Thirdly, as promoted to be Eadwardus Senior, (December 25) by the birth of my grandson, I am trying to feel fittingly venerable in my new relation of life. But chiefly, as Eadwardus Senior was also Invictissimus, I am trusting to see my lust of mine enemies and the enemies of mankind, those foul Turks, and, yet more, working all I can to get something for the poor refugees in Montenegro and Dalmatia. Here is a paper about them. Do give me something, and gather as much as you can. I have gathered a good bit which has gone to Ragusa, partly in money partly in blankets. I simply beg of everybody that I see or write to—I never made a *quête* before—with this formula that the smallest gift is not despised, and that for the largest we can find a use.

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

January 2, 1876.

So you have been round the world, gathering great sums honestly and refusing greater sums offered dishonestly. It is not exactly like the righteous man in Tate and Brady

'Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.'

You seem to have learned the art of making the best of both worlds, coming back with your purse full and your conscience clear. While you are in that case, you ought to be thankful and bountiful. So I want to get a thank-offering (January 9) out of you for my poor refugees at Ragusa. And still more, I want you to stir up all the rich people at Manchester of all nations to send me something. I have gathered about £100, and have sent most of it (more goes to-morrow) in money and blankets. But what is that among so many? The last news I had, many of them were dying. So make a *quête*, please, and get me something handsome. A man named Thomasson, of Alderley, whom I never heard of, sent me £20 yesterday, which proves that there are some good people in the world.

. . . What was Trollope doing at Honolulu? Be there foxes there, or men that make leather breeches? I had fancied that those islanders were an 'exbraccatum genus[1],' like the Brets, till Eleanor of Montfort taught Llywelyn better. Anyhow, there is a wolf at large in Hampshire, slaying of many lambs, and there were just now rumours of a bear hereabouts, whose doings in the same line were falsely laid to the charge of Foo-choo[2]. So you may find something more to do in Wookey Hole yet. Of southern hemisphere 'critters' I got me at Jamrach's a pair of black swans. The cock is a wise bird and abideth, but the hen flew away, and when I got another, she twisted her neck in the palings, and departed this life.

You ask about Abergavenny. Has not Mrs. Williams, of Cefn, or D. R. Thomas, parson of that place, told you that the Brets, such at least of them as be 'ould ancients,' have made me their chief for the year; President of Cambrian Archaeological Association? 'Tis rather like Palgrave's notion of the Brets themselves making Ælla Bretwalda. But you must come and see me in the chair at Abergavenny (there is more reason in making a marquess there than in some other places); only unless you are the most undutiful of men, you will have been here before I go there.

[1] An 'unbreeched race.'

[2] His Chinese dog.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, January 24, 1876.

. . . I have a very strong view about the way of publishing a dead writer's book [1]. Setting aside a spelling-book, a law-book, a book of geometry, where matter is everything and form nothing, I hold that the author's text should appear as he left it. You may work in any corrections or additions (in brackets) that he made himself, but no corrections, no improvements, of any editor. (February 6.) Anything that is positively wrong may of course be pointed out in a note. I would not let editorial work go further. The book should be the record of its own author's mind alike in its strength and in its weakness. . .

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Somerleaze, April 2, 1876.

This cover was directed to you a long time ago, I think at some stage of my travels. From you I went on to Hull, made my preachment, thence to Gateacre, thence to Rhydd Court, thence to London to the federal house, Bryce and Co., and thence home. Since then I have had to go to Taunton to do special juror, and on the 18th we start for Abergwili. I was dreadfully afraid— (April 9), I have been trying to remember what it was that I was afraid about, but I can't. On my travels I noticed, first, the singularity of having an Orthodox wife, which is to be seen at Rhydd Court, where Lady Lechmere thought it her duty to join that branch of the vineyard, and learned Russian—I would rather have learned Greek—the better to worship therein. Howbeit she plays the organ in Lechmere private chapel. Secondly, I noticed the novelty of the arrangements of the federal house, where Bryce and a sister, Verney and a wife, dwell together seemingly in unity. The arrangement is strictly federal, as they form one household for some purposes and two for others.

Just now we have with us Harold and Alice and little Edward, of whom the last has a remarkable gift of beard-pulling.

[1] There was some project at this time of bringing out a new and revised edition of Dean Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*.

Also vol. v. may be said to be done, all but a revise of the last sheet and proofs of preface and contents. When we come back from St. David's, I presently start with my wife and Kate for Le Mans and other places that way. 'Tis just twenty years since you first taught me the art of foreign travel.

To A. W. WARD, ESQ.

Somerleaze, April 9, 1876.

I have just been reading through your papers. You may, perhaps, remember that I said long ago that Owens College was something very like a university, while it was not at all like a college. I hold to that still. I think you have quite shown your fitness for taking the formal rank of a university and granting degrees. You might start clear with some advantages over all others. You might avoid the London affectation of omniscience, and also the way in which at Oxford and Cambridge a pass has become contemptible. I would say don't keep your place at fever heat with endless examinations and class tests, but let the degree itself be respectable. Let B.A. prove something, and M.A. prove something more; and don't go wild after senior wranglers and double-firsts. Pauli often sends me some of the exercises for the Doctor's degree at Göttingen. That is the kind of thing I would have for M.A. Give the widest choice of subjects, but let each man show that he can treat some point in his own subject in detail. Our prize essays are so vague, and always show that the man (as is but natural) had never thought about the matter till the subject was given out, and had to make acquaintance, not only with his particular authorities, but with any authorities, for the first time. These German essays, which you of course know more about than I do, clearly imply that the man had already a good deal of knowledge when he began to work the special point.

To MISS EDITH THOMPSON.

Somerleaze, April 14, 1876.

I can't find a big sheet, save of the blue kind, on which I wrote a little time back to Johnny till I was tired of it. So here is a little one.

First, my own history since I left you. I got to Rhydd Court from you and abode till the Tuesday, going to Tewkesbury all in a private steamer which Lechmere keeps, also by land to Hanley Castle, where *Brihtric* is said to have lived. My Tewkesbury thoughts (Abergwili Palace, April 19) you may haply have seen in 'Reviler.' Thence to London, to what I call the federal house. I had not time to go to see many people, as I had much to do with Johnny the Faithless (who has cut going to Old England)[1] and Macmillan; also I had to go to Cheshunt to make my first acquaintance with the Harolding[2]. But I had divers feasts, carnival being prolonged in an ungodly sort into Lent, and met some that I knew before, as Church, Maine, Bagehot, G. T. Clark; and some that I did not, as Sir G. Campbell, Galton's[3] *Hereditary Genius*, and Dame Parthenope Verney, who writes about Greek songs and is sister to Miss Nightingale. Then home, where I stuck steadily till yesterday, bating having to go to Taunton to a special jury.

Most of the time we had with us Harold, Alice, and little Edward, whose tugs at his grandfather's beard equal William's grasp of the straws at a yet earlier age[4]. Also for a few days we had Johnny Green's Humphry Ward and his wife Mary, daughter of Thomas Arnold the less and granddaughter of Thomas Arnold the greater. (I suppose now people would describe her as niece of Mat, but I don't.) Helen and Florence abide still at Göttingen. The rest of us, that is, Eleanor, Margaret, and Kate, came hither yesterday, and on Saturday we take up our carriages and go on with the Bishop and

[1] I. e. Strictly Angeln in Sleswig; but Mr. Freeman commonly used it in a more extended sense so as to include the Netherlands, and generally all the regions occupied by the Low Dutch. See his lectures on *The English People in its three homes* (Trübner and Co.), pp. 26-31.

[2] I. e. His grandson, child of his eldest son Harold.

[3] I. e. Francis Galton, author of *Hereditary Genius: an Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences.*

[4] 'At the moment of his birth the babe seized the straw on the chamber floor with so vigorous a grasp that all who saw the sight knew that he would become a mighty conqueror, who would never let go anything that he had once laid his hand upon.' *Norman Conquest*, ii. 178.

Mrs. Jones to St. David's, to tarry with James Allen, the Chancellor, till somewhen about next Wednesday. Then I must show them some other things in Pembrokeshire, and then home, ready to start for Le Mans.

Primer is out at last; of General Sketch, ed. 5, the tail of Index still drags, but I am looking for the last sheet, as also for Title-page and Preface of vol. v. It is a wonderful feeling to have done that. The proofs of the *Italian Sketches* have begun, and I have *Historical Geography* to do.

. . . To our Wells notions it is funny having here a Bishop's house all away by itself, as it might be a squire's. But it would be absurd to live at St. David's. Commonly I protest against calling Bishops' manors *palaces*; the *palatium* is the head house by the head church, but by some strange fiction of law the *Palace of St. David's was moved hither.* Caermarthenshire, I read once in a book, 'is not so much *infested by hills* as some of its neighbours.' But the Vale of Towey is not to be despised. It is not much more than very pretty, but it is that.

To Sir H. Maine.

Somerleaze, April 17, 1876.

It is good of you to take so much trouble about this club matter[1].

If I were left quite to myself, I should say, take my name off altogether in any case, black ball or no black ball. For I cannot understand what use a club in London can be to me here, nor why anybody thought of putting me down.

But I think you rather wish me to do otherwise. So, if you think it better, put my name at the end, and so give the committee a chance. Perhaps you will do this. I would not give you this trouble, if I knew to whom to write, but I know absolutely nothing of club-ways.

To F. H. Dickinson, Esq.

Abergwili Palace, April 20, 1876.

Your card came this morning, your letter this afternoon. I have had letters from Lake, Hope, and Maine about this

[1] Proposed nomination for election to the Athenaeum Club.

unlucky Athenaeum business. I do really feel very much obliged to all of you for taking so much trouble. The truth is that I do not see what use a London club can be to me; it seems to be spending money absolutely for nothing, which would go better for books, or journeys, or refugees. I told Maine to do as he pleased, to take my name off altogether or to put it on at the end. I should really have been better pleased to *scratch* and hear no more about it; but he seemed to wish to give the committee a chance of electing me. If they do, I suppose I must accept it; but I don't the least want it. What good can it do me? It would be more than a guinea for each time I set foot in the place.

To Maxwell Lyte, Esq.

Somerleaze, April 30, 1876.

I congratulate you on your reform, since you gave me ten shillings in my drawing-room. May it 'inaugurate' the reform of the male laity generally; but generally we have no bowels as compared with women and parsons, two classes whom I am just now disposed greatly to extol. Your £5 shall go to-morrow in a cheque of about £80 to Baron Gondola—fancy a man here being Lord Punt.

. . . We have just come back from St. David's, and are shortly starting for Le Mans. I have had my grandson here to pull my beard.

To the Rev. Canon Meyrick.

Somerleaze, April 30, 1876.

What a γερόντιον[1] (*νέ μειράκιον*[2]) you are, to send me about five lines. Why, your sister wrote me from Blickling at least five times as much. 'Tis going on for twenty-eight years since you have been in any house of mine, and at this Somerleaze never at all, though you must be always going at least through our shire to get from the East Angles to the Defnsætas. This is very wrong; moreover, as you deal with the individual, so deal you

[1] 'Old fellow.'

[2] 'Young fellow,' in allusion to the days when they were intimate college friends.

also with the community, never coming to Trinity Monday by any chance. Pray amend both these ways. What are you about? I know you have not converted the Paip, for he was still sulking in a corner when I was last at Rome. But are you not setting up something of an Antipaip, and want a chair for him? Why not go and steal—if they won't sell—the real chair of the Bishop of Rome, which lies about in St. John's cloister[1], no man heeding the same?

As for me, my last volume is done, and my first grandson (Eadward wæs Harolding, Harold wæs Eadwarding) has reached the stage when 'vellit mihi barbam lascivus puer.' But in the matter of daughters, I may still be likened to Philip the Deacon, and if they don't prophesy they make indexes.

Last night we came back, four of us, from St. David's, having seen Jones on his throne, also skipping among the rocks as I cannot do, though he is older than I. I find it rather a work to get on a horse. Wednesday week we start, three of us, for Le Mans to greet Count Helias[2].

And, ὦ μειράκιον that was, let me thank you for your gift to the Refugees. Stir up all men to the tune of ἐγὼ τοὺς Τούρκους σφάζω[3].

Among the things which come to me, some nameless friend has sent me a paper-cutter, big enough to smash a Turk's head, with my initials wrought on it in a goodly sort.

I heard a man called Alexander preach t' other day, and he called the saint of to-morrow[4] 'Fill-up,' which in one of his name seemed to me to savour of parricide. To-night I sang (mentally) psalms lustily and with a good courage, as there was my special Insurgent psalm, last but one[5].

You must come and see us.

[1] I. e. St. John Lateran.

[2] Count of Maine, 1091. There is much about him in the *Reign of William Rufus.*

[3] 'I slaughter the Turks.'

[4] May 1, St. Philip and St. James' day.

[5] Ps. cxlix, in which occur the verses, 'Let the praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hands; to be avenged of the heathen, and to rebuke the people; to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles with links of iron.'

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Somerleaze, May 12, 1876.

Like Mr. C. Lewis, you have a gift for interrogation. I will try and answer all your questions and ask you some back again.

I start with my wife and Kate for Cherbourg on Monday, and I hope to do a good bit of Normandy and Maine, both places that I have seen and places that I have not. Vol. v. is done, as far as I am concerned. It rests with Bat Price and Macmillan and their devils how soon it is given to the world. Þis gedón[1], ceci fait, 'when these preliminaries are terminated[2],' I think I have a right to kick my heels a bit. Moreover, I have a fancy for a monograph of William the Red (the first gentleman in Europe[3]), and I am going to look up the places belonging to him. I had to cut a great deal about his day very short in vol. v, and I specially want to work out Helias of Maine. I don't think I shall be back for Trinity Monday, but some time in June. You had better write here, as I cannot yet make an Itinerarium. The Côtentin is sadly lacking in railways, so that one cannot trace out a journey exactly.

. . . As for refugees, since I sent my last letters to daily papers—I was amazed at 'Jupiter' putting it in—I have got a good deal more—I have got altogether about £680, and it was still dropping in when I left home. But it is mainly in small sums, and clearly from people who have not very much. Only a very few rich people give anything.

Of course I have heard seventy times seven that the Eastern Christians are a poor lot, as I have heard seventy times seven that, if there were no hunting, foxes would be extirpated. Each of these sayings seems to some people to prove something. Now I don't say that Slaves could ever equal Dutchmen; but, poor dears, how can they improve as long as they have the

[1] 'This being done.'

[2] A reference to Mr. H. Reeve's rendering of 'ceci fait' in his translation of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*.

[3] See article on the Law of Honour in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1876; also *Reign of William Rufus*, i. 85, 92, 169, 408; ii. 14, 237, 244.

Turk over them? The argument is, The rule of A has taught B bad ways. Therefore the rule of A over B shall be kept up.

To Miss Yonge.

Somerleaze, October 2, 1876.

Peter the Hermit had no proofs to look over, either of his own or of anybody else[1]. And I certainly find that the preaching of a crusade is a great hindrance to looking over proofs, or doing anything else of one's ordinary work. I have to hold forth twice this week here on West-seaxum, and to go to London on Monday, besides letters beyond all reckoning. Yet I have found time to get to your proof and MS. again. But I am sure you will curse me one seven times by Mahound, Termagaunt, and Apollo, for having gone at the beginning yet the 1001th time. But we must make the growth of the new *Francia*-Carolingias clear; it is *the* important thing of all.

I am reading away in another part of MS., and hope to send you more in a few days. But I am torn in pieces by blessed calls to different stages of the warfare with Turk and Jew.

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

Hôtel de France, Le Mans, June 3, 1876.

Ward or Jupiter or some one may have told you that I am beyond sea, and Ward may have told you that I am here tied by the leg, held fast in the grasp of Count Helias and Bishop Hildebert[2]. The doctor here calls it rheumatic gout or some other hard name. But to-day I can put my foot to the ground, which is somewhat. So I hope I may get away in a few days, and then my address will be

M. le Vicomte Louis Rioult de Neuville,
S. Michel de Livet,
Livarot, Calvados.

But this has sadly cut me short in getting up the campaigns

[1] This letter has reference to a *History of France* which Miss Yonge was writing for the series of Short Histories which Mr. Freeman edited.

[2] The Count of Maine and the Bishop of Le Mans in the reign of William Rufus. See volume ii. of Freeman's *Reign of William Rufus*.

of Helias and William Rufus. Moreover, at Ste. Susanne I was stopped of two fools of policemen, who took me for an agent of the last William who has conquered these parts. But I was delivered out of their hands, and I did not even miss my train.

. . . There be fools here among the Mansels[1] who pull things down. Brutes, they have cleft *La Cité* into two parts with a yawning gulf between them, just for a tramway, when a tunnel would have done just as well. A great piece of the Roman wall is smashed, and the best twelfth-century house in Le Mans. Haussmann was here not many days back, which looks ominous. To be sure he came for a wedding, but doubtless he would do a little mischief at the same time. I don't see much use in a republic which pulls down Roman walls and stops English travellers. The very Turks did not do that last, as we went to Trebinje.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

St. Michel de Livet, Calvados, June 10, 1876.

As you are in London, you may have seen Macmillan or Johnny or some one who would know about me. And if so, you will doubtless have heard of my sad estate. Our journey has been utterly cut short as far as any profit from it is concerned by my being, after a fortnight's progress, smitten of gout in the city of Le Mans. I was shut up for nearly a week, able to do nothing but take feeble drives, and not, as if I had been at Rheims, with the west front of the cathedral to look out on, but only Grand Cirque Giotti and the other preparations for the great yearly fair. However, on Tuesday they managed to bring me here, a house being more comfortable than an inn, and I hope to get across by Wednesday's boat from Havre. Don't fancy that the thing is very bad; but it has stopped all going about to poke out things. I can only hobble and shuffle, and worse than all, *treatment* makes one stupid and idle. I was going to do both Helias and William, and generally everything in Normandy and Maine, so that I might get them clear off my hands, and now this is all stopped, and I shall have to go again.

[1] People of Le Mans.

So *you* have hit on the analogy between the Red Man[1] and Francis I[2]. That is good. I have done the same, in a writing which is already in print[3]. Truly both bring out the difference between the 'probus miles' and the honest man.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Somerleaze, August 27, 1876.

It is not without a feeling of awe that I begin a letter which is to go somewhere near the place where the Mediatized Mingrelian Prince told me that the chains of Prometheus were still to be seen upon the rock. I suppose you hardly wrote the account of Astrakhan in *Pall Mall Gazette*. But do write to me from some barbarous place with a queer stamp, and don't just send a British postcard.

I feel much shame that I never gave you the introductory notes for them of Athens before you started. Well, here they are, though it seems funny to send to Greece *via* Caucasus. Only make sure whether General Read still is American Minister. E. W. Gurney, whom you know, and who was staying here last week, thought he was, but was not certain. They change almost as fast as Florentine priors, Greek premiers (which Τρικούπης was not long ago), and Somerleaze cooks, which last Colenso himself could not count. For myself I saw you last just before I went to Colchester. There Clements Markham and I had much striving with a mad cavalier, which is still going on in print. We—that is, self, wife, and Helen—dwelled in the house of all the Rounds, nephews and nieces of the late Round-round-round who stood against Gladstone. They are very good kind of folk, and have the castle, of whose bricks Parker spake much—some fools still hold that it is a Roman temple. Then came Abergavenny, where at Cambrian meeting I was whole President—at Colchester we were like the arrangement under Darius the Mede, Carlingford taking the place of Daniel—how well behaved I was in that post, see *Saturday Review* of yesterday, as set forth by James Davies,

[1] William Rufus.

[2] As being representative of the 'chivalrous gentleman.'

[3] 'The Law of Honour,' in the *Fortnightly* for December, 1876.

né Banks, squebendary (cf. squarson and squishop[1]) of Hereford. Do you know that land? I had not before been there since I had seen Switzerland, Italy, and Dalmatia. It is not quite equal to them, but by no means to be sniffed at. N. B. George Williams held that Cheddar cliffs were not to be sniffed at, even when he was fresh from Caucasus. I came home bringing C. C. Babington and others, but I have had rather too much of all that work; may be they have brought on ear-woe, and brought back foot-woe, things bad for work. Reinhold Pauli is due here to-morrow, and divers more are to meet him.

My whole soul is beyond Hadria. I really believe that the nation is at last stirring. Meetings to denounce the Turk and the Jew are getting common. London folk are planning a 'Hyde Park demonstration'—they wrote to me, and I wished them all good luck with a meeting, but said that I doubted whether a 'Hyde Park demonstration,' discredited by Tichborne and such like, was a good form of it. There has been a grand meeting at Darlington, and I was asked to one at Liverpool last night. I have many approving letters from all parts, and the frantic abuse which I get from the Tories shows that I have hit them hard. In truth, I believe that, as I said in *Daily News* just now, 'the Derby windbag has burst.' The comic papers mock at him.

. . . My *Italian Sketches* are out; also a new edition of *Saracens* with a new preface.

To Captain (afterwards Sir Richard) Burton.

Somerleaze, November 10, 1876.

These are all the MS. letters of yours that I can find; you will remember that some of them are printed in *Daily News*. I am very glad of those hints about the Italian movements. I made some little use of them; but I want to see all that you say on the matter in print somewhere.

I have two puzzles ahead, which I don't think the diplomatists have yet got to.

[1] Squire prebendary, squire parson, squire bishop. The names 'squarson' and 'squishop' were invented by Bishop Wilberforce.

First, when New Rome is clear from the Turk, and not taken by the Russian, is it to be Greek or Bulgarian? I have started this point in *Saturday Review*.

Secondly, the Hadriatic coast and its background have been, ever since the Slaves came in, a body without mouths, and a set of mouths without a body. From Augustus to Justinian 'twas a flourishing land, mother of emperors, and Salona was one of the great cities of the earth. The thing is to unite the body and the mouths: but how?

Thirdly, Montenegro must have a port, and the distinction between it and Herzegovina is simply the difference between freedom and bondage. But might not an enlarged Montenegro cease to be Montenegro? The tribe civilizing itself, and the prince, the true ποιμὴν λαῶν[1], would be lost, if you made the territory much larger.

Your last short letter came after this was begun. Thanks for the hint about the Moslems keeping quiet. You will most likely have seen my letter in the *Times* of last Wednesday, where I use a kindred argument.

Could you not bring some of the important points of the case privately before Lord Salisbury, now he is to be plenipotentiary? He is not like the two men of Belial, and your knowledge of the East would get you a hearing from him. I am sure you might do good in this way.

To ——

November 12, 1876.

MY DEAR ——,

I quite understand your feeling about not joining the proposed meeting. As things are, it might have the look of distinctly joining the Liberal *party*, as such, which we have no right to ask you to do. I am really sorry that the cause of right and humanity has become a party question. But I do not feel that it is the fault of my party, least of all the fault of those who, like myself, are simply saying now what we have said for twenty years past, once in the teeth of Palmerston, as now in the teeth of Derby. Gladstone has come over to us, not we to him.

[1] 'Shepherd of the people.'

I hope things may be according to some of your happier rumours. But Lord Beaconsfield's speech[1] has frightened a great many. I suppose it may, with him, mean anything. It is certainly our business to back Lord Salisbury up heartily till he does something to be quarrelled with. I hope to say something to that effect at Bristol and Manchester, whither I am off to-morrow.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

November 13, 1876.

. . . I should much like to know what you think of all that has been going on, and specially of my share in it. I am fairly used both to praise and to abuse. But I have been both praised and abused now as I never was before. The local Tory press seems to have no thought but to revile me. This I take as the best possible sign. I must have hit them hard or they could not yell so loud. Liddon tells me that he had a long talk with you, and he wants you to speak out. And I am sure I do. You must have something to say worth hearing, and we ought to have it out. And I delight in a cause in which you and I and Liddon (whose creed is of the longest) and Cox and Sandwith (whose creed is of the shortest), can all pull together, simply because we all believe in something greater than creeds, namely, right and wrong.

. . . I send a batch of letters, some of which I think will interest you. Don't bind yourself to read them all, if you don't like. Is not Sandwith a noble fellow? I have sent out over £5000 since I began, and that without advertising or publishing subscription lists.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, December 24, 1876.

I have had a cover addressed to you ever since I came home —I mean from you and Exeter, as I have been from home again, to wit to the St. James' Hall meeting—the word conference was a mistake. I have sent you my Manchester speech; of the full report of the Conference they have sent me only

[1] At the Guildhall on November 9. See above, p. 111.

one; so you may spend a shilling in buying what Gladstone and I really said. How the Jews, Turks, and Tories do lie! See, even those whom one looked on as honest men are carried away by their dissimulation. I had more anonymous letters of abuse yesterday than I ever had in one day before. But the more the merrier; it shows that they are hard hit. I have not forgotten what S. G. Selwyn of Milton Clevedon said to me in 1868: 'I speak of you as contemptible, because I know that you are formidable.' Still they need not lie, but I suppose with the Jew at their head they really cannot help it. The words 'Perish India' were not only never said, but were not even reported—at least not in *Times*, *Daily News*, *Daily Telegraph*, or *Standard*; they are pure invention. Yet I get abusive letters charging me with lying in saying that I did not say them.

. . . You asked for an autograph of Liddon. I send that and some other divines of more than one branch of the vineyard—also a poet—also several fools: don't trouble yourself to send these last back.

The St. James' Hall Conference was a wonderful sight—I did not twenty years back expect to hear some thousands of Englishmen cheering every word in favour of Russia. Even Gladstone fell dead when he made the slightest hint the other way. It is perfectly true that my reception was next to Gladstone's. The sniggering only shows what a move it was.

All this sadly tells against work: but I have managed to do some things. I am getting on a bit with *Historical Geography*. You will find me again next month in *Fortnightly* and *British Quarterly*—the last, on Guizot's *France*, seems a tame subject just now. I am curious to know how the Law of Honour[1] strikes you. It is a thing about which you and I have often talked; but now I have put my thoughts into more regular shape than before. It was written a year ago; but it was crowded out by other more pressing things of my own and others.

We have got Harold and Alice here, and my grandson Eadward Harolding, who is my delight just now—the jolliest

[1] In *Fortnightly Review* for this month.

little fellow, trying hard to walk and talk. The *Richmond and Darlington Journal* would hardly realize me in the character of grandfather.

To the Rev. T. G. Bonney.

Somerleaze, December 30, 1876.

I see you are a helper in the cause; so I send you my speech at Manchester, which the Turks there did not like at all. Their notions of reasoning are odd. I say that Lord Derby did certain things and that those things were wicked. They do not try to prove either that he did not do the things, or that the things were not wicked—but they only cry out that it is wicked to speak against Lord Derby. I am sure we did good in St. James' Hall. Lord Salisbury is surely taking his orders from us rather than from the Jew. But things will not be put right without some stronger measure than they suggest —and I believe it can only be done by war sooner or later. So Ζήτω ἡ Ῥωσσία[1].

The tour in Greece and the Ionian islands, to which many of the following letters refer, occupied the months of May and June, 1877. Accompanied by his two eldest daughters he sailed from Trieste on May 4, and after spending a few days in Corfu, continued the voyage round Peloponnesus to Athens. The tour in Greece included visits to Marathon, Tiryns, Argos, Larissa, Mykênê, Nemea, Akrokorinthos, Patras, and Olympia. On his homeward journey he touched at Zante, Ithaka, and Corfu, landed for the first time at Durazzo, and revisited Spalato, Traü, Zara, and Pola. Everywhere in Greece, but more especially in the Ionian islands, he was enthusiastically welcomed by a people grateful for his warm sympathy in past years, and his active efforts on behalf of the insurgents in the war then going on.

By July 4 he was again in England.

[1] 'Long live Russia.'

In August he began to suffer much from cough and gout, to which he now continued to be very liable to the end of his life, and which at times grievously interfered with his literary work and with his travelling. He spent part of November and December at Aix-les-Bains with his wife and second daughter, and was much benefited by a course of baths there, after which they proceeded by way of Rome and Naples to Palermo, which they reached on December 30. He remained in Sicily till the middle of May, 1878, and wrote several articles for the *Saturday Review* upon various places, the first-fruits of those studies and observations which gradually expanded into the design of writing the history of Sicily. These articles were the last which he wrote for the *Saturday Review*, to which he had been a regular contributor for more than twenty years. The line taken by that journal in reference to the 'Eastern Question' was entirely opposed to Freeman's views, and although the articles which he wrote were not directly political, he felt scruples of conscience in being connected with a paper which propagated what he held to be false and pernicious doctrine on a question of vital importance. After some correspondence therefore with the editor he determined to sever his connexion with the *Review*, although the decision meant a loss of income to him which was not less than £500 a year.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, March 11, 1877.

. . . I have settled to take Helen with me, as well as Margaret, and we hope to start as soon as I have done the proof-proving of vol. ii. of the *Norman Conquest*, Ed. 3. By that time also I trust my little Turk-book[1] will be out. 'Twill be

[1] *The Ottoman Power in Europe.*

only a little book, to match the *Saracens*. It is, in short, the matter of *The Turks in Europe*[1] expanded. When I was a-writing of that, I found that I had made something which was too big for a pamphlet and too little for a book; so I thought the best way was to do both processes, to abridge and to expand —to make a primer, in short, and a general sketch too. I am not likely to get vol. ii[2] done till late in April—then off we go. But whither is not yet fixed. I want to go to Greece this year of all things, if it can be managed. But if Hobart should be bombarding or even blockading Peiraieus, as the scoundrel may be doing, then I had rather be out of the way, and we shall keep on this side of Hadria.

What is to happen who can tell? The Czar surely cannot back out, for very shame. As yet it has happened exactly as Sandwith foretold to me—that Servia would make peace, that Montenegro would not, that Russia would move before the end of March, whereof the ides are not yet come. Servia, being tributary to the Turk, is to be (formally) treated as an enemy's country! That is, the Russians are to walk in, to pay for all that they have, and the Serbs are to be glad to see them. It is rather a case of Will you give cuts or receive[3]?

[1] A pamphlet written for a popular series.

[2] Of the *Reign of William Rufus*.

[3] *Spectator*, vol. vi. No. 449. Tuesday, August 5, 1712 [signed T.].

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other day at the Bear-Garden in hopes to have seen your short face; but not being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of letter, that there is a mystery among the gladiators which has escaped your spectatorial penetration. For being in a box at an ale-house near that renowned seat of honour above-mentioned, I overheard two masters of the science agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. This was to happen in the company of a set of the fraternity of basket-hilts, who were to meet that evening. When this was settled, one asked the other, "Will you give cuts or receive?" The other answered, "Receive." It was replied, "Are you a passionate man?" "No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree." I thought it my duty to acquaint you with this, that the people may not pay their money for fighting and be cheated.

'Your humble servant,

'SCABBARD RUSTY.'

. . . 'Tis very odd that so many people who know something go after that spelling craze. That, however, is nothing to the Ephraimite craze. I have heaps of paper to prove that we be of the tribe of Joseph. John Rhŷs, now Professor of Celtic, sent me another lot a day or two back.

To Miss Macarthur.

Somerleaze, March 25, 1877.

. . . I have hopes of getting east of Hadria by the end of April; but it may depend more or less on wars and rumours of wars, as also on my own feet and shoulders, which are rather too fond of breaking out into small woes. If there is to be Fytte þe Second, I had rather it came now than at Sebenico or Mykênê. For the comforting of shoulders, I have taken again to Mrs. Roundells, and for the comforting of feet, have you not sent me mighty pretty slippers? When I was young, and the *μειράκιον*[1] that was then, the *γερόντιον*[2] that is now, came to chapel in such like slippers, made I a verse,

αἰολοπέζοιο ϝυποδήματα Μειρακίοιο[3].

(I don't suppose *ὑπόδημα* is entitled to a *ϝ*, but never mind. Latin *sub*, looks as if it should be *συπό*, which will do as well.) So you have made me again *αἰολόπεζος*, or rather in the dual *αἰολοπέζω*, for am I not twain, being two Taxiarchs (as Reay is two barons), seeing that Milan Obrezovich IV has sent me another cross, that of Takova[4]?

There be some that do slanderously affirm that Takova—I have no notion what Takova means—is no order, for why, Prince Milan is but a vassal. To this say I, O man that objectest, what sayest thou of the Golden Fleece? Was not Duke Philip vassal for every scrap of his lands, and yet more, the man of two lords?

[1] 'The lad.' His name in Oxford days for his college friend F. Meyrick.

[2] 'Elderly man.'

[3] 'Sandals of the spangle-footed lad.'

[4] The Servian order of Takova recently conferred on him by Prince Milan.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, April 23, 1877.

We—that is, I, Margaret, and Helen—hope to be off on Wednesday, to go across to Verona, Venice, Trieste, and so to Corfu on May 7. Thence on to Athens, back by Dalmatia; Montenegro will most likely be too busy fighting, for us to go up there. I have made a beautiful Latin dedication of my Ottoman book to the Prince, which Jebb highly approves[1]. Write, please, some time to United States Legation, Athens. That will find us sooner or later. The American minister, General Reed, is a friend of mine.—N.B. I had from him to-day two telegrams, the second of which was to explain why he had not been able to send the former, which was rather like when I was a small boy and said 'I can't say hippopotamus.' The Britisher there I don't know; but I fancy he is a Turk or something of that kind, like most of them. I start to-morrow, and turn aside to see my grandchildren. Margaret and Helen join me next day, and we go across to Ostend. Perhaps you will be startled at the plural (grandchildren), but besides little Edward, who goes about followed by two dogs and two cats, there is a little Mary. They thought she was going to die, but she has mended, and I hope to see her to-morrow.

You think 'something is going to happen to' Johnny Green. Why, did I not tell you he is going to marry a wife, Alice Stopford by name?

. . . There is a man in a pipe-roll, who, after many Richards named after their fathers, appears as 'Ricardus vir Aliciae.' Shall we have '[Johannes] Ricardus vir Aliciae'?

. . . I saw somewhere about the exaltation of the Bristol statues. At Milan and at Peterborough statues are set where

[1] Invictae gentis invicto principi,
Fidei ac libertatis unico propugnatori,
In cives amabili, in barbaros terribili,
Nicolao,
Dei gratia
Montis nigri et Berdae principi,
Vicinarum gentium Deo iuvante liberatori futuro,
Vita et Victoria.

you would have looked for pinnacles. I think it is at Highworth in Wiltshire that there are figures instead of pinnacles on the tower itself. But I have a notion that they are beasts and not saints.

Prince Nicolas sends offering me the order of Daniel I, which will make me three Commanders[1]; so I shall expect to be addressed in the plural as ἄνδρες ἱππῆς.

. . . 'Tis time to go to bed. 'Tis odd to be singing ἀλλ' ὁ πόλεμος ἑρπέτω[2]: but they have made it so. But mind I have always said that, tho' the war is a great evil, it is not the worst of evils. We are, after all, the real peace-party in waging war, as was said long ago by Aristotle. So again, Ζήτω ἡ Ῥωσσία.

To Mrs. Freeman.

Athens, May 18, 1877.

. . . It has been a stirring time here since we came back. No one knows exactly what is to happen. I saw the opening of Parliament, a curious sight, where a good many members wear the *fustanella*. The same afternoon I saw from the top of the Akropolis the great crowd which, when they knew that Delêgeorgês had resigned, went to the palace, crying out for a strong government under Kanarês, for war, and what not. I have not yet seen the king: between his sisters going and the change of government, he must have had rather hard work of it[3]. On Saturday the Professors of the University have prepared for me a Feast of Tabernacles, to wit, a dinner, in the botanic garden at Phalêron. Sunday and Monday I believe we go to Eleusis, Thebes, &c., and most likely, Tuesday, to Sounion. Wednesday we start for Olympia, Zante, Corfu, and Ragusa, where I hope to confer with A. J. Evans and others. Marathôn was a long drive over not very good roads—still some

[1] He was already a Commander of the Greek Order of the Saviour and the Servian order of Takova.

[2] 'Let the war creep on.'

[3] He had an interview with the king on June 1. 'It was not,' he writes, 'merely formal. I was not solemnly presented, but he shook hands and made me sit down, and we talked freely till he moved. That is the rule; when the king moves you go, you must not go before, or after.'

roads, not tracks as from Mykênê to Corinth. I think I understand the battle better than I did before, and I never saw anything more lovely than the blue of the sea between Marathôn and Euboia. Margaret shall tell about tortoises, lizards, frogs, and water-snakes.

To THE SAME.

Off Cattaro, June 14, 1877.

. . . We wound up well at Corfu. Just as we were going off, up came a committee from the 'Philharmonic Society' with an address, to which I made answer in a short, but neat and appropriate speech: also a band, but, as we would not wait, they came down to the sea and followed us in boats, with the band in one of them, while I shouted to them from the steamer. 'Twas a pretty sight. I wonder what two captains coming back from Peiraieus, who were in the Italian boat, while we started in the Austrian, thought of it.

This was Tuesday—our farewell to Greece. Yesterday we passed Durazzo. To-day we have come through the Bocche—I have shown Margaret and Helen what is to be seen in Cattaro, and we are now lying close by, ready to start to-morrow morning. I looked up at the old mountain road, which I went up in 1875: but I am glad to say that the carriage road to Cettinje is nearly finished. Life on a steamer is not eventful, so there really is not much to tell you since Tuesday. But 'tis curious to see the people of different kinds, Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Montenegrins, &c. &c., that we have on board. Margaret and Helen are somewhat disturbed by the yelling of a young Aristeides who, with his nurse, is quartered in their cabin—his brother Leônidas is deaf and dumb, therefore harmless on that score.

I do think these Bocche are the finest thing in the world.

A thing has flashed across my mind which may hasten my steps homeward. I had well-nigh forgotten that I have to finish —which I have barely begun—the article, 'England,' for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, by September. 'Tis a matter of £315, so I cannot afford to let it slip.

. . .I hear that Leônidas does squall, though he cannot speak.

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

July 22, 1877.

. . . We saw a good deal of Arthur Evans in Dalmatia. He is sending wonderful things to your *Manchester Guardian*. It is a great gain to have first-rate correspondence in a paper out of London. I sent a squib to both your papers on Friday. I don't know whether they put it in. I begin to despair of anything from London; but I believe the country at large is sound. Do you know *Northern Echo* of Darlington, the best paper in Europe?

I made some natural history observations in Greece, as that asses and cocks make a louder braying and crowing there than elsewhere, and that specially at Corinth. The rocks seem to be all limestone, just like Cheddar. You may find tortoises in the fields, and water-tortoises in the brooks, which latter are said to stink as a Jew. Lizards be not so many as in Italy, but bigger what there are, and of many colours. Butterflies I was a little disappointed in; I expected to see bigger ones flying about. Fire-flies sometimes. I was much tempted to bring home a little wolf from Pyrgos, so young that he was fed on milk only; also a little refugee fox at Ragusa that had come over from Herzegovina. But it was too far to bring them, or even the Nemean tortoise. The Nemean lion I did not see, only his cave in the distance, one of the stages in your history. What is your new book?

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, July 29, 1877.

. . . When your letter came from Bournemouth, I hoped it was going to say that you were coming here on your way back; but, lo, you have gone off to quite other islands[1] than those of Greece and Dalmatia, and where just now you must have more of the sun's presence than we had there. But then take the other side. When Bryce was a-stumping of them in the winter, they had only about three hours' daylight. Remember that Orderic makes Magnus—I think it is Magnus, but I was very near

[1] Orkney.

writing Harold Hardrada—get possession of the Kyklades—he barbarously spells it Ciclades or somehow—which, I conceive, means that he forestalled Dr. Samuel[1] in a tour to the Hebrides —that name itself a vile corruption. (Now I have been in Greece and heard Greek spoken and spoken it myself, and stood on a balcony to begin ἄνδρες Ἰθακήσιοι, &c., I shall never go back to *tow-tow* and all that stuff one (August 12) used to talk at school and in Oxford; so I must beg you for the future to say Κυκλάδες—Kykláðes with δ as ð, not *Sickladeize*, as we used barbarously to say.) We had a wonderful time of it, as you seem to have heard, specially at Zakynthos, called of the Rum-wealas Zante, where we were carried about all day, brought in by torchlight, &c.—I and my σεμνοπρεπεῖς καὶ καλλίμορφοι θυγατέρες Μαργαρίτη καὶ Ἑλένη[2], as the Ἀγών of Zakynthos thought good to call them. The specialty of Zakynthos is to cover you with flowers, that of Ithákê to fire cannon (which I gently blamed, as wasting powder which might be better spent in Τουρκοφονιά[3]); bells, shouts of ζήτω and the like—ζήτω Γλάδστων[4], let me add, as well as ζήτω Φρῆμαν[4], belong to both alike. But I am not sure that the finest thing was not when we left at Corfu, when they came all round the steamer with boats and a band, and I made them speeches 'celsa in puppi, jam certus eundi[5]! 'Twas effective to point to free Korkyra on one side, and enslaved Albania on the other, and hope to see both free when I came next. It was droll the way in which we gradually sank, as we went on, from public characters into nobodies. Perhaps I ought to explain that though at Athens and elsewhere I was much honoured and befriended of all men from the king downwards, yet these astounding popular 'demonstrations' were confined to the islands.

I don't know how your yacht answers; but there cannot—by day at least, for the nightly accommodation is somewhat stuffy —be a pleasanter way of going than in a gun-boat, with the captain and all his crew at your command. We did not know

[1] Samuel Johnson.

[2] 'Dignified and graceful daughters, Margaret and Helen.'

[3] 'Slaughter of Turks.'

[4] 'Long live Gladstone,'—'Long live Freeman.'

[5] 'On the high poop, being purposed to depart.' Virg. *Aen.* iv. 554.

what we had turned into when we got on board, with the captain in tip-top uniform—his cross enabled me to greet him as *συνταξιάρχης*[1]—the other officers agreeably, and the crew all shouldering arms. It struck me that the captain was a hard-worked man, but that the junior officers had nothing to do but to play. There was only one man on board who spake any tongue but Greek, but we got on. By the way, why did you doubt my power of making a Greek speech? *That* is easy enough with a little time to think it over. (N.B. In my speech to the Professors *οὐ μὰ τοὺς ἐν Ναβαρίνῳ*, following Dêmosthénês' *οὐ μὰ τοὺς ἐν Μαραθῶνι*[2], was thought a great hit.) What is hard is to talk common chatter—Margaret got on faster with *κερό* and *φυμί* and *κρασί* than I did. Baron Gondola looked after us at Ragusa, kissing Margaret's and Helen's hands every morning. (N.B. At Zakynthos, when I made my speech after dinner, certain men rushed in thro' the window and kissed, not my hands indeed, but my mouth. Lombardos, M.P. for that isle, and mighty popular therein, is kissed of all his supporters at election-time. They don't do that in Mid-Somerset.) There Arthur Evans came to us from Cettinje, and went with us to Spalato and on to Zara. I am mightily taken with the lad. I hope you have seen both his book and his letters to the *Manchester Guardian*. May be you saw my comments on Dalmatian matters in 'Jupiter,' and how well the refugee bairns get on. Gondola wanted to get up a bit of a demonstration for us there; but others demurred, fearing that the K. K.[3] powers might take it ill—I did not put that in 'Jupiter.' At Trieste I saw Burton—Mrs. Burton we had made acquaintance with going. I remember him, thirty-five years ago, the wildest-looking creature; now he is shorn and looks quite respectable. He has killed more men than most people; but they were mainly Turks.

Thence to Vienna, where we met certain benevolent Russians (don't ask their Slave names), with whom we had fraternized

[1] 'Fellow Taxiarch.'

[2] 'Nay! by them who fell at Navarino. Nay! by them who fell at Marathon.'

[3] Kaiser König, i. e. the Austrian Emperor.

on board ship. After that, at Augsburg, Strassburg, Paris, Calais, Dover, never a soul that we knew till we were safe on Totingum[1].

Since I came home I have done an article for the *Contemporary*[2], which I send; also I have done the preface to *Giraldus*, vol. vii, for the late Dimock, maps many, middles many, and I am working desperately hard at the article, 'England,' for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; 'tis to be finished by September 1, and I have got to 1087.

. . . I enclose with this myself as I went to see King George. (I have half made up my mind that, if I am ever to be made any more 'doctors' or to go see any more kings, I will get made a deputy-lieutenant. Forwhy at such times one has to put on black trousers in the day-time, and of the two a deputy-lieutenant's uniform would be pleasanter.) I have got on the Greek and Servian crosses, but not Montenegrin. They say that, as they are poor, one must buy it—at Vienna. I wrote back that, while they had so many refugees to feed and so many Turks to shoot, they were wise not to spend money on baubles. I have also had a big diploma from the University of St. Petersburg, with a letter which pleased me more than almost anything I ever had—just my own eulogy as I should have pronounced it myself.

At the assizes just now I came out in a new line for me. I had Coleridge—t' other judge broke down—Pinney, the sheriff—you know the old boy, late heafodman[3] of the fyrd[4]—and certain other, to a bigger dinner than usual, which went off merrily enough. Some *μάντιες κακῶν*[5] say that there will be no more Wells assizes—forwhy the bar complain that we are too good, and do not supply them with crime enough. Wherefore one of them stole my hat at the palace.

[1] The residence of Mr. Macmillan at Tooting.

[2] 'The Relation of the English People to the War.' *Contemporary Review*, August, 1877.

[3] 'Headman,' i. e. Colonel.

[4] 'The Militia.'

[5] 'Prophets of evil things.'

To the Same.

Somerleaze, September 23, 1877.

. . . Osborn[1] has come to-day, and we have had a good cursing of Turks. I believe my bronchitis or whatever it is, is better, at least I have not been disturbed in the night for some while. But I can't walk very much, so you may see me to the astonishment of mankind, lolling in a carriage with a great coat on and a muffler over my mouth. That I should be anything of an invalid seems as odd as that Johnny Green should be married, and that Cox should be a baronet.

. . . I had telegrams from Greenwich, and was solemnly visited by two men thence, when at Tooting; but I have heard no more, and I know not whether there will be any more to hear. Also some people (October 7) at Cardiff are said to be thinking of me, and you know there has been some talk of me for the University. So there does seem some chance of my getting into Parliament at last, though 'tis rather late to begin.

Osborn went, and James Parker and Dickinson and R. J. King came and went, and now I am looking for Dean Church and Jebb this week, and Dickinson and Madame de Novikoff next week, and *Churchill* Babington on the 22nd, and I hope others to meet them. But the doctors seem to say that I must go somewhither in November; only whatwhither? I had rather stay quietly here; but, if I have to go, I had rather go somewhere quite away than be sent to Torquay or Bournemouth or any of those places. Sandwith recommends Crete for climate, adding that my martyrdom would add great weight to the cause. But I won't go to Crete. I have, however, really been thinking of Corfu. I might go and do my Greek book; there is a library, and Rômanos the Professor, a sweet little man, is specially learned in mediaeval Greek history. Anyhow I am not likely, unless under the strongest call of duty, to go anywhere north of this.

. . . I am grinding away at the article 'England' for *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, but the Brown Titus in my throat disturbs my hours, and I get less done than I used to.

[1] Robert Durie Osborn, Major (afterwards Colonel) in the Bengal Staff Corps. Author of *Islam under the Arabs* and other works.

You will have seen the death of Kanarês. It is something to have seen and spoken with and handled *τὸν πανύστατον τῶν πάλαι ἡρώων*[1]. It *was* a day when we stood on the akropolis and saw δῆμος crowding round the palace calling for K. K.[2] (that has another meaning at Spalato[3]) to be minister. As I told them *ὑμεῖς μὲν ἄρχοντα ἔχετε ἥρωα, ἡμεῖς δὲ Ἰουδαῖον*[4].

To Mrs. Maxwell Lyte.

Somerleaze, October 23, 1877.

I had no notion you were off for Italy again so soon. I hope you had my Sketches[5] with you at Vercelli-Pola, I was just able to run round this time with Margaret and Helen, but no more.

My hand did utterly give way some years back. It has for a long time past been so far recovered that I write without any pain; but I don't think I write so well as I did, and I get tired sooner. I consulted Dr. Garrod, and some queer thing was done to my arm. I have asked my wife to give you the technical account. I always blunder about such things. So should I blunder if I were to try to tell you exactly what is the matter with me just now; something or other it is, and I may have to go beyond sea for the winter. I want, if possible, to stay at home, failing that, to go to Corfu—or do you know any better place for throat-woe?

We were much rejoiced with the good news of last week, all the more as we have had Madame Olga Novikoff with us. Florence went to the churchwarming at Exeter, and there is another at Bristol to-day. I keep myself for St. Sophia.

I see Eton[6] has a whole article in *Quarterly*—but I have not seen it. I sent the Provost a message the other day, to think of all the false accents he must have made in his Greek when he was Head Master.

[1] 'The very last of the old line of heroes.'
[2] Konstantinos Kanarês.
[3] Kaiser König, i. e. the Austrian Emperor.
[4] 'Ye indeed have a hero for your chief ruler, but we a Jew.'
[5] *Historical and Architectural Sketches*, published in 1876.
[6] The *History of Eton College*, by Mr. Maxwell Lyte.

To W. B. Dawkins, Esq.

Dijon, November 15, 1877.

Here we are on our travels again, three of us, my wife, self, and Helen. So no chance of getting you to Somerleaze at Christmas, to make up for your failures in the Long. I have at last gone and got ill somehow besides my gout of last year, bronchitis or some hard name, which has made me shut up, and keep from all public appearances for some while back. And now the doctors have sent me beyond sea, and say that I must stay beyond sea all the winter. This doom was at last fixed by Dr. Lauder Brunton, a man of Macmillan's finding out. So here we are, making our way slowly to the first appointed place of sojourn, Aix-les-bains in Savoy, where I am to wash myself or do something or other till about the end of the year, and then go on somewhere else, perhaps Palermo, perhaps Corfu, while some be instant for Algiers. But this need not be settled just yet.

To Miss Macarthur.

Hôtel de l'Univers, Aix-les-bains.
Savoie, France, November 24, 1877.

Here we are, among the hills and rocks, hard by the lake that we cannot see, leading the quietest of lives. We left home on the 12th. I was in a terrible bad way at Southampton and Havre—not at all of the boat, but of side-woe, cough-woe, &c., &c. So at Havre we at once sent for a doctor, who gave me some stuff which certainly did me good. So we gave up the notion of going on at any pace, and cut the journey into short stages, stopping at Rouen, (November 25) Paris, Dijon (whence I wrote to 'Jupiter') and Macon. So we did not get to these Aix till Saturday the 17th. It was queer work, travelling as a shut up creature and seeing nothing, Helen going to St. Ouen's without me to expound. I was certainly a poor creature when I got here. Since then I have taken six baths; the doctor stops me to-day, Sunday—whether from dominical or medical reasons I know not—and I go on again to-morrow. Then to-day I need dress only once, and not three times. I go to the bath at 9, come back, go to bed, get up again and at last have my break-

fast. All this is not over till past eleven. It has certainly done me good; my woes are much less, and I can walk much better. . . . We took L. G. with us as far as Paris. She had been cramming High-Dutch at Hannover, and I learned a little about the way in which it is done. Really Max or somebody ought to look up his countrymen. They had coached her up with a notion about some form of language which was 'right,' and 'correct,' and 'ought to be'—something to do with Goethe and Schiller. Dr. Martin Luther was not approved (though I always thought he understood book High-Dutch); so I did not venture on anybody earlier. The natural speech anywhere is utterly contemned. They had not given her the least hint of the relations of High- and Low-Dutch, not even the simplest answerings of letters. When I tried to make her understand a bit, and to show that the natural speech of Hannover must be Saxon and not High-Dutch, she kindly explained that Hannover was not in the kingdom of Saxony of 1815, which I found was the only Saxon she had ever heard of. Now is not this too bad? She is now gone to learn French of Paris. I dare say they will teach her that this land where I write has owned Paris as its capital from all eternity, and that its Provençal speech is a corruption of the jargon of Buonaparte and Macmahon. From Gal-Welsh bodies one looks for nothing better; but surely Dutchmen of any kind, High or Low, should have more wit about them.

To the Same.

Albergo alla Trinacria, Palermo, January 4, 1878.

I have had three letters for you, and now you have escaped from the Mesech and Kedar of princedom to my nest which, in my day at least, has never been slept in by anything above an Earl. I can't think why anybody takes in people of whom it is said in the papers that they 'honour' you by being taken in. I count it honour to receive Gladstone or Stubbs or Garibaldi—if he should chance to come—but then they are not said to 'honour' you, and they don't ask you to send baskets of game after them. Game truly I have none, yet have I peacocks, and she that is over the cockery and hennery is hereby authorized

to have one slain and roasted while you are there. We have sometimes had Welsh hens; but the benighted continentals and Mediterranean islanders—for here in Sicily you cannot call them continentals—have nowhere learned the great truth as to the cooking of the *Rasores*, save only at Siena as reported by Pinder; there they gave him real bread-sauce, at which the blinded Rum-Welsh turned up their noses.

. . . Here we are in the Golden Shell, Palermo with its *campagna* fenced in by mountains. Helen has seen more of it than I have, as she has been to the top of the Mount of Pilgrims, where 'darling of each heart and eye'—you can fill up the bit about St. Rosalia from Walter Scott[1].

I can get about only feebly, and the cough still wakes me at night, which is a nuisance. But we trust that I may be stronger after a few weeks here: but I do certainly think that it would have been better if I had come straight from Marseilles. The short voyage hither from Naples quite cheered me: I might not have liked it so much to-day, as Poseidôn is in a great way, throwing up big waves. Truly this Mediterranean is different from the notion of my childhood that, because there are no tides, therefore there could be no waves.

. . . Why did you say on December 8, that I don't care about scenery, just because I can't rave technically about it like some people? Of a truth I greatly admire both the Cat's Tooth and the Mount of Pilgrims, and I greatly prefer Savoy and Sicily to Cambridgeshire and Flanders.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Albergo alla Trinacria, Palermo, February 17, 1878.

. . . Here I have settled down to a quiet life. I have a good many books with me, and I am doing several things, among others smiting Froude hip and thigh for his Thomas papers[2]. Also I have been getting up Palermo and its immediate neighbourhood in a leisurely way. But I did not get further than

[1] *Marmion*, Canto I, St. xxiii. See also notes to Canto I quoting the younger Dryden's Voyage to Sicily and Malta.

[2] On Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. See *Nineteenth Century*, 1877-1879.

Monreale till last Wednesday, when we went in a body to Solunto (Σολοεῖς, Σολοῦς, I think, is the form) on the top of a hill which an American philosopher with us judged to be about 800 feet. So I am waxing a bit stronger. If you look in your books, you will see that it was a city of Canaanites; but they have not dug up anything of their date. But, save at Pompeii, I never saw so many dead streets and houses.

I spake of my quiet life in the singular number. For I cannot say exactly the same of my two companions. They seem to have been dodging about to any number of princesses, countesses, and what not, who seem to dance all night and lie in bed all day. The climax was, not only Helen but her mother dancing on board an American frigate, whose officers thought fit to give such an entertainment. I don't go with them to these things, but stick to my book, or go about poking out old houses. There is a wonderful deal to be made out here, though next to nothing before the Rogers. The Byzantine and Saracenic (in style) buildings are all of their date. It is so odd to see the trilingual inscriptions, Latin, Greek, and Arabic—all the more so as they sometimes do not translate one another.

The 'Idle Woman in Italy,' i.e. Mrs. Elliot, wife of the Dean of Bristol[1], is here in Palermo, and has been received with 'mickle worship' on the strength of being thought to be 'George Eliot.' I think that is as good a confusion as I ever heard of. I don't get any worship here; but I am better without, and I think that for that reason I shall not go to Corfu, as I should get mickle worship there, and it might be too exciting.

To Miss Florence Freeman.

Albergo alla Trinacria, Palermo, March 9, 1878.

. . . I have not very much to tell you, as I do little but read and write and poke about for traces of King Roger. Helen has written you a letter which I dare say contains a record of her frisks and concerts, and her progress in the Rum-Welsh tongue and the art of sweet sounds. Perhaps that is more exciting

[1] Mrs. Elliot wrote a book called *The Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy.*

than when I go look for a column with an Arabic inscription and don't find it. The caitiff Johnny obstinately refuses to leave his little island [1], and he has bewitched Halcomb to stay there also, which is too bad. Jebb is going into Greece in May. I wish he would come into ἡ μεγάλη Ἑλλάς[2] and on here. I must stay here for some time longer, as I have things to finish, Petty France among them, as also the φρουδοκτονία[3], which I count for a good work. You see I deal in Greek; that is, to refresh myself, because the people here don't talk it, as it seems to me that they should. It is like the Normans talking Gal-Welsh instead of Norsk. Here to be sure one does in a manner dwell in Mesech and the tents of Kedar, among Canaanites and Saracens; yet Sicily, as a whole, is surely a Greek island.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Albergo alla Trinacria, Palermo, March 25, 1878.

I have heard nothing about you save what I learn from 'Jupiter' and the *Daily News*, that you are working for the Armenians. It is a kindness to tell me anything about anything. One gets so puzzled between the Italian telegrams and the fuller accounts in the English papers which we see four or five days later. Is anything really going to be done for the Greeks? They must be quick, or 'our gallant countryman,' as the *Daily News* is not ashamed to call Hobart, will have murthered them all. What a foul thing 'London society' must be, when it feasts first Midhat and then Valentine Baker.

I am waxing much stronger, and am thinking of moving hence; but am not likely to leave Palermo finally for some weeks. I think of doing Akragas, Segesta, Selinous, and Cefalu—more famous by that name than as Kephaloidion—from hence; then off to Messina and so to Syracuse, study the siege, cross to Rhegion, and so round toe and heel round about

[1] Capri, a favourite resort of Mr. J. R. Green.

[2] Magna Graecia, southern Italy, so called in old times from the number of Greek settlements.

[3] 'Froude slaying,' a series of articles which he was writing for the *Nineteenth Century*, criticizing a series in the same journal, by Mr. J. A. Froude, on 'The Life and Times of Thomas Becket.'

to Beneventum and Naples. Thence, very likely, straight to Marseilles.

Remember, you, I, and Pinder are bound for Greece next year. I have much ado to keep myself on this side Hadria now; but, between chance of war, and all my books being at Palermo, I have settled not to go even to Corfu.

I am most curious to know what effect Strangford's letters have on men's minds. I declined doing it in the *Saturday Review*, as it seemed to come over near to reviewing oneself. You say you never read newspapers; so you won't read my Sicilian series. Jebb will; I have some faint hope of meeting him at Syracuse.

To His Excellency General Meredith Read, United States Minister, Athens.

Palermo, April 25, 1878.

I write to say that R. C. Jebb, late Public Orator at Cambridge and now Professor of Greek at Glasgow, will be at Athens before long, about May 6. You doubtless know his name as one of our best Greek scholars, and his notions on the affairs of south-eastern Europe are very unlike those of the Duke of Sutherland! I have told him to call on you, and if you can show him any 'society, help, and comfort,' I shall be much obliged. By the way, he is almost a brother of your's, as he has married the widow of an American General, but I do not remember the name.

We leave Palermo on Sunday, and I hope to be in England by the beginning of June. Two of your countrymen, Schuyler and Fisk, have just left this room and send greetings.

My eldest daughter, Margaret, who was with me in Greece —the other, Helen, is here—is going to marry Arthur Evans, whose name you doubtless know as a smiter of Pashas generally and of one type of Consuls.

To W. Boyd Dawkins, Esq.

Palermo, April 26, 1878.

How you do run about and write, while I sit still and write, having been here for four months without stopping, bating

three days spent in a journey to Akragas, Agrigentum, Girgenti —it is useful to keep the three names for three stages of its history. That has been my only excursion of any length, my doctor has forbidden Segesta and Selinunte as too rough work for me just now, and Helen has been to Cefalu and reports it impossible. We start on Sunday for Messina, Taormina, Catania, and Syracuse.

. . . I don't know anything about London water-schemes. Water enough to wash away the whole accursed den of Jewry and Turkery, clubs, rookeries, and all, would be a real blessing to the civilized world. Then should Parliament meet at Manchester as a more central place for England, Scotland, and Ireland. More than Claudian aqueducts should join you to Thirlmere, and as the new University will make you a new Athens—only I don't see the Akropolis—Liverpool shall be your dirty Peiraieus.

To the Same.

. . . I wish you or Greenwood would come and measure skulls here. Some folk be very dark, as Arabs or Canaanites. But surely Sik*els* were good Aryans, akin to them of Latium. Sik*ans* may likely enough have belonged to your Basque lot. There is a big hole in the mountain called *Grotto dei Giganti*, where the children still bring you out teeth to sell.

To the Rev. Canon Liddon.

Catania, May 11, 1878.

I suppose I may be said to be on my way homewards, though Catania is hardly on the road from Palermo for England. But we are just seeing a little of eastern Sicily before we leave the island. I am better, but not so much better as I had hoped for, not strong, not able to go on stump, though I should enjoy a bit of stump among those grand fellows up northwards mightily. Amongst other works to be done, while we free eastern Europe from the Turk, is to free England from London West End. All I hear of it—happily I see very little of it—gets more and more loathsome. One of our greatest evils is the

connexion of Parliament with London 'society.' I learned something about that by marking the contrast in Switzerland—I might add in Greece. 'Tis a blessed business to knock at the door of the *Bundespräsident's* rooms in the palace, just as if you were knocking at a man's rooms in college, and to find that people don't know where his private quarters are. Nor is it a bad thing to find a κομματάρχης living over an ice-shop, and the members of the κόμμα running in and out as they please. Athens struck me as something like Bern, with a king and his big house thrust in. There is no sliding up, as there is here, of ranks up to the highest. Of course, this makes a much more homely and sensible kind of king, but there is a certain incongruous feeling about it.

To W. Boyd Dawkins, Esq.

Somerleaze, August 18, 1878.

I have been reading a lot of Homer since you left. I am quite clear that lions must have been not uncommon in Greece in those days. The similes are so thick upon one another, and seem to show such familiarity with the beast, that it cannot come from mere tradition or hearing of him in other countries. Then you have the archaic form λῖς, as well as the more modern λέων. Λῖς, to my mind, hooks on to *Löwe*, rather than to λέων. By Herodotus' time his range had doubtless got narrower.

It might be worth your while to go to Nemea, go to the cave which I saw only at a distance, and see whether it has any fossils. Don't believe that lying old admiral of the Jew's hiring; neither man nor lion will hurt you thereabouts; they will give you goats' milk to drink, and you may catch a tortoise.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, September 1, 1878.

We spake lately of lyons; have you any view about libbards? Did they retreat also? Have they left any signs by the banks of either Axios, Wookey Hole, or Macedonia? Forwhy there are some casual allusions to them in Homer, and one—I think only one—long simile. Now, if you have no other

trace of the libbards, that may go some little way to damage my argument about (September 8) the lyons. I am reading the *Life of Apollonios of Tyana*, which has a good deal of queer natural history, some very mythical, but a good argument to show that elephants' tusks are teeth, and not, as some hold, *horns*. In his day (first century) there were libbards in Pamphylia. Are there any as far west now? Also he has some scandal about my lady the lioness, who seems sometimes to have preferred the spotted libbard to her Lord Lyon, and much that is queer about her cubs. See lib. i. c. 22; ii. 1. 13, 14. The scandalous story I think I can see through. The lion's cubs are spotted, therefore they thought the lioness had had the libbard to co-respondent. (You will find a good deal about all this in Guillim's *Heraldry*.) My word for libbard is πάρδαλις. When it comes to distinguishing panther, leopard, and ounce, my small infantine zoology breaks down. But only think, if there be libbards now in Pamphylia, they will come under the British Protectorate, and if they and the lionesses do offend, that will be one of the points of reform to be pressed on the Grand Turk. See also for strange beasts which be and be not in India, lib. iii. 7, 8, 45-48.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, September 8, 1878.

You are now, I take it, beyond sea, if not at Le Mans itself—remember to decline *Le Mans, du Mans, au Mans*; I don't know the reason of that odd bit of grammar, any more than why mediaeval writers say 'venit Parisius.' May be cities which have or are to have notable *communes*, have grammatical privileges. I assume that you know the outlines of Cenonannian history; if from no other source, yet from my vols. iii. and iv. Helias, the finest character in the whole story, I had to cut short in vol. v., but I hope to do him some day[1].

At Le Mans mark the gradual expansion of the city. Trace the Roman wall; you (September 15) will find some bits near the east end of the cathedral, and go on to the Count's palace

[1] There is a great deal about him in the *Reign of William Rufus*.

which is on it. On the side towards the river you have largely to go up courts and alleys to see it, but by that means you will find it wonderfully perfect, save where, when I was there in 1876, they had cut through everything, and destroyed some of the finest Romanesque houses to make a way down to the river. But there are some good Romanesque houses left in the street leading off to the south from the west front of the cathedral.

The Count's palace and the castle proclaim themselves; for the other castle, *Mons Barbatulus*, you will have to hunt. It stands north in a garden. Get hold of a certain M. Chardon, or Father Rochemontoix, the arch-Jesuit, and they will show you everywhere.

In the cathedral I need not tell you to mark the contrast of choir and nave, on which I think I made a neat epigram—'A l'un côté les beaux arts; à l'autre côté l'histoire.' But it may be needful to tell you to trace out in the historical part the remains of the older (Vulgrin's ?) church [1]—you can see all the old arches, and some of the bases and capitals. Also the aisles, —[2], and, I think, most of the west front.

You will see, on the north, the remains of the tower pulled down by Hildebert to please William the Red [3]. The southern tower was rebuilt, the northern never.

You will, of course, see the other two great churches; La Couture [4], which will give you some notion of the Angevin fashion in the nave, stuck on to the Norman tower—some primitive bits also in the choir; also Nôtre Dame des Prés beyond the river.

I forgot to mention that in 1867 the later wall near the river had a great deal left—now only scraps.

Go out to Queen Berengére's abbey of Epaux [5]; remember she kept Maine—at least, Le Mans; I am not sure about the whole county—as her dower, long after the French conquest.

[1] Vulgrin was Bishop of Le Mans, 1055-1067.

[2] Illegible.

[3] See the question whether the tower really was pulled down discussed in *Reign of William Rufus*, ii. 298, 99, and 655.

[4] Nôtre Dame de la Couture.

[5] Founded in 1229 by Berengére, widow of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Go also over the battle-field of the last war. I think you can take the two in one drive. The driver will—at least he who drove us did—point out the fighting-place. *Beaumont-le-Vicomte*, to the north of Le Mans, is also a fighting-site under more Williams than one. Get up to a point in the castle whence you can look down on the bridge.

I saw much less of Maine than I meant to, as you know, by reason of gout. A very good excursion is to *Sillé le Guillaume* —mentioned in vol. iv[1]; I call him Silly Billy—by rail, see church and castle; *Evron* church, also castle, and *Ste. Susanne* castle (by carriage, if you can find one at Evron), which Willelmus Magnus could not take, but where two *gens d'armes* took me.

You have now got into Department Mayenne and new diocese of Laval, but are still in old county and diocese of Cenomannia. Laval is a striking town above the river; some bits of castle—walk on by river to Avesnières, I think is the name—a splendid apse. The now cathedral church of Laval is certainly not beautiful, but it is a very curious study of the way in which a little old church has been enlarged. A little way north of Laval is the chapel of *Price*, with some early work.

From Laval you might go on by Mayenne, Ambrières, Domfront, Mortain, &c., into Côtentin. Mayenne churches and castles to be studied, but I never saw so large a town with such bad inns. Hôtel Trouillard at Domfront—a much smaller town —is very much better. But Mayenne commands DIABLANTES-JUBLAINS (or could you get to it from Laval?); about the finest Roman thing in Northern Gaul. Get hold of M. Henri Barbe; he has the amphitheatre (or theatre?) in his garden, and knows all about it. On that, as on divers others of these places, I wrote middles, as you may remember. My Sicilian series is beginning again in *Macmillan*. Joanne's Guide to Britanny takes in Maine, and is very good.

. . . I am reading the *Life of Apolloniôs of Tyana*. Pagan hagiography is very curious.

[1] P. 559.

TO THE SAME.

Somerleaze, December 7, 1878.

Here I am still, not having stirred so far as Wedmore diggings. . . . But I have been up to the top of Ben Knoll three days running, and only not a fourth because the wind blew so very hard; so you may guess that I am a bit better. I also sleep better o' nights, which I pass in a manner almost too comfortable in the balcony-room (December 8), though I can't say that I walk out much on the balcony.

I have sent you one or two things. *National Morality*[1] seems to strike people. They say it is a pity that it is hidden in an American periodical. Yet U. S. A. is a fairly big bushel to be hidden in, and why did not some English editor ask me to write it, instead of the American? I have just sent off a Homeric article to *Contemporary*. I have also *given* my Greeks (and it is worth £50) a discourse for the Πανελλήνιον[2], which you shall have in course of time. (By this post I send you some more Manchester thunder.) Also at odds and ends of time I am doing a *Norman Primer* for Johnny. But my main work now is *Historical Geography*. I have been working away at the south-eastern peninsula. Just now I am fairly stuck in the mud of the *Terra Dobroditri*, just south of Danube's mouth, just ceded to Roumania. The chief thing to be made out about its history is that it is 'ganz dunkel.' So you see I am not altogether idle, though I don't get quite so much done as usual. I fear that I shall some day tumble out of the carriage; for it is written *ἀνὴρ Συβαρίτης ἐξέπεσεν ἐξ ἅρματος*[3]. I feel like *ἀνὴρ Συβαρίτης* when I get up by the fire, which I have kept up through the night and kindled up in the morning—that you can't do unless you live near the land 'quae parva Hibernia dicitur,' where there is turf, and the turf of that land is good and kindles up a very small spark—and have a cup of tea and two bits of bread and butter, a beginning of the day which is

[1] *Princeton Review* for November, 1878.

[2] The *Panhellenic Review*. The first number, which was published on March 1, 1879, contained an article by Freeman on 'The Present Position of the Greek Nation.'

[3] 'A man of Sybaris fell out of a chariot.'

not recorded of any Homeric hero. Altogether I am fairly *sprack*.

. . . It *was* a wonderful time in Greece. I must not go there again till my voice is up again, or till I am allowed to use it; for I privately feel a very fair power of roaring; only they say I must not. So I declined invitations to Bristol and to Bradford of the Northumbrians, writing letters instead. I am all eager about Bristol now, that Friend Fry—you met him last year—should get in.

CHAPTER IX.

BROKEN HEALTH. HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM RUFUS. THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1880. TOURS IN FRANCE AND ITALY AND VISIT TO DALMATIA. PUBLICATION OF HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY. PLACED ON ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS. VISIT TO AMERICA. CORRESPONDENCE.

A.D. 1879–1882.

THE principal literary works upon which Freeman was engaged during 1879, in addition to the letters and articles which he wrote on the Eastern Question, were *Historical Geography*, the *History of the Reign of William Rufus*, and an article on the Goths for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. But it was a year in which he was much hindered by broken health. His nights were often so much disturbed by violent fits of coughing and attacks of gout, that he was exhausted in the morning and drowsy during the day. 'Stayed in doors for gasping,' 'walked little, coughed much,' 'slept little, coughed much,' 'puffed and gasped,' are frequent entries in his diary about this time. 'I hobble mightily,' he says in one of his letters written in April, 1879, 'and sometimes yell withal. I am done something to with bran. I am sure I am like the griffin who had the gout in his left claw. I was taken out this morning to bask in the sun as a cat.' Nevertheless, he read and wrote

on an average seven hours a day, and from time to time he made journeys to places which he wanted to see in connexion with his *History of William Rufus*. It was mainly for this purpose that he travelled in Normandy in June and July, 1879, accompanied by the Rev. T. Fowler and Mr. James Parker and his son. In the course of this tour he visited Argentan, Alençon, Séez, Le Mans, Mortagne, Dreux, Evreux, Lisieux, Jumiège, Joinville, and Duclair. His unflagging interest in everything that he wanted to see, and his determination to see everything which had a bearing upon his work, beguiled him sometimes into excursions on foot to which his strength was unequal, and his companions had occasionally great difficulty in getting him on to his destination or back to the place from which they started. When thoroughly tired, he became as helpless, and almost as unmanageable, as a wayward child. On one occasion he sat down on the steps of a small village restaurant, and declared that he could not possibly go any further, and should put up there for the night; but after a little food he was persuaded to make an effort, and succeeded in reaching the place for which they were making. And it was wonderful how often, after a fatiguing day, he would revive in the evening, and sit up to a late hour in the night, writing long letters or parts of his history.

At the end of October, 1879, he made a short tour in France, accompanied by his wife, visiting Pontoise, Gisors, Chaumont, Gournay, Neuchatel, and other places connected with the history of William Rufus. In April, 1880, after a visit at my house, I accompanied him on an expedition of 'castle stalking' as he called it, with a view to this same history, in Sussex and part of Kent. We began with Arundel and worked our way

eastward to Tonbridge, where I left him to be joined by Mr. Parker. Our first day was a long one, as, besides Arundel castle and church, we visited the churches of Broadwater, Sompting, and Old and New Shoreham. We had to sleep at Brighton, a place which he thoroughly detested, saying that it might have been a very nice place in the days of Brighthelm, but that it was a very nasty place now. He was excessively tired, and when he had climbed two flights of stairs to his room, he flung himself with many groans on the bed, and declared that he could not and would not leave it, even to take any food. At such times he had to be treated with a mixture of sympathy and firmness like a child. He presently yielded to the behests of his 'guardian,' as he was pleased to call me, and came down stairs, and after a hearty tea, which was the kind of meal he liked best, he became quite cheerful, and started next morning with renewed vigour for another long day, which was spent at Lewes and Pevensey.

In July of the same year he did more 'castle stalking' in the north of England, where he stayed with his friend, Mr. Fowler, at Durham, and met Mr. Hodgkin at Newcastle, a meeting which was the beginning of a warm friendship with that learned historian.

He rejoiced greatly at the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power as Prime Minister after the General Election in March, 1880, but his satisfaction was mingled with some vexation that there was no Liberal candidate for Mid Somerset, and that he himself had not been invited to stand for any constituency. 'I have no one to vote for,' he says in a letter to Mr. Pinder, 'and no one has voted for me. I have been doing more hill-climbing, and am yearning to come forth in the sight of men,

make a speech, knock down a Jew, or anything that might be for the public good.' 'Well,' he says in a letter to Mr. Bryce, 'I suppose I must stick to Bishop William of St. Calais and the Fish-house at Meare[1]. I suppose they better suit "mea parvitas, mediocritas nostra," and I must leave greater matters to the genius of Briggs.' He looked upon the advent of Mr. Gladstone to power as the dawn of a brighter day for South-Eastern Europe, and of hope that the Treaty of Berlin might be fulfilled, a hope in which, as we have seen, he was not disappointed. His heart was still with the oppressed nations in those regions, the parts of Greece which were still enslaved to the Turk, and the provinces of Herzegovina and Bosnia which were fretting under Austrian administration. The indifference, not to say apathy, of a large portion of the English public to the distress of these unhappy people filled him with amazement, more especially as contrasted with the outburst of sympathy with the widow of Louis Napoleon on the death of her son who was killed in Zululand. 'The whole thing,' he says in one of his letters, 'is incomprehensible to me, but then so many things are incomprehensible, the love of Turks and Jews as well as the love of tyrants.' The proposal to place a memorial to the young Louis Napoleon in Westminster Abbey filled him with the deepest indignation, for even to speak of him as the Prince Imperial seemed to him an insult to the French Republic.

He was vexed also that so much of the time and attention of Government and of the English public was absorbed by Irish affairs, which seemed to him of little importance compared with the pressing calls of humanity and justice in South-Eastern Europe. He had, more-

[1] Where the Abbots of Glastonbury had a Manor House.

over, long come to the conclusion that all remedies for Irish grievances which stopped short of some measure of Home Rule would be fruitless. 'My main interest,' he writes to Mr. Bryce, 'is in South-Eastern Europe, but I have my notions about Ireland too—to drown it if one can, if not to let it go. Experience proves that England, Scotland, Wales, Berwick-on-Tweed, Man and insular Normandy, can pull well together, but that Ireland can't. Obey that plain dictate, and don't strive after *τὰ ἀδύνατα*[1].'

A very small part of the year 1881 was spent in England. The first six months were occupied with a tour through France and Italy to the Ionian Islands and the Dalmatian coast, accompanied by his wife and his two youngest daughters. He visited many places in France and Italy which he had not seen before, including in the former, Sens, Auxerre, Nevers, Autun, and Tournus, and in the latter, Arezzo, Cortona, Perugia, Assisi, Spello, Benevento, Bari, Trani, Brindisi, and Otranto. From Rome he made excursions to Veii, Cora, Norba, and other places in the neighbourhood, and made acquaintance with the historian Amari and the archaeologist Lanziani. Here, also, he met for the first time Mr. Anthony Trollope, his old antagonist in the controversy on field-sports, a meeting which was the beginning of a very cordial friendship[2].

The book on *Historical Geography*, which he had been working at for so many years, was published whilst he was on this tour. It had been a long and toilsome task. 'I had got utterly weary,' he says, 'of the

[1] 'Impossibilities.'

[2] See Freeman's article in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1883, written soon after the death of Mr. Trollope.

very sight and name of it, and the maps especially had given me great trouble.' He was quite surprised at the favourable reception of the work, to the value of which attention was called in a leading article in the *Times*. 'The object of this work,' he said in the Preface, 'is really a very humble one. It aims at little more than tracing out the extent of various States at different times, and at attempting to place various changes in their due relation to one another and to their causes,' or, as it is stated more fully in the Introduction, 'to mark the different boundaries which the same country has had, and the different meanings in which the same name has been used, to draw the map of the countries with which we are concerned as it appeared after each of the different changes which they have gone through, and then to point out the historical causes which have led to the changes on the map.' Humble, however, as was the estimate which the author himself formed of the design, there can be no doubt that the work was one of the most difficult which he ever undertook, as it was certainly one of the most useful. The full value of the work can be appreciated only by those who have read it and constantly refer to it, but some idea of its magnitude and intricacy, and of the vast quantity of information compressed into one volume of 560 pages, may be formed by any one who considers that the design of the book really involved writing the whole history of Europe in its geographical aspect from the earliest times, including the development of Greece and of the Greek colonies, the origin, expansion, and dismemberment of the Roman Empire, the formation of the modern States of Europe, and the endless shiftings of their boundaries down to the year 1878.

In April, 1881, he was appointed one of the Royal Commissioners to inquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts. His opinions upon some of the main questions which came before the Commission will be found in his correspondence, but his attendance on the Commission was very much interrupted by his foreign travels and by the state of his health. Nor was the subject of inquiry one in which he felt a very keen interest, or of which he had a very special knowledge, and he often remarked that he would much rather have been put upon the Royal Commission appointed a few years before to inquire into the constitution and working of cathedral bodies in England, a subject to which he had all his life given a great deal of attention.

In the autumn of 1881 Freeman paid a visit to the United States of America, in response to a joint invitation from the Lowell Institute in Boston and the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. The purpose, however, of this visit was not only to give lectures in some of the chief American towns, but also to see his second son Edgar, who had married and settled in Virginia. After his return from Dalmatia early in July he had two months of very hard work before starting on his voyage. Writing from Somerleaze to his daughter, Mrs. Evans, on August 7, he says,—

'Here I am, as you say, in harness; two-fold, three-fold, seven-fold harness; I have such a heap of things on hand before I start for America as (*a*) revising the latter part of *William Rufus*, (*b*) correcting proofs of ditto, (*c*) revising *Historical Geography* for new edition, (*d*) arranging, revising, and sometimes writing for the East Hadriatic book[1], (*e*) fixing illus-

[1] *Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice.*

trations for ditto, (*f*) ditto *William Rufus*, (*g*) writing twelve American lectures, of which one is begun, (*h*) stray things for *Academy*, *Fortnightly*, and *British Quarterly*. That is pretty well to have to get done by September 24, when we must leave home to start on the 27th. I lost some time dodging backwards and forwards to the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, but it seemed right to go to the few meetings which were to be held while I was in England. The Commissioners have struck work now for the Long Vacation, a form of words which has not concerned me since 1847, and which I did not know now concerned archbishops and such like. First Macmillan, then Johnny Green, then Lily Sutton patriotically lodged me, thereby among them lessening Gladstone's next estimates by six guineas, which had I been driven to find myself, I might have charged the nation for subsistence as well as travelling expenses.'

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman sailed from Liverpool in the *Adriatic* on September 27, and arrived at New York on October 7. He had dreaded the voyage, not from any fear of sea-sickness, but from the 'horrible notion,' as he said, of having 'nothing to see or to do for many days.' In truth, however, he worked steadily almost every day at his lectures, which were only half finished when he started. 'I have done a good bit,' he writes, 'on board ship, though it was sometimes with roaring, tossing, and tumbling, so that some marvelled not a little.'

His sojourn in America lasted from October 7, 1881, to April 15, 1882, and his impressions of the country and of the people will be best gathered from his letters, which contain the remarks of a keen and shrewd observer of animal life, social customs, forms of speech, and nomenclature, municipal and political institutions, forms of law, and judicial procedure. Political and judicial assemblies had the same interest for him in new England as in ancient Greece, but of matters connected with

commerce, manufactures, or agriculture, he knew nothing, and he did not pretend to care for them. Nor did he profess to know much about matters bearing on education, unless it was education which rose to the level of a College or a University.

'I can pass,' he said, 'through an old country, say Italy or Dalmatia, and I can find a great deal to notice and to record without meddling with any of the things of which I am ignorant. In America it is hardly possible to avoid them. Happily my American friends were merciful. I was taken to see a good many schools; for some people, I know not why, seemed to think that I had something to do with schools, or at least that I took some special interest in schools. But I was spared the more fearful grind of going through factories, prisons, hospitals, with all the weariness of an inexpert[1].'

He looked at the Americans and at everything in America with a very kindly eye, for he regarded them as essentially English, and their country as an essentially English land. It was, as he expressed it, simply 'England with a difference.' It was, indeed, one of his chief aims in his visit to America to try and strengthen the sense of close kinship between the English in England and the English in America, and this was certainly the principal object of the two sets of lectures which he delivered, and of the book which he published in 1883 entitled *Some Impressions of the United States.*

He thought that his habit of constantly studying and comparing the history of England with the history of old Greece made it easier for him to grasp the idea of a people, politically and geographically divided, but still forming in the higher sense one people. As geographical distance, political separation, fierce rivalry, cruel warfare

[1] *Impressions of the United States*, pp. 3, 4.

never snapped the enduring tie which bound every Greek to every other Greek, so the Englishmen of Britain, of America, of Africa, of Australia, should be each to his distant brother as were the Greek of Massalia, the Greek of Kyrênê, and the Greek of Cherson. He heartily wished that some common name could be found to embrace them all, such as the Greeks had in the term Hellene. The thought of the true unity of the scattered English folk was a thought higher and dearer than any idea of a British Empire, to the vast majority of whose subjects the common speech of Chatham, and of Washington, of Gladstone, and Garfield was an unknown tongue. Nothing annoyed him more than to hear Americans and English refer to each other as foreigners. At one of the college dinners to which he was invited in America, a gentleman proposed his health in kind and flattering terms, but spoke of him as a man of a foreign nationality. 'In my answer,' he says, 'while I thanked the proposer of the toast for everything else that he had said, I begged him to withdraw one word,—I was not of a foreign nationality, but of the same nationality as himself. My answer was warmly cheered, and several other speakers took up the same line.'

In his *Impressions of the United States*, p. 137, he says—

'This great land of which I am speaking is essentially an English land, it is no small witness to the toughness of fibre in the English folk wherever it settles that it is so: a land must be reckoned as English where the English kernel is so strong as to draw to itself every foreign element, where the foreign settler is adopted into the English home of an English people, where he or his children exchange the speech of their elder dwellings for the English speech of the land. Men of various nationalities are on American ground easily changed into good Americans, and the good American must be, in every

sense that is not strictly geographical, a good Englishman. . . . Truly we may rejoice that with so much to draw them in other ways, this great people still remains in all essential points an English people, more English very often than they themselves know, more English it may be sometimes than the kinsfolk whom they left behind in their older home.'

One special interest, in his opinion, of examining the old records and institutions of the several States was that each of the colonies had reproduced some features of English life, but different colonies reproduced different sides and, so to speak, different dates of English life. All these points in the local history of the colonies needed to be put in their right relation to one another, and to other English, other Teutonic, other Aryan institutions. This he thought was a study to which the scholars of the United States were specially called. He observed, therefore, with extreme satisfaction that there was a school growing up in America which devoted itself to the special study of local institutions, a school which was spreading in various directions, but which seemed to have its central home in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. The informal, unwritten addresses which he gave to the students of this University are said by those who heard them to have been more striking and effective than any lectures which he delivered in America. His portrait hangs in the library of the University, and hard by it his favourite motto, 'History is past politics, politics are present history,' is inscribed on the wall, just over the newspaper cabinet which Professor Adams in a letter to Freeman calls

'the most unique feature in the library. It consists,' he says, 'of a large bulletin board, whereon we fasten newspaper

clippings. Below the board is an arrangement for filing these clippings in great envelopes or oblong boxes of cardboard. The ends of the boxes are marked with the general subject represented by each group of clippings; for example, "African exploration," "Australian confederation," "Egyptian question," &c. The subjects are arranged alphabetically and face upwards in twenty-six rows, each corresponding to a letter in the alphabet.'

The same motto is inscribed on the outside cover of a series of essays edited by Professor Adams, entitled *The Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.* For the first number of this series Freeman wrote a paper entitled 'An Introduction to American Institutional History.'

One result of his visit to Baltimore was of direct practical value. Having examined some of the manuscript records of colonial Maryland, in company with the President and Librarian of the Maryland Historical Society, he addressed the following letter to them, dated November 27, 1881.

'I cannot leave Baltimore without saying a word or two about the State records of Maryland, of which you were good enough to give me a glimpse both in the University library and in that of the Historical Society. I did not see much, but I saw enough to get some notion of their great interest and importance. But the few things that I saw either in print or in manuscript must, I fancy, be mere fragments from far greater stores at Annapolis or elsewhere. A systematic publication would be a very great gain, and the State legislature would surely not refuse its help, if the matter were pressed upon it by influential persons and societies in the State. During the short time that I have been in America, I have been more and more impressed by the deep interest of the early history of all these lands, first as provinces, then as independent States. Each State has in the most marked way its own character, and gives some special kind of instruc-

tion in comparative political history. The local annals of Maryland, or of any other State, are something more than mere local history, something more than part of the history of the United States, or of the whole English-speaking people. They are really contributions to the general science of politics, no less than the lessons which we should have had if Aristotle's comments on the kindred commonwealths of old Greece had been spared to us.'

This letter was shown to some influential persons and laid before the Historical Society together with a letter to the same purport from Mr. Bryce. It was afterwards published in the New York *Nation* and in the Baltimore newspapers, and the result was that, by the combined action of the Historical Society and the State legislature, the whole mass of archives relating to the history of Maryland in the colonial and revolutionary periods has been transferred from Annapolis to a well-lighted fireproof chamber in Baltimore, where they can be studied with the greatest convenience.

On April 15, 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, accompanied by a daughter of Professor Lyman, sailed from New York in the *Germanic* and arrived at Liverpool on the 25th. He returned to England enriched by the remuneration of his lectures, amounting to about £1,100, and by the more valuable acquisition of many sincere and lasting friendships. His visit to America had been to him a season of unalloyed enjoyment, except for the physical discomfort of some attacks of gout. His time had been spent chiefly amongst professors, lawyers, statesmen and, generally speaking, men of intellect and information of various kinds. 'Of the pushing, meddling, questioning American,' he said[1], 'described in so many

[1] *Impressions of the United States*, p. 5.

stories and caricatures, I have seen nothing, or at least not on American soil.' It was a peculiar satisfaction to him to find general sympathy in America with his views on affairs in South-Eastern Europe. 'The United States,' he says, in the Preface to his American lectures, 'so far as my experience goes, contain no native partisan of either Turk or Austrian. That such is the case forms one of the many ties which bind me to a land to my sojourn in which I shall always look back as one of the brightest times of my life.' And he adds, 'I cannot let this little book go forth from an American press[1] without expressing my deep-felt thanks for the kindness which I received wherever I went, from New York to St. Louis. But where every memory is pleasant I cannot help picking out a few memories which are the pleasantest of all. While giving my best thanks to my friends everywhere, I cannot help adding a small special tribute to my friends at Ithaca and at New Haven.'

CORRESPONDENCE (1879-1882).

To Professor Boyd Dawkins.

April 27, 1879.

Are you going to be Professor in the 'Victoria University'?[2] Ward sent me a paper about it, and I wrote back that I should count any connexion with the University of Manchester an

[1] Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

[2] He had been Professor of Geology and Palaeontology since 1874 in Owens College, Manchester. The project for establishing a University at Manchester was now under consideration. Freeman wished the University to be called, like the old Universities, after the name of the town in which it was seated, not after the reigning sovereign.

honour, but that in a Victoria University I should decline to be anything, from Chancellor to German Bedel. Who's the flunkey? Why don't they call it Ben Dizzy University at once? It would most likely pay better. 'Tis a state of mind into which I can't throw myself dramatically.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, May 27, 1879.

. . . Here is Paul Friedmann's specimen from Simancas. It needs no great knowledge of Spanish to see that they are not the same[1].

It is very odd, as you say, people seem to think that it does not matter whether a man is accurate or not. That comes of so many people reading, and getting a kind of half-knowledge and half-interest in what they read. In Germany the whole thing would not get beyond the *Gelehrten*—of course a much larger class there than here—and the *Gelehrten* would soon see to Froude. Which is the better state of things? There is something to be said on both sides. Pauli could not understand why I took the trouble to show up Thierry, whom nobody now believed in. Doubtless not he or Waitz or Stubbs; but plenty of others, among them one Lania who writes the reign of Good Billy in the Rum-Welsh tongue. He gets all his notions of England from Thierry, and very odd notions they are.

. . . It is ruled that I am not to go into Gaul by that part which her on Sumorsaetan is the nearest. We are to cross from Hampton to Newhaven[2], and so to Honfleur, and about through the Oximois and on to Le Mans (*ζήτω ὁ Ἡλίας*), and back again by the Belesme country and the Vexin, going aside to find out where it was that Conan was pitched from the tower of Rouen[3]. Then do off the Red man, the first recorded 'officer and gentleman,' and then all hands to the other Billies, Bad and Good, and the Rogers that were afore them.

[1] As Mr. Froude's version.

[2] Southampton to Havre.

[3] By the hands of Henry I. See the account in *Reign of William Rufus*, i. 259.

TO THE SAME.

Lisieux, June 24, 1879.

Here I am again beyond sea. . . . Since I left home, I have been at Oxford for Trinity Monday. There I tarried with Humphry Ward, and was much impressed by Mrs. Ward's (*née* Mary Arnold) wisdom and skill in the West-Goths. We had a wonderfully big Trinity Monday, with Lord Selborne and others, but not His Eminence.

(Alençon, June 27.)—I exchanged divers civilities with the new President; but it seemed passing strange to see the old one there as a guest. Thence I went to stay some days with Pinder at Greys; thence to London, chiefly for the opening—should I say the inauguration?—of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Study got up by Sayce and George Macmillan. I was some days alone in Bryce's house, a state of things which I find that he looks upon as the extreme of happiness, but which liketh me not. B. says you have such perfect freedom; I say that you have such an excess of freedom that you know not how to use it. I am, as you know well, a timid and clinging body, and need somebody to guide me. I saw something of Macmillan, Roundell and his wife—R. had just been chosen as a candidate at Grantham—and Johnny and his wife. Johnny will have to *live* abroad, and only *visit* England in the summer. Gladstone asked me to breakfast yesterday, but I could not get to Harley Street out of Lexovian parts. From London with James Parker to Fyfield, *né* Fifhide, the house of Godric, touching which you were to have written a tale. You may remember Kingston Bagpuze[1], the lordship of Thurkill (N. B. Mrs. Parker's dog so-called is dead, but Godric my godson abideth); I propose to transfer the name with a slight change of spelling to the neighbouring parish of Longworth, where the parson did *bag* the *pews*—I don't mean that he stole them, as he paid for them 3*s.* 10*d.* per pew—which were taken from another church, and set them up in his own. At Fyfield we were joined by Fowler (J. T. of Durham, kinsman of Logic[2]),

[1] See *Norman Conquest*, iii. 743.

[2] Viz. of Dr. Fowler, the Professor, at that time, of Logic at Oxford.

and on Monday night crossed from Hampton to Newhaven—I hope you have sixteenth century geography enough to follow that course. Thence to Honfleur and the unknown bishopric. There we pitched our tent for two nights, and went out to see Touques and Bonneville—see the doings of the Red Man in 1099 as set forth by Orderic, and yesterday we came hither, stopping at Argentan—see the *Chronicle* in 1094. I don't know yet which day we go on to our head centre at Le Mans.

I saw Dr. Mackenzie in London, who reported me to be wonderfully better, as indeed I feel. I am amazed to find how I can get about. Only I have to carry about a stock of bottles and boxes, which is a new thing for me—only I get them packed by Charles Parker (son of James, grandson of C. B. and Officer of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus) whom his father has brought to make photographs, &c. I met Paul Friedmann, *ὁ συμφρουδοκτόνος* [1], at Johnny's. He has any number of boxes of documents about Philip and Mary; all Froude-smiting. We hope he will make a big book of them. Then there is one Meline, whom Goldwin Smith recommends, who has taken up the Mary Stewart part [2]. But none of us will be hearkened to by the general reader—Meline least of all, as his book is put forth by a 'Catholic Publication Society.'

. . . Somehow in the kirks here they weary me with their side altars, and provoke me to displeasure with their images. Anselm's religion is another thing; this is so babyish. Can you fancy Lanfranc leading William the Great up to an altar with dolls and flower-pots? I say anathema unto them. If Fowler buys hides at Lisieux, sure he ought to get some here at Alençon. 'Hides, hides from the tanner.' I don't a bit believe in Planché's attempt to make out Fulbert-*abou*-Herleva to have been an honourable fur-merchant. The tanneries are such a characteristic feature, both at Falaise, and everywhere where one goes. I believe that we are running back to-day to Sagium or Séez. If the Bishop of Lexovia [3] be 'an unknown foreign

[1] 'The fellow-slayer of Froude.'

[2] *Mary Queen of Scots and her latest English historian.* New York, 1874.

[3] Lisieux.

ecclesiastic[1],' how much unknowner and foreigner must a Bishop of Sagium be. Yet Serlo of that see at least knew how to crop hair with some zeal[2].

To Professor Boyd Dawkins.

August 3, 1879.

. . . Next to myself, you are the man who has the strangest things put into his mouth. See *Spectator* of yesterday on 'White Wild Cattle.' (Who is Mr. Storer?) 'With the extirpation of the Romano-Celts by the Britons and the predatory allies who helped them—coming with their families, their goods, and, according to Mr. Boyd Dawkins, their cattle—came the descendants of *Bos-Urus* to these islands.' Who are the 'Romano-Celts'? Who are 'the Britons who extirpated' them? Who are their 'predatory allies?' I had always understood you to say that, when the *Ur-John-Bull* came hither in 449 he brought his cow and calf with him. Modern legend-makers have no poetic imagination or they might say that a white bull swam to Britain with Rowena on his back, and that Hengest and Horsa came a-looking for her in the three keels.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, August 12, 1879.

I am strongly in favour of leaving the passage as it stands[3]. I see nothing untrue or in any way to be found fault with it; and, if you are to go patching this and that, just to please some

[1] An allusion to a passage in one of Mr. Froude's papers on St. Thomas of Canterbury, where the Bishop of Lexovia is mentioned as 'an unknown foreign ecclesiastic.'

[2] Serlo, Bishop of Séez, preached a sermon before Henry I and his court, in which he declaimed so effectively against the sin of wearing long hair, that the King submitted his head to be cropped forthwith by the Bishop's own hands. See *Norman Conquest*, v. 844.

[3] The reference is to some suggested changes in Miss Thompson's small *History of England* (more especially with reference to the marriage of the clergy in the time of Dunstan), in order to render it acceptable to the school authorities in Canada, where Roman Catholic influence was strong. In the end no alteration was made.

absurd sectarian prejudice all round, why you or anybody else might have to write afresh everything that you have written. I showed the passage and your alterations to a Roman Catholic guest, who said, 'Leave it as it is.' (But as he is the strangest of Papists, ever declaiming against the Pope and idolatry, and setting up the Lord Protector Oliver—of whom he says that a brother magistrate in Lincolnshire had never heard —you may not count his opinion as of much weight.)

I dare say that I have somewhere in my writings said something which may not be acceptable to the Particular Baptists or to the Church of Abyssinia. But I shan't alter it, unless it can be shown that I have misrepresented those denominations.

The English clergy certainly did marry very freely. Peter of Blois, on being made Dean of Wolverhampton, was much shocked at finding that the canons were mostly married, and that they commonly married the daughters of other canons. I count this as important, as it seems to show that the marriages were real marriages, and that—at least among canons at Wolverhampton—they were not thought disreputable. A priest would hardly give his own daughter to a connexion which was thought shameful. And you have read enough to know that when saints use bad language on these matters, it really means nothing more than marriage on the part of the less holy.

At the same time I do not doubt that the wife of a parish priest, or even the wife of Bishop Herfast of Thetford, was a different kind of body from Mrs. Drummond or Lady Arthur Hervey. But so is the wife of a Greek *παπᾶς*, whose position is something more than lawful, even compulsory.

Doubtless there was a strong feeling against clerical marriage, and that largely among the best men. But the different views of St. Paul and Gregory VII, and the practice of the Eastern Church surely justify what you say.

To J. Bryce, Esq.

Somerleaze, August 29, 1879.

I don't know in what part of the world you may be. I learn from 'Jupiter' that Tozer has departed unto Kappadokia, and has there climbed a mountain whence he could almost touch the moon. I dare say you are after some prank of the same kind

in Phrygia or Pamphylia, Pontos or Asia—how those lands must all have reformed under British protection! Both you and Tozer are worth too much for you to (August 31) go jeoparding yourselves in such places. I finally decided in 1877 that Akrokorinthos was quite enough for a moderate man. One's hope the other way is that you may have been kept within the four seas to talk to them of the Tower Hamlets[1].

I had a pleasant and profitable run in Normandy and Maine, where we took many castles. I had with me J. T. Fowler from Durham, who had never been beyond sea before, and who was therefore much delighted, and James Parker, with his patient and dutiful son Charlie, who came loaded with many burthens for making of photographs. We did not get to Gerberoi, or surely, enduring as the lad was, he would have rebelled Robert-like, and smitten his father, if not with a spear yet with a staff[2]. No, we did not get to Gerberoi, or anywhere on that side, for gout came upon me at Rouen, and my feet were vexed in the city of Rolf. So I gat me home again with all speed, leaving all on the right bank of Seine undone. The said gout was ludicrously slight, and went away in a very few days; but I could not have gone on castle-stalking. Otherwise I was wonderfully better for my frisk out there; that is, I was really able to frisk in a way which I can't here. But I went to Taunton and found that I had got my voice again, and so I expounded that 'her on Sumorsaetan' we be in a real *gá*—your High-Dutch *gáu* (of which you and Waitz and nobody else know the *verfassung*), while on Huntunscire, where they were last year—the northern one on Myrcnarice—they were in a scír, a department or thing sheared off[3]. . . . Is there any chance of your getting here?

[1] Mr. Bryce was a candidate for the representation of the Tower Hamlets in Parliament.

[2] Robert, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, quarrelled with his father in 1080, and appealed for help to Philip, king of the French, who allowed him to occupy the strong Castle of Gerberoi. William besieged the Castle, but was repulsed, and in a skirmish outside the walls Robert wounded his father in the hand with a spear. *Norman Conquest*, iv. 646-48.

[3] This address on 'The Shire and the Gá,' delivered at Taunton, August 7, 1879, to the Archaeological Institute, has been reprinted in

It seems so easy to me that you should, and seemingly so hard to you, among dining, and dancing, and lecturing, and Alp-climbing, and Tower-Hamleting. I never see you to speak to.

I want you to tell me about many things, specially of one about which I have a great curiosity. What does all this mean about whether life is worth living, and the melancholy of educated Englishmen, and being jaded and in a hurry and what not? You, who are the darling of Society, must surely know. To me, it gives me no idea except that people must have upset their heads, hearts, and bellies by mewing themselves up in streets and squares instead of sitting—I was going to say under one's own elm and cedar, only this year one can't do it[1]. If I ever want to stir, as I often do now—though I did June 1878, June 1879—'tis to get quite away to Greece, Sicily, Dalmatia—there is somehow a magic about all those parts. Normandy and Maine are something quite different—very pleasant and interesting *business*, but, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί, not like moonlight among the isles of Hadria or the sun βασιλεύων—do you know what that is?—behind Kronin. The unlucky thing is that I have so crippled myself by cutting *Saturday Review* and *P. M. G.* that I can't do that kind of thing or hardly anything else. I wish some good old Danielis would leave me her estate—if in Peloponnesus it might not be so valuable as it was then. Really, for that old girl to leave 3000 slaves—Slaves, I suspect, as well as slaves—and for Philosopher Leo to plant them bodily as a colony is, in its way, one of the grandest notions I know of[2].

English Towns and Districts, p. 103. See also on this subject *Norman Conquest*, i. pp. 48, 570, ed. 3.

[1] The summer of 1879 was very wet.

[2] The Emperor Basil I, A.D. 867–886, when a young man in a humble condition of life, was patronised by a rich old lady named Danielis. After he became Emperor she lavished costly presents on him, and after his death made his successor, Leo VI (the philosopher), her sole heir. He enfranchised 3,000 of the slaves whom she had bequeathed to him, and settled them in Apulia. See Finlay's *History of Greece* (ed. by Tozer), ii. 230, 253–255.

To the Rev. J. T. Fowler.

November 3, 1879.

I have been much struck with those churches of mixed style, Renaissance with Gothic traces about them—of which there are so many in France, and so few in England. The great example is St. Eustace at Paris, where we were yesterday, which produces the perfect effect of a tip-top Gothic minster, with not a scrap of Gothic detail except some poor tracery. At Pontoise we saw some of quite another type, fat columns with composite capitals, which one would have been delighted with if one had found them in Italy of any date from the fourth century to the twelfth. Some come very near to my notion of Parker, C.B., Dickinson, and others acting as volutes.

To Miss Macarthur.

London, November 13, 1879.

We have just come back, at least we came back yesterday, and found your letter among others. It had not crossed the sea. I have been skipping about by the space of a fortnight up and down castle mounds and the like, till I have got so much better that Dr. Mackenzie says that I must not spend the winter at Somerleaze lest I should get worse again. He wants chiefly to send me to the land of Ham or, failing that, to Cannes or thereabouts. For neither of these do I feel any call; I don't want to be sent anywhither, but I should not so much repine if Greece, Sicily, or some parts of Italy would do. But all is quite unfixed, except that I am to be at Liverpool next Wednesday. Let me rather tell you what I have been doing. First, I have stayed longer in Paris than I ever did before, viz. six nights, as also four at Gisors, one at Neufchâtel-en-Bray, and three at Dieppe. I believe we should really have done better to have crossed to Cherbourg and to have made Versailles our head-quarters instead of Paris, but I only found this out by the journeys which we took from Paris. Of these the chief were to Meulan-cum-Poissy, and to Montfort l'Amaury. I can't say without book whether the great Simon was born there; but it was the head-quarters of all Simons and Almarics, truly a strong mount, but only a mount, not

girded of a deep ditch, Norman fashion. Of the church there is only one bit that Simon could have seen; they have kept one side of the mid-tower. Most of it is late, rich with stained glass, but with figures, not of Simon and Eleanor, but of Catherine of Medicis, with two 'filles d'honneur,' and Henry III, their Henry III, with two pages. I think we stayed longer in Paris, because we fell in with General Read. They seem to have doomed the Tuileries proper, and are finishing the two ends. Nobody wants so big a house now—that is one good job. They have done something to Nôtre Dame, pulling down houses about her and one thing and another, till she looks like a model set on the ground rather than a real church. From Paris we made our way to Dieppe by the other line—I mean not by Rouen, but by Pontoise, Gisors, Gournay, and Neufchâtel —Neufchâtel of the cheeses, Neufchâtel in Bray, Neufchâtel that was Drincourt—in all these ways you may distinguish it from *Welschneuenburg* on its lake. Gisors and Dieppe we made chief centres and saw divers places from them, ending with Longueville and what they call Caesar's camp—you who saw me puffing and coughing and sitting down on a log would have been amazed to see me tripping along and running up this and that. I was less able to run about the steamer by which we crossed from Dieppe yesterday morning, for the sea wrought and the boat reeled to and fro, so that he who strove to walk on her deck staggered as a drunken man. I began to think that I had been hard on Bishop Hildebert for his horror at having to come to England[1]. But haply he did more than stagger, poor dear. I did nothing worse; howbeit my soul abhorred all manner of meat till I was landed at Newhaven and had gotten me a mess of pottage.

[1] Hildebert, Bishop of Le Mans, was accused of having encouraged a revolt against William Rufus, and of having permitted two towers of the Cathedral to be used as fortresses by the rebels. After the siege and capture of Le Mans by William, the Bishop was offered the alternative of pulling down the obnoxious towers or of accompanying the King to England. He chose the latter, although he greatly dreaded the perils of the sea. See *Reign of William Rufus*, ii. 297.

To the Rev. Dr. Allon.

Somerleaze, January 22, 1880.

. . . I don't know Laud's line very minutely, but I have had occasion to look at some of the documents, and I have often thought about it. Whether one admires or condemns him, Macaulay's mere contempt is certainly out of place. Remember, in his main ritual point he succeeded. For two hundred years every English church has been arranged as he would have it, no party objecting, and that though the rubric still allows the other arrangement. Also, as you say, there was a liberal side to him. I suspect that he was much less strait-laced about pure dogma than either his supporters or his enemies. His notion of Church and State would suit no side now, it seems to have been the Byzantine notion of making the sovereign the chief power *within the Church*, not *without it*. But there must have been some special twist in him. People hated the man himself, beyond anything that he said or did. He seems to have had an unpleasant way of doing everything, which offended people more than the things which were done. For instance, how he *bothered* everybody to give to St. Paul's. Set on the other hand a patronage of learning the most ready and enlightened going at the time. Depend upon it, he is a complex study, with many sides to him—not to be daubed off in a hurry by either friend or foe. You know Mozley's essay on him—it is Mozley's surely, but I have it only in an old *Christian Remembrancer*[1], strongly of course on Laud's side; but bringing out many points very forcibly.

To ——.

February 8, 1880.

Dear ——,

. . . I have got further with the debates, but they have moved to Ireland. I must plead guilty to a certain tenderness for the Home Rulers. I cry out for free Bulgaria, and free everything else, and I have certain notions about Sicily; and I cannot help seeing that geographical reasons alone will

[1] January, 1845. Since published in *Essays, Historical and Theological*, by J. B. Mozley, D.D., vol. i.

always hinder Ireland from being joined to Great Britain in the way that the three parts of Great Britain are joined together. I only ask that Great Britain be not made a dependency of Ireland, which some of the schemes amount to.

. . . I am again full of Byzantine map-making. It is a wonderfully instructive process. I mark the Turk black, and it is cheering to see how much less there is of him than there was, 200, 100, 50, 5, years back.

To Professor Dawkins.

February 22, 1880.

. . . Your scheme seems very pretty, as far as I can understand it. But, if you are for me, will you do a very daring thing? *Spin your yarn in plain English.* As one of the vulgar public, I welcome the *Stone Age* and the *Flint Folk.* As having learned the Greek tongue I may take a shot at Neolithia; but how for Parker, C. B. and others who have not learned the Greek tongue? Tertiary makes me guess that two things went afore it; if so, *Third* would be plainer. But what is Pleistocene? A great lot of something doubtless; but is it mud or suppers or *communes* or what? Pray don't give us such words as that; they are not canny. Leave them to Dizzy and G. S. Venables, *Daily Telegraph* and such like, or let all that have any 'solidarity' with them go and 'take a prudent attitude in an autonomous province.' If you don't get rid of them, I shall 'vituperate you monotonously and reiteratively like the sentimental and irresponsible chatterer' that I am.

You know I make it a great point to insist on your matters being branches of history, not of hard names and bother, and I shall be delighted to have the chance of such an one in my team.

. . . I don't wonder at your being 'knocked up,' when you gad about like a canon of 'Poules' and write letters in trains. Don't get knocked down, which is much worse. I am getting mighty sprack, and live as it were with clenched fists at Jews and Turks, at by no means all infidels—for some be just men—still less at heretics, for without the British Nonconformist what could we do?

To the Rev. Professor Sayce.

Somerleaze, February 29, 1880.

I am glad you are safe back again. I saw you had been a long way off catching Hittites. Now as to Hittites—as also Hivites, Perizzites, any of them—the case for me, as a parochial European is this. As long as they stayed at Carchemish and such places, they come under my rule—'Let the potsherds[1],' &c. But, if they ventured to come to the coasts of the Aegaean on Agamemnones dagum þæs caseres[2] or any other time, then I must (March 7) know about them. I know that some wise men, your neighbours, are a good bit exercised in mind about these same Hittites. I am myself rather inclinable to them—as far as one can be inclinable to any non-Aryan creatures, because, several years back, before they became famous, I had something revealed to me in a dream about them, which seemed to show that Hittite would some day be a great name.

I lived through the winter fairly enough in parallels of latitude ranging from Montfort l'Amaury to Liverpool. The traces of the latter you have seen[3]; the former will come in the William Rufus book[4]. I withstood all threats of doctors to lay me in the Red Sea as a ghost, or otherwise dispose of me in Egyptian quarters. Yet I should like to go some day, specially to make out whether those columns at Beni-Hassan (I think it is) really have anything to do with our Doric. Mere likeness does not prove it; or one might fancy that the columns of the Mykenaian Treasury were set up by Bishop Roger of Salisbury, or that the little columns had been carried off bodily from the slype[5] at Worcester[6].

[1] 'Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth,' Isaiah xlv. 9. A favourite quotation of the writer in reference to nations or people of no historical interest or importance.

[2] 'In the days of Agamemnon the Emperor.'

[3] A lecture delivered at the Liverpool Institute entitled 'How the Study of History is let and hindered.'

[4] Vol. ii. 251–254.

[5] An arched passage in the east walk of the cloisters which divides the Chapter-house from the south wall of the great transept.

[6] In a letter to Freeman, dated September 3, 1883, Mr. Sayce pro-

Yes—I can fancy that feeling about age and youth. Ἕλληνες ἀεὶ παῖδες—but what bairns! 'For I deem the young barbarian,' &c., and if it was not exactly a Christian child, it was so *in posse*. I am somewhat eclectic among Aryan creeds, and if a Hittite should touch any land from Rhodes to Iceland, I am prepared to curse him in the joint names of Zeus, Woden, and St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Do I wish to be called *Dr.*? *Alderman* certainly of the two? Have you really been imposed on by some impudent impostor who advertises a 'Political Catechism by Dr. Freeman'?

. . . I hope you will soon repeat your pleasant visit of last Easter-tide. How I did chatter. Rhys the Briton has just left me.

To ——.

Somerleaze, March 7, 1880.

DEAR ——,

. . . Somebody has been putting out, 'A Political Catechism by *Doctor Freeman*.' Whether there is such a man I know not; but it is clearly meant to be, and has been, taken for mine. Yet I certainly should not teach any man that the three estates of the Realm are King, Lords, and Commons[1]. Nor should I describe myself as 'Doctor,' though many people have a fancy for calling me so. I always ask them whether they talk of 'Dr. Gladstone,' or talked of 'Doctor Disraeli' before his earldom. I know one who calls the Protector 'Dr. Cromwell,' arguing that his protectorship might be called in question, that his military commission might be called in question, but that his degree was good anyhow.

nounces very positively against any connexion between the pillars of the tombs of Beni-Hassan and Doric.

[1] See his book on *The Growth of the English Constitution*, pp. 97, 98, where the proper meaning of the phrase is defined to be Lords, Commons, and Clergy, and it is explained that the incorrect application of the expression arose from the fact that the Clergy in England did not, as in France, ever become a distinct Estate of the Legislature.

To the Rev J. T. Fowler.

March 7, 1880.

. . . 'Tis pity you are ganging after rites and ceremonies when you might catch a castle or two with me. Unless they have mended their ways at Laon since 1869, you will hear the shabbiest of Masses there. You go to Rheims at the wrong time—you should go October 1. Remigius' mæssedæg. I saw this in the mickle minster. . . . There were brought unto them from the shrine of St. Remigius handkerchiefs and aprons; and I hope the evil spirits departed from them, but that I could not see. But I wish you would find out about a dogge who made his way into the crowded choir, and, as far as I could see, never came out again, so I fancied that the Archbishop, who was there a-blessing of the human folk, had done by the dogge as his predecessor did by his neighbour the daw. But in the metropolitan church a little afore sunset, you will see the finest lights coming in by the west window that are to be seen anywhere save at St. Mark's.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, March 8, 1880.

. . . I believe I hate the British army more than any institution in being. My loathing for it is in exact proportion to my admiration for the men who fought at Senlac and Muratovizza. Forwhy, if you have conscription or *landwehr*, a man simply obeys the law; if the war is unjust, it is simply like obeying or enforcing any bad law. (I hate the game-laws; yet I fine poachers.) The fault rests not with him, but with those who send him. But in our army every man, officer and private, is there by his own choice. He is not consulted about that particular war; but he chose the man-slaying trade, when he might have chosen some other; so he is, what the conscript or *landwehr* man is not, responsible for being there. I grant that this is rather ideal; and, as circumstances go I don't rate the responsibility very high, if they only keep quiet. But when they came back, strutting and swaggering, talking as if they had done something to be proud of instead of ashamed, I hold that they made themselves accomplices with the Jew in the

murther of the Zulus. I don't quite take your distinction. I don't value skill or bravery, any more than height, strength, or beauty, unless they are used to a good purpose. You can't help giving them a kind of admiration; but it is as you might admire a bull-dog or a peacock; it should be kept distinct from moral approval. I think myself very lucky that there is not a soul in the army for whom I care personally.

I don't think the analogy of the counsel quite holds[1]. The trial is to be *according to the evidence*, such evidence as is brought forward in court. The counsel for the prisoner may fairly show that the evidence is not enough to convict, even though he is on some other grounds convinced of the prisoner's guilt. He does not pledge his personal belief; if he does, he goes beyond the rules of the game. The thing is that the rules which are meant to secure the innocent must sometimes secure the guilty as well.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, March 26, 1880.

. . . I don't think Davidson's account of me[2] is bad on the whole. And what he says about 'limitations' has truth in it. I have no mind for abstractions. I believe myself to be a pretty keen controversialist when I have any common ground of moral sentiment or of primitive fact to start from; but I can't go much behind that. If you look at any controversy in which I have been engaged, you will see that my line has been 'you admit A. If you admit A, you should admit B.' I should often be puzzled, if the adversary said, 'I don't admit A.' In fact, I argue rather like a lawyer than like an abstract philosopher. My dispute with the lawyers is that they start from altogether wrong facts; but I could only lead them back to right facts, while Darwin would want something more. But then he comes from Aberdeen, where they are so sharp as to outwit Jews.

[1] By way of apology for the soldier who must sometimes take part in wars of which he disapproves, I had suggested the case of the lawyer who has sometimes to defend a cause which he believes to be unjust, or a person whom he knows to be guilty.

[2] In *Eminent Radicals out of Parliament.*

To M. Bikelas.

Somerleaze, March 28, 1880.

No—nothing comes to me from Athens, not Ὥρα[1] or anything else.—So I shall be very thankful for the translation which you speak of.

In the first lesson in the English Church service yesterday came the passage about the sons of Zion being raised up against the sons of Greece. (Zech. ix. 13, *ἐξεγερῶ τὰ τέκνα σου Σιὼν ἐπὶ τὰ τέκνα τῶν Ἑλλήνων.*) There will be nothing done for the sons of Greece on the frontier or elsewhere till we have put down the sons of Zion, specially them of the tribe of Benjamin. Let us hope that this week may do it[2]; only I mourn that I have no share in the work, as neither Oxford University nor Mid Somerset stirs.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Eastbourne, April 22, 1880.

You see I am on my travels. I went to Woolbeding on Monday. On Tuesday Roundell came to see us; he *did* seem happy[3]. On Wednesday I took up Stephens, or rather he took up me in the character of the 'unus bonus homo' who was to look after Bishop William, and carried me the first day to Brihthelmston (tun? or stan? which is it?), which Strangford said might have been a decent place in the time of Brihthelm. The second day he carried me to this Eastbourne; the third is to be to Tunbridge; there he leaves me, to go to Rochester by myself, but there I am to meet Eleanor and James Parker. (Is not this vile ink? The best is Stephens' writing fluid; not my guardian, but somebody that makes it.) Our chief objects as yet have been Arundel with one tump, and Lewes with two. I never before saw a castle with two horns. (N.B.—Lewes castle I had not seen before; most of the others I had.) At Arundel the Duke (or there rather, Earl) came out and thanked

[1] An Athenian newspaper.

[2] In reference to the general election then going on, which resulted in a large majority on the Liberal side, and the resignation of Lord Beaconsfield.

[3] Having been recently elected M.P. for Grantham.

us for our help in his matter[1]. He is building at a frightful rate; but I fancy not spoiling the old part.

There are some parts in the house itself, as away from the keep and the gateway, which I take to be Earl Roger's making, but horribly messed. At Lewes we went up the hill, Blaauw's *Barons' War* in hand—we could not carry all the (Tunbridge, Friday evening) original writers with us, and Blaauw gives lots of extracts—and made out the battle-field pretty well, with much likening of the deliverer then to his successor now. Thence to Eastbourne, only to sleep, and this morning to Pevensey, where, oddly enough, I was last just after the deliverance of 1868[2]. I made out the mediaeval castle better than I had done before; that was my main point just now. Then to Frant station, and walked out to Bayham abbey, and on here, to do the castle, and (I at least) to get to Rochester to-morrow.

To the Rev. Dr. Allon.

Somerleaze, April 29, 1880.

. . . What you say about my not being in Parliament might very likely be good advice, if the question was whether I should refuse an offered seat. If I can have influence out of Parliament, well and good. But it seems to me rather a sign that, after all my work, since 1875, I have none, and that no man can

[1] The lawsuit instituted by the Vicar of Arundel to try whether the eastern limb of the church belonged to the Duke of Norfolk or to the parish. The case was decided in favour of the Duke by the Lord Chief Justice, Coleridge, and on appeal his judgement was upheld. The eastern limb had never been the chancel of the parish church; it had been originally the property of a monastic house, which was afterwards converted into a college of secular priests, and on the dissolution of this college, in the time of Henry VIII, it was granted by him to the Earl of Arundel and his successors. Mr. Freeman had written a paper, now printed in *English Towns and Districts*, in favour of the Duke's claim, arguing from the analogy of other churches. I had been engaged in transcribing some of the old documents upon which, as it happened, the case mainly turned, though I had no intention of helping one side more than another.

[2] Viz. the fall of Mr. Disraeli's ministry.

have any out of Parliament. Lord Hartington spoke what he really thought—doubtless not what Gladstone thinks—that it did not matter what I said, being not in Parliament, while it did matter what Briggs said, who was in Parliament.

I know it would be a horrid sacrifice to me to be in the house; but I was prepared for it. I did want to be one of those chosen now, and it was rather grievous to be forgotten, never once to be seriously spoken of, in the whole election. Now it is past, I care much less about going in again.

But what a relief it is, and the joy that there is whenever oppressed nations see a gleam of hope. This is true of the Ogre-ridden as well as of the Turk-ridden.

To Professor Dawkins.

Somerleaze, May 1, 1880.

I see that I have wronged you in one thing. You do define your hard names, only not in the place where you promise to define them, but much earlier in the book[1]. And I now know that the mysterious *cene* is neither mud, nor supper, nor a *commune*; not τὸ κοινόν[2] but τὸ καινόν[3]—in other words, νεώτερα πρήγματα[4]. *Pleistocene* was then a time, I presume, of novelties and Toryism, Austrian and Indian Empires, and all that, in which it must have been very unpleasant to live—I should think 1874–1880 was a Pleistocene period. Now we mean to go back to the old ways.

Whether you can do without those ugly names I can't judge, though surely Beastly (Deerly), Birdly, Fishly, Fishlizardly, would be much prettier and plainer to be understood. But, O professor of earth and bones, don't beguile yourself into thinking that arbitrary names of your own making answer to the names of early English things, or to any words which were understanded of the people in any time or place. I have touched on this in my Liverpool talk[5]. *History has no technical terms*—I half wish it had, just to frighten away fools.

[1] See above, p. 195.

[2] Κοινόν, 'what is common.'

[3] Καινόν, 'what is new.'

[4] 'New things.'

[5] *How the Study of History is let and hindered*, pp. 21, 22.

. . . What is found in Gibraltar is found in *Spain*, whether Romans, Goths, Saracens, or English rule in Gibraltar. Your phrase would suggest that Gibraltar had been from all eternity something distinct from Spain. So do the other phrases about France and the like. *Iberia* is ambiguous, there being another; *Spain* is much clearer. I know practically the confusion which comes of it, and it is most easy to avoid. It helps the very thing that I have to fight against, the superstitious worship of the modern map. You will find me, in *Historical Geography*, [by] *Spain*, *Gaul*, *Britain* to mean certain parts of the earth's surface, which alter not, save by a little nibbling and silting, as I saw the other day at Ebbsfleet. *Castile*, *England*, *France*, are mere political divisions which get greater and smaller at different times.

. . . I have just been making a pleasant and profitable round in Kent and Sussex. I have begun to doubt whether the landing of the three keels at Ebbsfleet was a gain or not, seeing the Brets have voted so much better than the Jutes. Surely Godwine has come back, and Simon has smitten the foes at Lewes. I was up on the place the other day.

To M. Bikelas.

Somerleaze, May 8, 1880.

It is indeed a deliverance, for England, Greece, and the world. The 'ascendency of England' is again showing itself, and showing itself for right; we have a chance of peace with honour, instead of war with shame. And anyhow the Turk will be driven to set free so much as he has promised of Epeiros and Thessaly. The next time I go into southern Europe, I trust to see free Ioânnina.

To W. R. Morfill, Esq.[1]

Somerleaze, May 18, 1880.

I really believe that I have been such a brute that I have not yet thanked you for your suggestions on the Baltic Lands chapter[2]. I have gone through them very carefully with those

[1] Reader in Russian in Oxford University.

[2] In *Historical Geography*.

of others, and have made some changes. But O Tzernibog and Perkuns[1], and the god of the Fins (whoever he may be) to boot, I am driven wilder than ever about spelling. I consult three oracles, say Delphi, Dôdônâ and Olympia. One says, 'spell 'em with a *f*,' another, 'spell 'em with a *v*,' a third, 'spell some (May 20) with an *f*, some with a *v*.' And you throw in a *w*! Will not the universal digamma serve all their turns, or shall we say, 'spell it with a *wee*, my lord?[2]' Left to myself amid these differences of doctors, I have chosen *f*; first, I am used to it, second, we never end in *v* in English, third, *w* is sure to be missounded. How does Mrs. Cross, née George Eliot, mean you to sound Ladislaw? And I think we have Old-English precedent. There is an Earl Wrytesleof, who, I cannot help thinking, belongs to your parts. After all, it does not much matter. I wish you had found some bigger faults for me to mend, as I am sure there must be plenty.

I expect to know the Slave letters some day.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, May 20, 1880.

. . . May 21. I am a poor wretch again, but I hope only for a few days. Truly I had waxed mighty and taken to climb hills and do anything; but I have somehow caught a cold and fallen back again. This will keep me from going to Trinity Monday, for which I was to start to-morrow, the President having asked me to tarry with him and meet the Cardinal[3]. This is certainly a nuisance.

You may have seen what they design for me at St. Andrews[4]. As far as I can see, I have a good chance of success; but I fancy there will be an opposition, and I dare say the 'Perish India' lie will come out pretty often.

——— must be an ass. It wants to confound the ordinary case of a lay rector and a chancel with the case of a separate

[1] Tzernibog is the Black god of the Slaves, Perkuns is their Zeus or Woden.

[2] See the trial scene in *Pickwick*—examination of Sam Weller.

[3] Cardinal Newman, made an Honorary Fellow of Trinity.

[4] The Rectorship of the University.

church, as Arundel, Dunster, and crowds of others. It is simply because Earl Henry did not pull the church down, like other grantees, that the question arises at all. But it is quite plain that ——— did not fully understand the case, specially Bishop Sherborne's document, which simply proves it without anything more. Stephens also told me a funny thing. In that document '*Major* et burgenses' are spoken of. Coleridge did not catch the reference to His Worship, and asked whether it were *Major pars*. The truth is that a question of this kind is as much out of the range of an ordinary lawyer as a chemical question is out of mine. But the Duke said a month ago that the appeal was coming on in a day or two, and I can't see that it has come on yet.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, May 20, 1880.

Many thanks indeed for the extract, which will just serve my turn in revising my Arundel paper of last year, which is to appear in *Arch. Journal*[1]. But that about Shoreham[2] is indeed passing strange. Why should they go and build them a parish church absolutely without a fellow in England? It is not merely the size, one might easily find a fellow for that; but the type and character, so wholly of the kind which one is used to find only in cathedral, conventual, and the (May 22) greatest collegiate churches, has no fellow, unless St. Mary Redcliff much later. It is a characteristic of England that it should be so. Have you not noticed that abroad? There is nothing in France answering to our great parish churches. When a French parish church affects any dignity it is by following the type of a minster, sometimes on a very small scale.

[1] The extract was from a letter of Lord de la Warre, in 1535, to Thomas Cromwell, begging that the Priory of Boxgrove might be exempted from suppression, and mentioning amongst other reasons that 'my parishe church is under the roofe of the churche of the said monastery.' This implied that at Boxgrove, as at Arundel, there were two distinct churches under one roof.

[2] Some evidence that the church of New Shoreham had always been parochial only, and never monastic.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Somerleaze, June 6, 1880.

You and I must have lost a great deal by not being at Trinity Monday. It must have been something like Josiah's passover, such a Trinity Monday as had not been in the days of Ingram, Wilson, or Wayte[1]. The Cardinal in all his toggery, and I, mea parvitas[2], set alongside of him as Honorary Fellows. I believe Bryce made a mighty pretty speech, though of course it was bungled (June 13) in the papers. I send you a lot of letters describing the scene. It was a great nuisance my cough coming on just then and hindering me from going. I am pretty well again now, that is, as well as I was before; I suppose I shall never be again quite what I was up to 1876. The absurd thing is that I have got into a way of looking to be always looked after, and I get bothered about such trifles.

. . . Harold and Alice were here with the grandchildren a little time back; 'tis mighty pleasant having them—three of them, young Edward and young Eleanor and Mary.

I am much taken with little Nelly toddling about with a still pure baby face. I do hope little Edward may grow up a scholar, that I may leave him my books and let them stay on their shelves, otherwise I suppose they must go to Margaret and Arthur. They be hardly divine enough for Thomas and Katharine, though I am reading St. Austin's work *La Cité de Dieu*, as I once saw it called to match Salviani's *Governò di Dio*, and I design some others of the same kind as good for the later Roman history.

To Mrs. A. J. Evans.

Somerleaze, July 14, 1880.

. . . I came from Gainsburgh to Manchester at a pull—by what looked at first so like the Lake of Bourget that I fancied that I had got into Savoy. But I saw mechanical dodges, by which I guessed—and I have found that the guess was right—that it was the reservoir which Manchester is a-drinking dry, and so proposes to annex Thirlmere.

[1] The three last Presidents.

[2] 'My littleness,' in contrast to 'his eminence.'

I was at a great crush last night, a mighty crush[1]. The lay Grace of Devonshire[2] seemed to take it very patiently and graciously; but before I got to his presence, I was jumbled up between the spiritual Grace of York and his suffragan of Manchester, of whom the latter was much the more becoming. Then there were divers and strange hoods on the backs of the men, such at least as were graduates—had I only known, I would have brought mine and my *red Gown* to boot!—and divers and strange top-knots on the heads of the women—philosophesses of the Lydian[3] persuasion I took them to be. A. W. Ward, though he has not, like Jacob Ley, two heads, yet appeared in two hoods, and sang a psalm of his own composing, which you will find in *M. G.* of to-day. (N. B. I did not hear him, being elsewhere in the building.) At last I felt a craving for ices, but when we got to the room appointed for them, Dawkins found out that the glacial period was over. I guess the women in the top-knots had eaten them down (*κατέφαγον* we say, don't we?). I would fain that Rosie had been here, or that I had brought Helen, or even that I had had Mrs. Arthur Evans to pass off as a 'dear little girl.'

I stay here over to-morrow, and then go forth to the killing of Marquess Robert[4] and Earl Hugh[5]—be not deluded into thinking the marquess a greater bird than the earl—in the parts of Gwynedd.

To F. Dickinson, Esq.

Ludlow Grange, Wavertree, July 18, 1880.

I have been into Anglesey as far as Penmon since I wrote to you from Manchester. To-morrow G. T. Clark meets me at

[1] On the occasion of the opening of the Victoria University at Manchester.

[2] The late Duke of Devonshire was the first President of the University.

[3] Referring to Miss Lydia Bekker.

[4] Robert, Marquess of Rhuddlan, rebelled against William Rufus, and was slain at Dwyganwy by British pirates in 1088. *Reign of William Rufus*, i. 126.

[5] Hugh of Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, also rebelled against the Red King, and was slain by Magnus, King of Norway, on the coast of Anglesey, 1098. *Ibid.* ii. 144.

Shrewsbury, a step on the way home. As you suggest the subject of Sheriffs, I may say that I have been musing on that subject also from quite another point of view. I was overwhelmed with the amazing personal splendour of the High Sheriff of Lancashire, as he appeared at the Owens College soirée, and yet more at the splendour of his coach and four horses, as they stood in the street waiting for the Judges. Him of Anglesey I did not see in the flesh, but I did see his coach, biga, not quadriga[1], differing much less from the coaches of other men than that of his Lancashire brother. Then I reflected that a little shire like Anglesey cannot be reasonably called on to supply either so many murtherers or so rich Sheriffs as Lancashire, and must put up with High-reeves who be not *ἐξ οἴκων τεθριπποφόρων*[2]. On the other hand, the Sheriff of Anglesey most likely sounds his *h*'s, which is said not to be always the case with Sheriffs of Lancashire.

It struck me that much more Welsh is talked in North Wales than I am used to in the south, often by men with good coats and hats.

To J. W. Ogle, Esq., M.D.

Somerleaze, August 8, 1880.

Do tell me where my Lord of Emmaus[3] is to be found—'stiff and rheumaticky' or otherwise—anywhere, I guess, rather than at Emmaus, where I am not likely to go. I should greatly like to bully him a bit; because it was he who used to tell me a wonderful story about the way in which bishops in partibus are appointed, and I want to know whether the full process has been gone through in his own case. It is a great joke (August 11) to remember that, when I was married, the place of 'best man' was put into commission between two, and that

[1] Two-horse not four-horse chariot.

[2] This must be a slip for *τεθριπποτρόφων*, 'keeping a team of four horses.' The phrase is adopted from Herodotus vi. 35, where Miltiades is said to be *οἰκίης τεθριπποτρόφου*, i. e. one of a family so wealthy that it could run a four-horse chariot in the Olympic games.

[3] His old college friend, Patterson, the Roman Catholick Bishop of Emmaus.

both are now bishops in different branches of the vineyard, to wit Emmaus and St. David's. He of Emmaus wanted to make a sermon declaring the duties of man and wife, instead of telling us not to be 'afraid with any amazement.' But my wife's father would not allow of 'a human composition.' But we had a human composition at my Kate's wedding the other day, and a mighty fine composition it was, from Hunt, whom you will have met at Trinity Monday. Our bishop did the other part. But about Emmaus, to say nothing of Patterson's non-residence, can a place so near to Jerusalem need a bishop of its own?

To Professor Ihne.

Somerleaze, July 30, 1880.

. . . The Czechs are a nuisance. I think I could draw a map as I should like to see things, but for them. Of course I, standing outside both, don't take as Gospel either all that you say or all that the *Beamish boys* say. I think I can see that it would be better, if either element were a good bit stronger than it is.

It is a truth, though it would not do to preach upon house-tops, that—politically speaking, not morally—if you go into other people's countries at all, you should eat them clean up, as we did the Brets here. Then they give no more trouble; if you do it by halves, they bother you. The most wonderful thing is, how you, that is some of you, Pauli and others, first ate the Prussians up, and then took their name. To be sure we do something the same, when some of us call ourselves *Britons*. To be sure some *Brets* are left in *Bretland* (as you have left some Wends in Lusatia[1]), of whom is John Rhŷs, Professor of Celtic, who, going in for Slaves elsewhere, holds that the Beamish boys ought to knock under to the Germans.

My wrath against the *K. K.* concern is the hotter, because they stole my maps of Dalmatia, which I was sending to Arthur Evans for his revision. After stealing the originals, it doubtless seemed natural to steal (Archdukes call it 'convey') the picture. But do you really believe that Austrian rule is

[1] See *Historical Geography*, pp. 199, 475.

doing any good in Bosnia? Have you not seen Arthur's article in *Fortnightly*?

. . . I have read through the first book of Livy and several chapters of Mommsen as my beginning—Can I get to Charles the Great by December? I can't stop before. 'Twas Arnold's point, and after much thought I am sure it is the right one.

To Miss Macarthur.

Somerleaze, Wells, September 7, 1880.

. . . I have been up north as far as Bamburgh since you wrote, that was in July. Since then we have had our Archaeological meeting at Glastonbury, where I think I fared pretty well as President. Only there is a certain anxiety in having to be always ready to make a little speech over a big cheese, an ex M.P., the Mayor of Glastonbury, and such like small subjects. It is more stirring when a parson tells you that he has not so many as twelve 'respectable people' in his parish. We had a house-full, or more than full, as Thomas and Katharine took in some at the vicarage. There were G. T. Clark, Dawkins, Fowler, J. Parker, Barnwell, and also Edith. The other Thompsons came and took me away to Dulverton. Before that we had Algernon Bathurst, son of my *antecessor*. He and Edith and Dawkins disputed much on the question whether life is worth living. Edith maintains that, at any rate, if as Dawkins told us, the heroes who were buried in tumps went on doing exactly the same as they had done before, it would seem that death was not worth dying.

. . . September 12. I have written a good bit in the regenerate *P. M. G.*[1] mainly O. N.[2], but a few longer things, specially a review of Hodgkin's *Italy and her Invaders*. I did mention you to somebody, but I am not clear whether it was to Morley or to H. Y. Thompson before Morley was made editor. The story of the change in politics is very droll. That plaguy *Historical Geography* is about done, saving the

[1] *Pall Mall Gazette*, which had changed editors.

[2] Occasional notes.

maps, which still hang about. I see them with Margaret's eyes; so I shall be sadly put about if she is called away before I have done.

To W. C. STILLMAN, ESQ.

Somerleaze, September 12, 1880.

. . . Your Austrian article and mine came, I think, well together, as they got to nearly the same points by such different roads. I think I can understand Bismarck's position. First, he does not want, at present at least, to cumber himself with all the Catholic population of Tyrol, Salzburg, Austria, &c. &c. Secondly, it is much finer for him personally to have Francis Joseph, Count, Duke, King, sham-Emperor, and what not, bowing down to him cap in hand, than simply to annex Austria, &c. Thirdly, there is a Dutch dislike to the Slaves, strong though not so strong as the Ogre dislike, which is pleased to keep a quasi-Dutch master over them—though there must be mighty little real Dutchdom in the man from Lorraine. I wanted mainly to teach people to avoid the confusion by which F. J. and the whole K. K.[1] imposture lives—talking of 'Austria' as if it were a word of the same meaning as France or Germany.

There is in the *Manchester Guardian* of yesterday a letter from Corfu describing the people as lukewarm, both there and in the lands which it is proposed to set free. The last are said to dread centralization and increase of taxes. This I can believe. Greece struck me as *topheavy* with Athens. But then I have a natural hatred to capitals—I have long wished to pull down London, Paris, Berlin, and (though not a capital) New York, in the general interest of mankind, and in the special interest of the nations more immediately concerned. To this list, from all I hear, I ought to add St. Petersburg. I should be sorry to have to add Athens. One man that I met in Ithaca, or more truly an Ithacan whom I met at Athens, is now Greek consul in Cyprus, and writes gloomily of things there.

[1] Kaiser Kōnig.

To the Rev. Dr. Allon.

Somerleaze, September 12, 1880.

Why on earth, if you were coming into these parts, did you not tell me, and come and tarry here, and do your Wells, Cheddar, and Glastonbury from hence, a much more natural centre than Clevedon? You knew that I was here, or likely to be so; I could not guess that you were at Clevedon. And truly, if you did Wells, Cheddar, and Glastonbury in one day, you could not have seen much of any of them, and could not have had much time left to come to me here. How much wiser, therefore, to have told me beforehand. But you London folk are beyond helping; you never know how to do anything, least of all to find out where places are. A London man always expects that, if I go to Normandy, I must needs go to London, knowing not of such havens as Weymouth and Hampton, Cherbourg, and Havre-de-Grace. You would all stare to be told that there is a direct route from Scotland to Spain, without going anywhere near London or Paris.

. . . Are not you encamped on a volcano? I am very much till Dulcigno and Iôannina are settled, and their settlement will, of course, call for the settlement of something else. Gladstone, I hold, keeps to the work bravely. It is glorious to see him leading Europe, even the wretched Francis Joseph having to follow, biting his Ogrish nails as he comes. Only how much better if Waddington had stayed in, so that we might have had two legs to stand on instead of one only. I dare say you have thought more of home matters than I have. I have a general notion that hares, rabbits, Turks, Jews, and Irish landlords would be well got rid of, and I trust Gladstone for doing something towards it. But I wish he was not encumbered with so many heavy earls.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, December 6, 1880.

I abhor myself for not having sooner answered your letter or thanked you for the one-volume—I was very near irreverently writing *one-horse*—Life[1]. That photograph at the

[1] A one-volume edition of the Life of Dean Hook.

beginning is exactly like him. I see you have found room for some letters to me towards the end. I have been looking a bit at the Life of the late Samuel[1]. There is nothing in it like (December 12) the *fun* of the Dean's life. People had some fun in the eleventh century—or I should lead a poor life of it—see Osbern's letter to Anselm[2].

. . . I look back to your letter of October 26. S. B. *is* a great friend of J. ——. What J. —— himself has believed or disbelieved since his High Church days passed away I have never exactly been able to make out. But I should fancy that, whatever S. B. believes or disbelieves, he does it more earnestly than J. ——. But I know that J. —— hates Unitarians, saying that they are at least as dogmatic and intolerant with their short creed as the Pope can be with his longer one. They have sometimes puzzled me. My late friend, W. A. Jones (who was first Rev. W. A. J., Unitarian Minister, and then W. A. J. Esq., Justice of the Peace, but who never quite put on the latter character;—there was something in his coat &c. which showed that *he had preached*), used to say prayers in his household which it seemed to me that Liddon might have used, and his hymn book had hymns which *I should have thought he would have thought idolatrous*. He certainly held Christ to be a mere man, son of Joseph and Mary; yet the hymns were very like prayers. I should have thought that, to deserve the name of Christian, a man need not be strictly orthodox—or what do we with Ulfilas[3]?—but that he must do something more than 'admire, respect, or even reverence the character and teaching of Christ.' Every intelligent Mussulman must do that and more; for he must acknowledge Christ as a divinely commissioned teacher, the greatest of such teachers till Mahomet came. But the Mussulman is not a Christian: for he lets Mahomet depose Christ from the first place. I would count as Christian—perhaps only in a kind of secondary sense—every one who held Christ to be the greatest and last of

[1] Bishop Wilberforce.

[2] See *Reign of William Rufus*, i. 374, and ii. Appendix Y.

[3] The Apostle of the Goths in the fourth century, who was a semi-Arian.

divinely commissioned teachers—I mean divinely commissioned in some sense which I can't exactly explain, but something more than that general sense in which you or I or anybody may be said to be divinely commissioned whenever we do any good thing at all. Is not such an one a Christian, perhaps not a *full Christian*; but surely Christian, as distinguished from Mussulman, Jew, or mere theist? I don't know whether this would take in S. B. or not. The events in these last five years have made me feel more and more that Christianity is *something by itself*, and at the same time that the differences between one form of Christianity and another are mighty small. Oh dear! if nobody had ever *defined* anything. I am sure there is a sense in which ignorance is the mother of devotion. I am sure I could not worship a thing which I understood. I worship just because I can't understand. And I do get riled with those presumptuous chaps, physical science people and such like, who expect to understand everything. And after all they can't tell me *why* matter gravitates, only that it *does*. When they come to their wits end, they cry out *Force*, which simply means, 'I don't know, but I am too cock-a-hoop to say that I don't know.' Now I feel that there are millions of things that I don't know and can't know, and that nobody can know. And that seems to me of itself reason enough to believe that there is an intelligence above our's that does know. There, I have been running on as I don't often run on; but you set me a-going.

. . . I hope your uncle is better. What a queer murrain among judges, as there sometimes is among bishops. But what I don't like is killing the offices because the men die. Fancy a land without a Chief Baron. And all the barons are to go. 'Tis like burning Domesday by the hangman. If they called him *Elder hoard-thane*, I could do without the Chief Baron; but merely to do away with him seems sheer love of doing away. I believe Dilke will some day disestablish the Portreeve of Longport: they have disestablished two offices nearly as venerable, the Senator of Rome, and the Gonfaloniere of Florence, but there still is S. P. Q. R.[1] on the dust-carts.

[1] Senatus Populusque Romanus.

To M. Bikelas.

December 6, 1880.

. . . I have thought on the whole that things have looked a little brighter lately; not only from what our friends have said, but our enemies also. What I fear is, that the Powers will propose to force Greece to put up with the deliverance of a smaller part of enslaved Greece than has been promised. This you should argue against on the ground that it is as easy to get much out of the Turk as little—he will yield nothing till he is thoroughly frightened; when he is thoroughly frightened, he will yield anything. This should be insisted on. Of purely military and naval questions, English or Greek, whether it is well to strike now or to wait three or four months, I am no judge. But I know this, that you will have to fight some time to win your proper position in Europe. Look at Roumania, which everybody despised. Servia too has gained by fighting, even though unsuccessfully. Another thing; promise the new lands *Home Rule*, and give it to *Corfu*, *&c.* Don't let Athens grow into the nuisance that London, Paris, &c. &c. have become. And εἴθ' ὤφελ'[1]—if Greeks and Bulgarians would leave off abusing one another under the nose of the Turk, and see that their policy and duty is to unite against him. The frontier between them is just the kind of thing for an impartial foreign power to draw. It is against human nature that either side should draw it fairly. I do wish I could find my song about ἡ Ἑλλὰς καὶ ἡ Σκλαβία, who were to join to the rime ὀρθοδοξία. But somebody stole the book. 'Twas by one who called himself ὁ Τουρκομάχος Ἠπειρώτης.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Sens, January 7, 1881.

You will see by this that we have been at Abbots Langley—Arthur and Margaret were at Nash Mills, not far off; so we saw something of them; also Dawkins came over one day. He has come back from America much pleased with all he saw and did there, and with some money withal in his pocket.

[1] 'Would that it might be so.'

From Abbots Langley we went to Knapdale[1] of the Millanidae, whither came Mrs. Humphry Ward with her Dorothy and Arnold; both they and the two small Macmillans seem far more advanced than our bairnbairns, specially Dorothy Ward, who seems to have quite a spirit of leading. Thence to Southampton to receive a blessing of Bartlett, who is working a church there for a season on behalf of a brother-in-law. But that blessing did not lull the waves; 'twas a mighty long and rough passage, so we missed our train, and had to stay last night in Paris, instead of coming on hither as we had meant to do. We have trotted round the city; I am a little disappointed in the metropolitan church, which is much smaller than I had fancied, but it is made up by a grand piece of the Roman wall on which I had not reckoned. We mean to go on by Auxerre, Nevers, Autun, back into the main Lyons railway, and so to Tournus. Thence, I fancy, straight to Turin, unless haply we stop to get a sight of Susa (not the fellow to Ekbatana), thence to Genoa, where we hope to pick up Helen and Florence and carry them on.

. . . What odd things people do ask! Do you remember the painter (Auxerre, January 8) who wrote to know what kind of weather it was on the day of the great battle, as if I should not have put it into my story if I had known.

All I can say about William's and Matilda's power of reading and writing comes to this. First, W. makes a bold broad cross, somewhat as I might make; M. a spider-leggy kind of one. Does this suggest that the use of the pen was familiar to them? I need hardly say that their making their crosses does not prove that it was not. But second, the chances are against princes of that day reading and writing, unless we have some statement that they could, and W.'s early life was specially unfavourable for study. His saying—or rather quotation—that 'rex illiteratus est asinus coronatus' might be taken two ways.

Third, of their children, Henry, we know, could certainly read, and most likely write, in at least three languages. But he was distinctively 'Henricus clericus,' W. Rufus was 'illiteratus.' Now here comes a difference. What is 'illiteratus'? Ignorant

[1] At that time the residence of Mr. Macmillan.

of all letters or only of Latin letters? Now in England this might mean two quite different things, for I need not say that there was much reading and writing in English, and some of it *may* have been (though Stubbs the other day seemed to think it unlikely) done by folk who could not read and write Latin. But *French* reading and writing had hardly begun even when W.'s children were taught; all that was done in Northern Gaul was still Latin. So there the two things would be the same.

We saw some mighty fine things this morning in the treasury of the church of Sens, though there is something a little grotesque in the vestments worn by St. Thomas of Canterbury, stuck out on a kind of *lay figure*. And we took a longish walk out to St. Peter-all-alive-'o (Petrus vivus, Pierre le vif), whom I might never have heard of, if I had not had a call to search his chronicle just before I left home. He has got things more like mid-wall shafts than are at all usual in Normandy and France; in Burgundy and Aquitaine there be plenty. But the wall is the great thing of all, ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὸ χρῆμα τῶν λίθων ὅσον[1]. I forget whether you have seen any of these places on the way to Auvergne. We have only got a glimpse of this Auxerre as yet—far more of a hill-city than Sens.

To Mrs. A. J. Evans.

Autun, January 16, 1881.

. . . You are working on through Dutchland, and we through Gaul; only just now we seem fixed on the slope—by no means on the top—of Augustodunum. We came on Thursday, and I am not sure yet which day we are to go on. I have been wanting for many years to come here to fit Augustodunum on to Trier and Spalato. But it is frightfully cold, and though it is good honest, dry cold, and not damp, it seems to have thrown me back a little and I am taking to a little more coughing than need be. I suppose it will pass away when we get somewhere warmer. We have done a good bit, and seen four cities. Let me arrange them in groups. Auxerre and Nevers

[1] 'O king Zeus, what a mighty mass of stones.'

have grown so that the Roman enclosure is quite lost. At Sens the Roman enclosure remains the present enclosure, the boulevards following the old walls, and there being nothing but mere suburbs beyond. Here the city has shrunk up, and there is a later wall a long way inside the old one. By this was I taken in on Friday. I trotted round the walls after my manner, but took the inner wall, and went on and on wondering that I never came to either of the famous gates. We found them afterwards a long way out, as at Rome. I won't liken either to *Porta Nigra*, which, by the way, I think you have never seen; but they are mighty fine nevertheless. I am writing a lot of things. First, I have sent a paper on Sens and Auxerre to *Contemporary Review*. Secondly, I am going to do this *Augustodunum* for *B. Q. R.*[1] to match Ravenna, Trier, and Spalato. Thirdly, I am sending *P. M. G.* divers shorter things.

. . . The finest churches, as far as mere beauty goes, that we have seen are at Auxerre; but I have a weakness for Nevers cathedral, which has a head, that is an apse, at each end, like Mainz and the amphisbaena, not like the great sagacious (Sagasius?) who had a tail at each end, but never a head. Also I never saw a more taking bit of Romanesque than St. Stephen at Nevers. The cathedral here is just what a church built in the *castrum* of Augustodunum should be—so much Roman detail hanging about it that one might almost have taken it for cinque cento rather than eleventh and twelfth centuries. The arches are pointed; but here that does not mean approaching Gothic, any more than at Palermo.

To Professor Dawkins.

Perugia, February 4, 1881.

I have been for some days largely among your friends the Lucumos. How comfortably they seem to have provided for themselves in the next world, each man with his dish. And the Lucumonic *bambini* clearly had some play answering to Noah's Ark—set Tylor on that tack—as appears from the vast lot of little figures of beasties, which were surely meant for that

[1] *British Quarterly Review.*

end. We were up on the top of Cortona to-day, and this evening we passed by Lake Trasimene with very little light, just as we passed by Lake Bourget some time back with very little light there either. But Bourget, of course, was familiar to me, and Trasimene I had seen by daylight. I thought of what you said about the reedy parts of Bourget marking the sites of lake dwellings. Is it so with the pre-eminently 'reedy Trasimene'? I thought of you also at Arezzo about the bones and tusks—ὦ Ζεῦ τῶν ὀδόντων. How natural it was, when they had got beyond the stage of calling them bones of giants, to think they were the bones of Hannibal's elephants.

To M. Bikelas.

Albergo di Russia, Rome, March 16, 1881.

. . . It is very dreary hearing of this diplomatic chatter day by day, leading to nothing[1]. Are they really so childish as not to see that all negotiation with the Turk is nonsense, that he will yield nothing except through fear of the stick, and that, when the stick is lifted, it is as easy to get much out of him as little? Or is there some subtle scheme between Bismarck and his Austrian puppet to which Greece is to be sacrificed? But what can your French writer mean by charging the English Government with a wish to annoy that of France. That is just one of those queer things which Frenchmen will think. I am very anxious to know how the Russian Emperor's murder will affect matters. It will, of course, make a little delay. The Excellencies must twiddle their thumbs for grief for a few days —a few days more for the Turk to strengthen fortifications, send up troops, and generally do abomination.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Albergo di Russia, Rome, March 20, 1881.

I am most undutiful to have kept your letter of January 30 unnoticed all this time. But somehow, as hardly anybody writes to me here, I hardly find time to write to anybody.

[1] Concerning certain territory adjudged to Greece by the Treaty of Berlin, but not yet surrendered by the Turk.

I try to live as nearly as possible as if I were at home, reading and writing in morning and evening, and trotting out in afternoon; only I trot out for a much longer time than I do at home; and one day we took a day's—that is up to dinner—excursion to Tivoli, *nato* Tibur. I must do a good many more such before we go.

I see that I wrote to you last at a very early stage of our journey, even at Auxerre, which seems a long time ago.

. . . After Auxerre came Nevers and Autun, where, on that favoured hill, we escaped the snows and blasts which seem to have vexed all the rest of the world. You know I had been yearning after Autun for years. So I have made a discourse about it to match Trier and others. I can't say it quite equals Trier, for surely nothing can equal Porta Nigra, but it is a wonderful place nevertheless. Then down to Tournus; you may possibly know the view of the abbey in Petit. Then, through much snow, to Chambery, Turin, and Genoa—there the snow ended, and presently began again, but ended at Lucca. But at Lucca was there much rain, which kept me from showing Eleanor one of my pet cities so well as I had hoped to do.

. . . I am chiefly busy with two things. The proofs of William Rufus come in. I got it so far advanced before I left home that I could do this. I wrote the whole text and most of the other things, and received by far the greater part. So there will not be very much to finish up when I get back to England. Also I am doing Little Rome for my own series, and am doing some part out here – just now the early part. It opens one's eyes not a little being on the spot, and specially going out to see the older sites which were something after [before?] Rome was: for

> 'Antennae was a market town
> When Roma was a furzy down.'

or, again :—

> 'Veii were a city when Roma was none;
> But Roma was rebuilt of Veii stone.'

I have picked up some people here whom I knew afore, and some new ones. Here has Bishop Clifford been abiding for many months; what the Paip may be keeping him for, it is not

for the like of me to ask: but he looks to be back with his flock at Clifton before Easter. Then there is Bowen—Sir George Bowen—not Bowen of Balliol, lately made a Judge. He receives very strange company, as Ouida and Layard. Lady B. is of the isle of Zakynthos, that μακάρων νῆσος[1], where they give one whole lambs and whole pigs, σώματα ὅλα καταγίζοντες[2].

. . . Then there is Mrs. William Grey, who lies on a couch and looks out at New Peter, and curses Hobart mightily, which is praiseworthy. Also a Mrs. Edwardes, who, they say, does not write novels, tho' *most* of the name do, but whose daughter gives one lobsters (at least their Mediterranean substitute, cray-fish) to eat at Veii. Fruffil[3] the Alp-climber is gone; also a young Barnwell, son of him whom you will remember with us last August; he (the father) has a hat and a law-suit. There is Bishop Sandford, of Gibraltar, who gave me a pastoral letter. I just looked and saw that it contained his travels; so I told him that it was not at all like the Archbishop's charge, but more like the Acts of the Apostles. Was not that pretty? I have made acquaintance with Amari, who *will* think that I can read Arabic, and with Henzen, who has on the Capitol the finest view that can be, looking out on Aventine, Palatine, and father Tiber.

. . . Is your Michelet's hanging *visible* or *risible*[4]? If you make an execution a pageant or warning, you must hang or behead to make a spectacle. If you put him away privily, give him hemlock, like the Athenians. But I don't see that the House of Commons is dying of anything—if you measure a body by its head, it must be more formidable than ever, as surely the Speaker has waxed something more than mortal.

If your small cousin despises English history and takes only to beasties, you may guide him through the extinct animals, as beavers, bears, *bos primigenius*, the cave-lion, and others that

[1] 'Island of the blest.'

[2] 'Sacrificing whole carcases.'

[3] Doubtful in MS.

[4] Michelet writes with horror of hanging as the 'supplice' which makes 'l'agonie *risible*.' Miss Thompson had applied this remark to the ignominious condition of the House of Commons in the days when Irish obstruction was at its height.

belong to Dawkins' jurisdiction. Above all, the reindeer in Caithness, tho' I see that somebody affirms they were only roes—good for rehbraten.

To the Rev. Dr. Allon.

Albergo di Russia, Rome, March 24, 1881.

. . . I have met a few people—among them Sandford, the Bishop of Gibraltar, whose diocese seems to be 'hoot mon, all aboot.' How will Hatch account for his evolution, which seems anomalous on any theory? I suppose ecclesiastical, as well as civil offices did come by something like evolution. I have always wanted people to see that the Pope is just the shadow of the Emperor, and that, now there is no Emperor, there need not be any Pope. By the way, what, on any theory, do you or Hatch make of the 'tame bishop'—it was a bishop, and a Scotch bishop, who taught me the name—whom the Abbot of Iona kept as an *ordaining machine*, without any kind of authority[1]. There the highest and the lowest notions of episcopacy seem to have come together.

To the Rev. H. R. Luard, D.D.

Albergo di Russia, Rome, March 27, 1881.

. . . I don't complain here except that I see nothing but a blank wall, and I want to see something—never mind what—to remind me that I am in Rome. I have got a little work done, chiefly at the early times, and we have been out to one or two places, as Tiber, Veii, and Fidenae for the first time, Tusculum for the second.

. . . I have just got the proof of the beginning of the Anselm and Flambard part of *William Rufus*. The years 1088-1093 are easy to tell, almost annalistically; 1093-1100 are rather puzzling as to grouping. I believe I am bringing out one thing as it never was brought out before, namely, the career of William of St. Calais, and its bearing on that of Anselm.

[1] The peculiarity of the primitive Irish Church was that Abbots were the chief administrators, the work of the Bishops being restricted to the functions of consecrating and ordaining.

. . . Yes; the apse of the patriarchal church—'Petrus nimium admiratur se[1],' and is always thrusting his cocked-up cupola in the face of his betters,—is to be built up again, but farther west, to make a longer western limb, and so to destroy the basilican shape. By Bishop Clifford's account, they profess not to care for anything later than Constantine. Much obliged to them for going so late as that. Michael Angelo—I would curse him save that he mended the walls of Florence—could not let Jovius' work alone[2], and so hindered Rome from having what must have been the fellow to Spalato. Clifford says that they just had a heap of money which they did not know what to do with, and so began to maul the mother church *urbis et orbis*. Both this Pope and the last were at that unrede. A Pope can't live without spoiling something, and writing up his name.

To W. C. Stillman, Esq.

Albergo di Russia, Rome, April 15, 1881.

. . . I am dreadfully troubled as to the state of things, I can't say ὁ πόλεμος ἑρπέτω, as I am horribly afraid of its issue; but neither can I cry, 'Peace, peace,' where there is no peace. I have done what I can by writing to English papers, *Spectator*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and *Manchester Examiner*. You may have seen some of them either in English or Greek, as I know some have been translated.

What will happen? Will anything come of a movement which I see is hinted at, for adding nothing to the kingdom, but giving a large autonomy—I hate the word in Roman letters, but I can swallow αὐτονομία, which I know the meaning of—to a much larger district of enslaved Greece? I should not quarrel with this, as my object is the deliverance of the greatest number of Christian souls from the Turk. Union with the kingdom is with me only a means to that end, though the most natural and obvious means. And, of course, the free and the half-free must join before very long, as they must in Bulgary also.

[1] 'Peter admires himself too much.'

[2] The baths of Diocletian, part of which Michael Angelo altered and converted into the nave of a church.

But the news last night and to-day is that the kingdom accepts the new frontier, only asks for guaranties and for something to be done for the brethren still left in bondage.

Have you any notions as to the causes of the change since the last Berlin Conference? *Why* have the powers eaten their own words? It can hardly be from abstract love of that kind of food.

. . . I gather from some of your letters that Crete is worse off now than it was when you wrote your *Fortnightly* article. The K. K. people[1] seem doing, according to Arthur Evans' account, all kinds of mischief in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Their one merit is that they keep the towns cleaner than they were under the Turks. I conceive the difference between Turkish and Austrian rule to be that the Turk comes down with a whopping bit of oppression now and then, but leaves you alone between whiles, while the Austrian goes on with a little nagging bit of oppression every day, and never leaves you alone.

To the Rev. Dr. Allon.

Albergo di Russia, Rome, May 1, 1881.

. . . I cannot understand why, because a man is dead, one should be expected to tell lies, and to speak as one did not speak a few days before, and as we shall not be expected to speak a few months hence. One says, 'Forget the past.' How then am I to write history? And, if I were a man of Macedonia, set free by Alexander the Liberator, and thrust back into bondage by Benjamin the Jew, should I be asked to forget the past then?

Can nothing be done to stop this idol[2] in Westminster Abbey? I object on all grounds. There is the general absurdity of monuments *where a man is not buried*, and the certainty that the monument will be a fresh disfigurement to the unhappy building on which —— has been working his wicked will for so many years. Then there is the more than absurdity of picking out a course of sheer evil for honour.

[1] The Kaiser König people, i.e. the Austrians.

[2] Proposed statue of Lord Beaconsfield.

If you make a *series* of Emperors, you put in Nero as well as Titus; if you make a *series* of Ministers, you must put in Flambard, Empson and Dudley, the members of the Cabal, and Benjamin of Beaconsfield, as well as Gladstone and Earl Simon. But this is not a series, but a special honour given to few. Why give it to the worst of the lot?

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Frosinone, May 17, 1881.

We are supposed to be on the way home, though, if you look at the map, you will see that we are getting further from home at every step. We left Rome this day week, in company with Horner—I think you have met him—and one of his sisters, who joined us some days before. We are having a regular good time among the walls, and are sleeping at rather out-of-the-way places, though we find them a good deal less barbarous than we had looked for. But the younger Volscians and Hernicans are clad, or rather not clad, in garments so ragged that we fancy they are never taken off, but are worn till they drop. Did not James VI and I, in his character of (Bari, May 23) the British Solomon, do something of the same kind? I have seen a good bit since I began this, specially this Bari, Benevento, Bitronto, and Trani, the last a place that one hardly hears of, but which has one of the grandest churches in Italy, a bit of Romanesque to rank with Pisa and Durham, though very unlike D., and not very like P. Since we got to these parts, we have been chiefly among churches, while in the last batch of places we were mainly after primaeval walls, and took houses and churches, if not as geese and turkeys[1], yet as something thrown in beyond the bargain. And here in Bari, of which I have somewhat to say as touching Anselm, we have been drinking the manna which flows from the bones of St. Nicolas of Myra. I am a bit wroth that the Papishes should have him, though many Russians and Montenegrins come to worship; so you will say that Horner was

[1] 'For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies;
He ate all and left none behind,' &c.
Ballad, 'The Dragon of Wantley.'

right when he described me to a canon or somebody of Ferentino as *eretico Greco*—himself as *eretico Inglese*[1]. But I confess that in this May month (though much more in France than in Italy), besides orthodoxy and Ghibellinism, a certain vein of Protestantism (perhaps only of Leo the Isaurian's iconoclasm) rises in me when I see the cities wholly given to idolatry—the worship not so much of idols as of dolls. N.B.—Is *doll* from *idol*, as *chiesa* from *ecclesia*, or has it anything to do with *Dorothy*? In *Spectator* times a doll was called a *baby*[2].

. . . (May 27, Brindisi). We have now got to the end, and we are to sail to-night for Corfu, and thence for Gravosa. At Corfu we have to change steamers, and we shall have a few hours on shore; so I find I am let in for a demonstration, and shall have to make another Greek speech. But, if we are at the end here, we were yet more at the end yesterday; for we took a run to Otranto, which is literally the end of the railway system of Central Europe (for the line to Reggio may be looked on as continued in the railways of Sicily), and therefore the station is put symbolically right across the end of the line, as a sign that there is no chance of getting any further. Surely no place has ever gone down so much as Otranto. It has barely 2000 people, but the most wonderful pavement of strange beasts in the cathedral, and the bones of them whom the Turks slew in 1480.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Off Antivari, May 30, 1881.

You say you carried my last letter in your pocket till it became yellow and tattered with age. As I carried your's, not in my pocket, but in my writing case, I have it still whole and sound, though it went from Rome all through Latins, Volscians, Samnites, and others, till it had made the *Iter ad Brundisium. Et inde tot per impotentia freta* till we put in at this bay,

[1] An heretical Greek and an heretical Englishman.

[2] 'Which [the French fashions] the milliners took care to furnish them with, by means of a jointed baby, . . . habited after the manner of the most eminent toasts in Paris.' *The Spectator*, No. 277, Jan. 17, 1712.

and went up to see the ruined town, utterly smashed by the Montenegrin siege of 1878. Still it has been something to sail along by the coast of Montenegro, to land at a Montenegrin haven, to be greeted of Montenegrin folk, to be corrected for bad Slavonic by a Montenegrin old woman, and to post letters with Montenegrin stamps (you, I fear, are doomed to get nothing better than F. J.'s[1] head), all in a land which when I last passed by it was under the Turk. It must have been a very pretty town, with good Venetian houses and churches turned into Mosques, and gloriously perched among the mountains. It need not have been so utterly ruined, only F. J.'s counsel stirred up the Turks (more truly Albanians) to hold out, by false hopes of F. J.'s help. You see the whole dodge—Spizza to be filched, Dulcigno to be given up to the Turk, Antivari to be allowed to be deluged, in order to be worthless. Now the steamer touches at Antivari, where there is next to nobody, and does not touch at Dulcigno where there are many houses. Gladstone did gain that much. If I took to stealing, I would at least steal something bigger, and not pick a poor neighbour's pocket of its hardly won halfpence, like the K. K. man.

From Brindisi we sailed to Corfu, there seeming to be no other way to get to Ragusa. (Ragusa, May 5.) You see we have got there. I was carried away to speak of Antivari out of its order. At Corfu I had a reception, ovation, demonstration, whatever you like to call it, which involved the making of a Greek speech. I and the σεπτὴ σύζυγος τοῦ φιλέλληνος Φρῆμαν received very fine wreaths and so forth, and wonderful addresses, but they of Korkyra do not shout like them of Zakynthos[2]. Then at Antivari Arthur met us, and at Cattaro Helen and Florence. They left us at Rome long ago, and have been staying with Arthur and Margaret ever since. We got here on Wednesday. Arthur and Margaret live in a little

[1] Francis Joseph's.

[2] In a letter to Dr. Allon, referring to the same event, he says, 'I had a reception at Corfu yesterday, as I had to change from one steamer to another; speeches, wreaths, and other demonstrations, but very little to eat. It is hard to harangue on cakes, ice, and lemonade, and I should have spoken better Greek for a piece of beef.'

house just above the sea, with many steps to go down to it. Having Helen and Florence, they have no room for us in the *piccola casa*; so we are quartered a little higher up, with a grand view over the sea from Ragusa Vecchia (Epidamnos) to Ragusa, and La Croma the island right in front.

. . . I want to see as much as I can of this side, as I am going to bring out a set of sketches from hereabouts to match the Italian ones. *Historical Geography*, to my great amazement, seems to have hit the public mind more than *The Norman Conquest*. I am also followed about everywhere by proofs of *William Rufus*. I believe I shall make something of that. Our dear good Dean came to understand Anselm better before he died; but it was a great pity that he spoke of him as he did. Church's book is thoroughly beautiful, and thoroughly accurate in all points save one. He makes Anselm the first to appeal to the Pope, while it really was William of St. Calais, a most important point. It is very odd that no one has taken any real heed to—Palgrave just notices—the history of William of St. Calais in the *Monasticon*. It has fallen to me to work it out in full for the first time. But there is a great deal to do about the red man in other ways, and I hope I have made a pretty good job of it.

. . . I have not bothered myself much with Ireland, Transvaal, and other unpleasant parts of the world. My creed is a simple one—the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the dominion of Wales, the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and (two things which are often forgotten) the kingdom of Man and the duchy of Normandy. Those make up the extent of my geographical patriotism; whatsoever is more than these cometh of Jingo. Englishmen everywhere to be sure; but Englishmen free from the beginning, as Miletos or Syracuse. *Prestige*, you know, I always like to have a pop at; I take it it has never lost its first meaning of conjuring tricks[1]. It was most sad at Corfu to look out at the betrayed land opposite, ἡ δούλη Ἑλλάς[2], left

[1] 'Praestigium,' from 'praestinguere,' to darken, signified deception by juggling tricks, and the word prestige was originally used in this sense, but gradually acquired a better meaning. See Trench's *Study of Words*.

[2] 'Enslaved Greece.'

δούλη to please the dirty greed of the wretched landlord of these parts. (Arthur has something to say about goings on in the *Bocche* just now.) I doubt not that Gladstone has done all that could be done as things go; but I shall not believe in the deliverance of Arta or Larissa till I see it. For ὁ Τοῦρκος τουρκίζει, μέλλει, τεχνάζει, ψεύδεται [1]—I am quoting my own speech at Corfu.

. . . I can believe that your diocesan book cost you more trouble than a much greater thing [2]. Jones of Bradford, I think, is pretty sure to work well within his own beat; though I found that he thought that the *barbara loquela* with which the Frankish bishop bothered the West-Saxon king (which was it?) was *French*. That is a most important passage. I understand it thus. A Latin-speaking man would either have spoken by an interpreter or else set to work and really learned English. But the Frank and the West-Saxon could just understand one another; a most unpleasant form of discourse, and of which the king was naturally *pertaesus* [3].

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Ragusa, Trinity Monday, 1881.

I certainly ought to be at Oxford to-day, as to-day it is (by reckoning of Trinity Mondays) just forty years since I was elected scholar, 1841–1881: a good deal has happened in that time. Still here I am. I might almost say, in the 'bussom of my family,' as besides our two selves, here are not only Margaret and Arthur, but Helen and Florence.

[1] 'The Turk plays the Turk, procrastinates, deals craftily, speaks lies.'

[2] A short history of the Diocese of Chichester in the series published by S.P.C.K.

[3] Agilbert, a Frank by birth, was made Bishop of the West-Saxons in A. D. 650, and administered the diocese for ten years, but the king Kenwalch, who knew not any language but his own Saxon, became *pertaesus barbarae loquelae*, 'very weary of the strange dialect,' which the Bishop spoke, and supplanted him by Wini, a native. Bede iii. 7. Agilbert, however, must surely have understood Latin, for, Bede says, he had spent a considerable time in Ireland for the sake of studying the Holy Scriptures.

. . . *Casa san Lazzaro*[1] is a very little house just on the rocks above the sea, looking out at La Croma, and with the city to the right hand. But they have made it wonderfully tidy inside, and outside they have vines, figs, and olives. Helen and Florence are quartered in the *piccola casa* itself; we old folk are nightly locked up in an army surgeon's house up many steps. It is a great comfort to get a cock with bread-sauce (after the manner of Siena), French beans unsmeared with some horrid stuff, and a genuine bag-pudding with raisins or currants—and other insular delicacies, after so much continental trash. But I think Ragusa is a hungry place and a sleepy. Lord Bath has been here, and fell more or less sick, and to-day he is gone away with Surgeon-Major Augustus Baker, late of the Servian army, who promises to heal him by taking him up to Cettinje to a keener air.

To M. Bikelas.

Spalato, June 19, 1881.

I have been a little way into Greece since I heard from you at Rome. That is to say, I had to go to Corfu to get from Brindisi to Ragusa, and my friends in the island were good enough to give me a most kindly reception, which involved my trying my hand at another speech in Greek. But it was very disheartening to look out on ἡ δούλη Ἑλλάς in that opposite coast which I said in 1877 that I hoped to see free when I next came there.

(Gorizea, June 24.) I told them that in quietness and confidence should be their strength, bade them neither use their arms rashly nor lay them down thoughtlessly, reminded them that, though it was sad that anything should be left in bondage to which freedom had been promised, yet, it would be owing to Gladstone if anything was set free at all. Also that I still hoped that we should ourselves see Ioânnina free, but that, if we did not, the boys who were standing by would. I suppose that was about the right thing to say; but one could not speak with the same *go* as in 1877.

[1] The residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Evans.

To the Rev. Dr. Allon.

Somerleaze, July 25, 1881.

. . . I think this Ecclesiastical Courts work will set me on seeing how such matters are dealt with by non-established religious bodies in America. As far as I have yet mastered the matter, it seems to me that the kind of control which the Court of King's Bench—as it used to be; they now call it something else—exercises over the Ecclesiastical Courts, must exist (in some shape) under any form of government over every set of men, religious or not, established or not; but that the appeal to the king in Council (or Chancery) is essentially an accident of an established body.

To E. B. Tylor, Esq., D.C.L.

Somerleaze, August 27, 1881.

. . . I have read some more of your *Anthropology*; notwithstanding the ugly name, 'tis mighty pretty and instructive. I see you make all man-folk one lot. My Aryan pride was hoping that some of the baser sorts might not be.

Do *you* like to be called Dr. Tylor? Do you talk of Dr. Gladstone? I do know a man who calls the Protector Dr. Cromwell—that's all. Besides, though several fools call me Dr. Freeman, no wise man does but you. I heard the pipe piped upon at Mykênê, but I did not think of buying it, much less of piping myself. Also I saw them that span with distaves, and I *saw* both the Hellenic and Servian κιθάρα; both were too feeble to *hear*. Ἄρειος πάγος and Μεγάλη πόλις are difficulties, certainly; but you get Ἀρειοπαγίτης and Μεγαλοπολίτης. Where is Ἄρειος πάγος now? I find that Πνύξ has been moved since I was there; so the Upper House may have moved also.

Fancy your going off to Ireland. I was interviewed of an interviewer the other day, who wanted to know what I thought of that island. If you and Goldwin come, I will tell you and Goldwin. To the outsider I say only that I was there in 1858, and then learned, ten years before Gladstone, that the Irish Church ought to be disestablished. Moreover, one might ask whether, according to universal right, we ought to have one law for Bulgary and Hermonye—I think Sir John Mandevile

spells it something like that—and another for Ireland. But I asked Robert Neville the other day whether, with his engineering skill, he could not bore that hole which I have long wished to see bored.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, September 11, 1881.

We start hence on Saturday for Manchester, to abide with Dawkins and see the baby—protoplast as far as his house is concerned. Then to sail from Liverpool, September 27.

. . . It is a wonderful look out, going over there. No, you need not be afraid that I shall stay there, I don't think I could abide in a land where there is no chance of either Spalato or Wrington.

. . . (Manchester, September 26.) We are here staying two or three days with Dawkins, before sailing from Liverpool to-morrow. It seems a great undertaking. But I remember how hard it once seemed to me to get to Spalato, and now it seems no harder than to get to Rouen; only a little further.

. . . I have got through most of my work, but only a very little way on my lectures. Nor have I done all the proving of *Historical Geography*, ed. 2. Some of the later sheets are handed over to Cox.

. . . The baby here does differ somewhat from other babies, having more hair, and yelling but little. They have stuck up some wonderful pictures in the Town Hall—Danes tumbling over pigs; a very young centurion; a tribune whose head and limbs point pretty well to all the eight winds; and the baptism of Eadwine [1], with Æthelburh and Eanflæd looking on, and Eanflæd clearly asking what they are doing to papa, as a clergyman's child, on first going to church, is said always to ask why papa is there in his shirt. But Æthelburh has black hair, and Eanflæd looks just like a modern Sunday-school child. At first I thought she was one; but I believe it is all culture, high art, light, and sweetness.

[1] King of Northumbria, baptized by Paulinus, A. D. 627. See Bede, *Eccles. Hist.* ii. 14.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

New York, October 9, 1881.

I have come West, but seemingly you have gone Wester. What can you want out on Pacifics? Sure ould Atlas his Ocean is enough for a reasonable man; I got mighty tired of crossing his stream for many days together. Something queerly sublime, certainly, in the feeling of being nowhere in particular, only such and such a latitude and longitude. Not only Meleda or Curzola[1] (October 10), but a dolphin jumping up would have been a relief, or one of Mother Carey's chickens—do you remember them in 1868[2]? But I managed to do some lecture-writing. We got here Friday night, and I begin at 'the Hub of the Universe[3]' this day week, and we hardly know what to do between. This seems a cursed city, all at right angles, like the new part of Bari, and where they charge the almighty dollar, where other men charge shillings, marks, or *lire*. I rather want to get off to Newport, R. I.[4]—I have a profound respect for that little state, which I look on as Uri swum across—as they say the season is over; so there may be less of the *fumus et opes strepitusque* of this place. I have long added this New York to the European pentapolis which, for the general good of mankind, I want to pull down, to wit London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. But on the map this city has a great likeness to Palermo=Πάνορμος, when it still was Πάνορμος[5], T. K. R.[6], afore the havens got filled up. Surely Palermo is as big as any city need be. My good Lyman from Yale (whose acquaintance I made at P.) met us at the docks, and I have seen a few people since, as Evarts. *New York Herald* sent an interviewer to me at home some weeks back, and his description, which is a good deal nearer to the truth than *Truth* itself, came out here on Saturday.

[1] Small islands off the coast of Dalmatia.

[2] An allusion to a stormy reception at Castle Cary during his electioneering campaign in 1868, the sea-birds called 'Mother Carey's chickens' being indicative of bad weather.

[3] Boston, so called by Americans.

[4] Rhode Island.

[5] Literally, 'All-haven.' See *Hist. of Sicily*, i. p. 250.

[6] Time of King Roger, A.D. 1130.

Thanks for all your advice. I remembered some of it yesterday talking to Evarts. I maintained that they had old things here, that Rhode Island and Delaware were essentially as old as Uri, and could not come into being now. And in one thing surely they might wax newer with advantage, yea in two things—the pavement here is frightful, and no old-world lawyer could put together greater rigmarole than Guiteau's indictment.

To Professor Dawkins.

Newport, Rhode Island, October 15, 1881.

I have been a trifle undutiful in not sooner formally announcing to you my coming to the New World, seeing you in some measure started me on that errand. But I think I sent you a *New York Herald*, containing my description as I seemed to an interviewer who went from London to Somerleaze for that end. The voyage was a bit rough at times, but really nothing very dreadful, though it sometimes made writing my lectures rather a hard task. I have by no means finished them yet, though I throw off at Boston on Monday. We did not go off to Virginia: now I am beginning better to understand American distances, it seems a good thing that I did not. We stayed at New York till Tuesday, and then came hither to be quiet under the shadow of the mill, baptistery, tower, or whatever the primitive building is. I saw a good many people in New York, and Boston seems laid out for all kinds of things. Then comes Ithaca, then Baltimore, then New Haven; then, I believe, a respite to go see Edgar in Virginia.

. . . My chief feeling is the strangeness of the lack of strangeness. I go hither and thither in Europe, and see really strange things; then I make a much longer journey, only to be at home again at the end of it. The really queer thing is the niggers who swarm here; my Aryan prejudices go against them, specially when they rebuke one and order one about. And the women and children are yet stranger than the men. Are you sure that they are men? I find it hard to feel that they are men acting seriously: 'tis (October 16) easier to believe that they are big monkeys dressed up for a game. And to-day it was passing strange to be in a church all pewed, baized, three-

decked, such as you will hardly remember, but such as were at Northampton in the time of my grandmother. Otherwise I am mainly struck with the slight difference between Middle England and New. But fancy driving boldly into a *fort*, and having to look about for the soldiers. Conceive that at Ragusa, where the soldiering chaps won't let the mayor walk round his own walls.

To Miss Helen Freeman.

Cambridge, Mass., October 30, 1881.

. . . So you have heard that my old enemy[1] of Le Mans and Rouen has followed me hither also, haply for venturing again so near Maine as Massachusetts. (But of the Maine here the capital is not Le Mans but Bangor; fancy quartering Brets or Helias in that fashion.) I got through my last two lectures nevertheless, and I really believe in some sort better than the others. I was indeed a pitiable object crawling up the stairs, not quite as at Santa Scala, but with friends buoying me up on each side; but when I was fairly in, propped up comfortably on two chairs, one for myself and the other for my lame leg, I felt more at home than usual, and spouted away, I believe with more effect than when I was standing at the desk other evenings. I think people have taken to me and my preachments, to judge both by the audience and by the newspapers. And there is very good company here among professors and others. Torrey and Gurneys you know. Torrey and his sister are two such dear old souls, living on together. Mrs. Gurney has a small niece called Polly Hooper, who says to her father, 'Good night, father; I hope you will sleep well, and that everybody will sleep well, *except the Jews.*' She dreamed also that she was chased by a lion, 'and it was a Jewish lion.' So I told her, if the Jewish lion came again, to call on Goldwin Smith, and he would help her.

We are off this afternoon for Ithaca. I hear that the college stands well on a bluff over a lake. But I have told the President that, though he has a lake, I don't expect to find a gun-boat ready for me, as at the other Ithaca, and that I must address

[1] The gout.

them, not as countrymen of the old Odysseus, but of the now Schuyler. Schuyler suggests Cuyler[1]; so here is a bit from my last lecture. 'Privileged as I am to be the grandfather of an American citizen, sprung partly of the kin of old Mercia and partly of the kin of the New Netherlands.' I doubt if any of my other daughters and granddaughters have been made the subject of such a public flourish as the still unseen Eleanor Lilian. We have got tickets for a sleeping car, and shall go by Syracuse, Lyons, Geneva, perhaps Rome and Athens—they are all somewhere thereabouts.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Ithaca, Tompkins Co., N. Y., November 6, 1881.

Is it not a characteristically American bit of nomenclature on which I have here lighted? But what if it had been Manlius, Romulus, or Ulysses, all names of places, to say nothing of Lyons and Geneva, Rome (Oneida Co.), and Syracuse, which last, like the other one, keeps St. Lucy's fair, and has a corrupt following of the Great Harbour in the shape of a lake. And is not there a lake here also, very fair to look out upon, specially by moonlight. That I can see (Niagara, November 11), but, as I am a bit colour-blind, I can't make out much of the tints or the hues which everybody talks about.

. . . My wife has brought me to-day to this frontier spot, and we have trotted about, been into Canada, and seen the sights. 'Tis truly a wonderful roaring and rushing of water, much bigger than Kerka, but I am not sure that there is not something more *federal* at Kerka, in the way in which many streams join together, and, as it were, go downstairs.

. . . I think I get on mightily with all folk here save railway folk, who are simply brutal, and often black to boot. But the freed nigger seems to have a fancy generally for making us feel our Aryan inferiority—I am sure 'twas a mistake (Philadelphia, November 13) making them citizens. I feel a creep when I think that one of these great black apes may (in theory) be President. Surely treat your horse kindly; but don't make

[1] The maiden name of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edgar Freeman.

him consul. I told a man here my notions of citizenship, which were these—

1. Dutchmen, High and Low, at once.
2. Other Aryans in third generation.
3. Non-Aryans not at all.

And I find many in their hearts say the same, though they make it a point of honour to let in everybody.

. . . It *is* queer having nothing to draw. The drollest thing here is the things that pass for old. But I am bound to say that churches and other buildings here are not quite as bad as I had looked for. Of things of some years back the average is really not worse than that of new things in England, bating a few of the best. As in England, they often make a very good row of pillars and arches, and then spoil it by some wretched roof. The churches are loathsomely pewed, and how strange in their Prayer-Book is the union of the most wretched meddling-peddling changes of good English into bad, with that grand Eastern liturgy which you might say in St. Sophia.

To Miss Helen Freeman.

Baltimore, Md., November 25, 1881.

. . . We have got a 'possum's skin and a terrapin's shell (November 27)—the insides of both creatures were both eaten, the terrapin by ourselves with the help of Bryce, the 'possum by the black boys at Sister A. M.'s place. Now you will ask what a terrapin is: for I knew not till I came into these parts, and for a while confounded him with Laban's gods[1]. 'Tis a small turtle or sea-tortoise, which is thought a great delicacy here, as are canvas-back ducks, to my mind not so good as home ducks. All names of birds differ in Old England, New England, and Maryland; so I have got puzzled among pheasants, partridges, and quails in different parts. New England partridge is really a grouse, and they *boil* him, as in *Romola*; and quail is many times the bigness of the poor little things you see pent up at Paris and elsewhere. (Do you remember the flight of them at

[1] See Genesis xxxi. 19, Revised Version, and margin of Authorized Version.

Palermo?) Anyhow, there is no mistake about wild turkey; he is a fine bird enough. The park by here belonging to the town is really very beautiful, with folksdeer browsing about, and folksquirrels (grey) running up the trees—also a few beasts in cages, from which I 've learned somewhat.

We have both done somewhat of dining here, I a little more than your mother. She enjoys the Baltimore oysters which, like all other oysters, I can't swallow; one fashion is, instead of puddings, &c., to give you vast quantities of ices, as though the glacial period had come back—but after dinner no tea, which is very cruel. I don't like the multitude of darkies here, far more, as is but natural, than further north. But they are of all kinds —among the boys at the home some hardly differ from apes, while others I should be not unwilling to acknowledge for Aryans.

. . . We did not see Longfellow; for he was laid up sick, but your mother was in his house, an old one as things count here, that is, before Independence. Nor did we see Winthrop (who has been at our house), as he was *orating* at York Town. Indeed, I missed several, both things and people, at Boston-cum-Cambridge, through my gout. There are not so many swells here at Baltimore as at the 'Hub of the Universe'[1]; but we have made some pleasant acquaintances here—judges, professors, and others. Johns Hopkins, his University, seems to be doing very good work.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

New Haven, Connecticut, December 4, 1881.

We have now seen a little of the New World. Some of our doings I find that you have heard of from them that stayed behind. This last formula has, in my lectures delivered at Boston and Baltimore, two senses, according to the context, that is, either them that stayed in the oldest England in the fifth century, or them that stayed in Middle England in the seventeenth. Before I come to the verb πράττειν[2], let us see to πάσχειν[3]. First, the daemon podagra[4] which seized on me at

[1] Boston. [2] 'To do.' [3] 'To suffer.' [4] Gout.

Boston-cum-Cambridge, has been altogether cast out, and I can wear boots as another man. Secondly, I (December 9) hope that the other daemon which was bothering you—*νευραλγία*, was it not? which I guess means *sinew-woe*—has by this time been cast out also. As you know of this gouty business, you will have followed up to about the end of us at Boston-cum-Cambridge. I was tucked up somehow to preach my last two lectures at Boston, and tucked up again somehow to go right away to Ithaca, N. Y., largely in the dark; so we missed a sight of Albany and a fifth sight of Rome (Oneida Co.). But we saw Syracuse, Lyons, and Geneva, changing trains for Geneva at Lyons, not wholly unlike real life, this last. Geneva becomingly[1] has a lake, and Syracuse also; the latter, it is supposed, being meant as a corrupt following of the great harbour. So at Ithaca we look down on another lake, which may be taken to represent the narrow seas between true *Ἰθάκη* and *Κεφαλληνία*. But at Athens, Pa.[2], the younger place as distinctly cuts out the elder in its railway and its river as the elder cuts out the younger in temples and such like. Romulus, Manlius, Ulysses (now Ithaca), Homer, Ovid, Tully, Cicero (two distinct places, as by the way are Athens and Attica), as names of places, are more wonderful still. This folly is thickest in certain parts of New York. Some governor, or commissioner, or somebody, is said to have trundled out his Lempriere on the face of the land. Here in New England the nomenclature is more rational. I don't quarrel either with Indian, English, Puritan (?), or descriptive names, but even here, a little way from this New Haven, there is *Westville*, a name deliberately preferred to Rockdale, which would have very well described the place. So I avenge myself by calling the folk therefrom West*villains*—Westvill*ani*; you could hardly form it otherwise. To-day we went on to Farmington, where I was, 1st, to preach to a great school or college of girls, guided by Miss Porter, sister of the Rev. Dr. Noah P., President here of Yale College. Fancy being sister to Noah—that suggests, of the

[1] The MS. has 'becoming,' which does not make sense. I have added the 'ly' conjecturally.

[2] Pennsylvania.

eight souls saved by water is it not strange that Noah had no daughters? But thdly, I was to see real New England farm-houses. I can't say off-hand out here whether there really were *Feormingas* and *Feormingatun* in Britain, or whether Farmington is the *town of farmers*. But, alas, alas, in the oldest of the wooden houses, where I went to find New England Puritans, I found Ould Ireland Papishes—Biddy—only her name happened to be Julia—instead of Hephzibah. The very pig, I believe, was a Milesian intruder, only I was presently comforted by a yoke of oxen, that had a distinctly pilgrim-father cut about them, and by a most primitive coach, six inside, or nine, if (December 11) you made a good squeezing together.

But I see that I have strayed a bit from geography and chronology. From Ithaca, N. Y.—(I boast myself that I am the only man who has harangued the folk of both Ithacas, each in its own tongue)—we took a run to Niagara Falls, and stepped into the poor dependent land on the other side. (By the way, you write as if you had turned Jingo; as for me, I don't count much for Bowen and the British Empire; I am for the English folk, here, there, and everywhere.) Fancy being a province and having governors sent, when it might be a state and choose its own. I don't know (save from Southey's verses) how the water comes down at Lodore, but I have seen it come down at Mortain and Kerka and one or two places in Alps and Pyrenees. Now Niagara Falls are certainly much bigger than Kerka; but I am not sure that I was not more struck by the rushing and tumbling of the water above and below the Falls than I was by the Falls themselves. From N. to Philadelphia by a very beautiful country, part of the way along Susquehanna.

. . . Thence to Baltimore, where I had to keep up a double fire of lecturing, at Peabody Institute and at Johns Hopkins University. Thither also came Bryce, to lecture to Johns Hopkins on some English problems. The problems were our chief political matters at home. He did it wonderfully well, and did so truly and indifferently minister justice between opposite parties that some doubted of him whether he were Liberal or Tory. He is now at Boston, lecturing on Eastern

matters. I saw him again here the first night we came, November 28. We are here staying with Lyman, Professor of Astronomy and Physics, whose acquaintance we made at Palermo in 1878. Being with an astronomer, we have had some private interviews with the moon and the planets Jupiter and Saturn, to say nothing of the dog Seirios. My talking seems to hit the New Haven folk off. (Providence, R. I., December 14.) Well, I have left them now, and got back into Rhode Island and Providence Plantation, where we were two months back at Newport. 'Tis my pet little state, matching Uri on the other side. This Providence is a big city, with Brown University (Anabaptist) on the top of the hill, which I have not yet gone up to—unlike New Haven, which, bating lack of old things, is the prettiest town one ever saw, avenues with detached houses and rows of trees, and the houses largely inhabited by the professors of Yale College. I have preached once here last night, and I am to preach once again to-morrow night, and then off to see Edgar, Bessie, and the Virginia creeper[1]—Eleanor Lilian by name.

. . . After Edgar, we go to Washington to see what the United States are about, having as yet (save going to sleep in a federal court at Boston) seen only particular states. I sent you the judgement of Gray, C. J.[2], in Mass., which I thought might be edifying to you, whom I have sometimes suspected of designs to make county court judgeships hereditary in the female line. They don't wear gowns and wigs, but Gray, C. J., is of so majestic a presence that he can do without; not so Brown, J., in Maryland, who would be better for that toggery. (He it was that caught me up to sit by him on the bench, where also I went to sleep as naturally as if it had been at Wells Petty Sessions—no, 'tis Petty Sessions no longer, but Court of Summary Jurisdiction; every name must be made longer and foolisher.) In Mass. the judges are just as in England, named by the Governor, and removeable only on an address from both houses. They sum up to the jury, and judge and jury

[1] His granddaughter.

[2] Referring to a decision of his against the claim of a lady, Lelia J. Robinson, to plead as a barrister.

both stand. In Maryland the folk choose judges for fifteen years, and choose—so the judges tell me—not so badly as might have been looked for. But there the prisoner has his choice, to be tried by a jury or by judge without jury. In the former case the judge does not sum up, and so is less than another judge. But think of him in the other case. I looked at Pinckney, J., with dumb amazement, as the only man I had ever seen who could hang a man all by hisself. N.B.—Maryland judges, like Göttingen professors, take you into a *Bierkeller*.

To F. H. Dickinson, Esq.

New Haven, Conn., December 4, 1881.

. . . This would be a grand land if only every Irishman would kill a negro, and be hanged for it. I find this sentiment generally approved—sometimes with the qualification that they want Irish and negroes for servants, not being able to get any other. This looks like the ancient human weakness of craving for a subject race. 'Tis grievous that the fine old Puritan New Englander should be all going westward, and Irishmen buying the land. When Dutchmen buy it, as often happens, I don't object. But about Ireland itself I strictly refuse to talk to interviewers.

In Church matters, I wonder more and more at the contrast in different parts of the Prayer-Book, all that wretched peddling with Morning and Evening Prayer, and then that grand Eastern liturgy that you might say in St. Sophia. N. B. We tried Congregationals in the college chapel here last Sunday. They have an εἰκονόστασις with holy doors (but no εἰκόνες) which gives it an orthodox cut. They have also a prudent preacher, who gave thanks for past benefactors to the college, and prayed for more. At Baltimore we tried black Methodists till their temple grew too hot, and then adjourned to black Episcopals. Both sang praises lustily and with a good courage; but a black choir in white surplices looked droll. If these half-men, and still more half-women, would, instead of a Frank dress, wear something of shawls and turbans, they would look one degree less grotesque. The Rector of the chief church here says that he was at Bath Church Congress, and thought he would

set up something of the kind here and did. He said that they wanted something where they could speak freely, for in the diocesan conventions he said—what I should not have expected—that they were afraid of the bishops, and that the General Convention did nothing but routine work.

This is a very prettily laid out town, with trees and detached houses, and good company enough, owing to the Professors of Yale College. We are staying with Lyman, their astronomer, whose acquaintance we made at Palermo in 1878. Last night he gave us glimpses of the moon through the observatory telescope—also of the *Saturnia regna*, with belt, &c.

I have held forth at Boston, Ithaca, Baltimore, and here. They are wonderful folk to listen, but 'tis very hard to get them to cheer or laugh, which is discouraging. On the whole, I don't count this land any stranger than Scotland, hardly so much. But there are some *Illaudabilia Americae*[1] for a new Giraldus to set down.

1st. They give you no drink-water in your bed-room.

2nd. They sit with the door of the room open.

3rd. They eat their meat raw, which they call *rare*.

4th. They call one Professor and Doctor. I was called *Colonel* at Baltimore, which was a pleasing variety, but only in the dark.

5th. Their roads, even in the towns, are worse than any in Swampshire. I tell them that I can't see the difference between republicans and democrats, but that I support any party that will take away the mud. How can there be purity of election, when you have to go through such slush to get to the poll?

The words pheasant, partridge, quail, mean, I find, one set of birds in Old England, another in New England, and a third in Maryland. The quail here is as big as a partridge; what they call a partridge here and a pheasant in Maryland is really a grouse; they *boil* him. I saw grey squirrels and deer in the park at Baltimore; these last are neither stag, fallow-deer, nor roe—very high on the legs. Wild turkey I have seen in a poulterer's, but not flying about; haply I may in *Va.* My wife bought a 'possum in the market at Baltimore; but I have not seen him alive. Foxes, wolves, &c. in cages only—different

[1] 'Unpraiseworthy things of America.'

from our's—foxes very small and pretty. At Newport, R. I., I caught a Katydid bigger than any British grasshopper, but less than the Italian *grillo*. 'Cute thing, she shammed to be dead. At the south, from the little I have seen and the more I have heard, the men seem to be settling down quietly, but women are as fierce as ever.

To the Rev. J. T. Fowler.

Somerleaze, Orange Co., Virginia, December 29, 1881.

I think I have sent you a printed thing or two from this continent, but I believe nothing in MS. You see that, as far as name goes, I am still at home, as my son Edgar has dutifully called his house after mine. 'Tis a lovely country, with the Blue Ridge stretching right in front like a greater Malvern. But it is very hard to get about. We shall never find fault with the worst roads in Somerset, after (December 30) what they call roads here. In fact, one has here the same privilege that they had in Scotland in the days before Marshal Wade[1]. Neither Grant nor Lee can share his honours—we still see the roads before they were made. 'Tis mud everywhere, in the fields also, so that it may be said of every man and every spot 'Potuit ire quo voluit *cum ista terra*.' Each time I come back to my son's land, I bring with me parts of the estates of his neighbours cleaving to my boots. The only way that I can find to get about in any approach to comfort is by riding on a horse at the pace of a snail. To-day has come the first snow to speak of. There was a feeble attempt a fortnight back, but it is not much to speak of as yet. So hitherto we have seen nothing of the famous American winter; two days back it was such summery heat that I began to think we had somehow got rolled over into Australia.

'Tis very odd going about in a land where there are no

[1] Alluding to the well-known rimes about Marshal Wade, who laid out new roads in the Highlands of Scotland after the suppression of the rebellion of 1745.

'Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have held up your hands, and bless'd Marshal Wade.'

antiquities, bating a few tumps so old that you can tell nothing about them. I am sometimes tempted to wish myself in Italy again. I must some day take you to the Etruscan and Latin walls. But our standard of antiquity seems to adapt itself to circumstances. Here a house of the seventeenth or even eighteenth century, seems venerable, just as one counts things old in England which would seem new in Italy. Of the churches of all persuasions the less I tell you the better; it would vex your soul too much. There be also synagogues, but I have not visited them, though I have dined with one Jew and seen another in a train.

I don't know whether *William Rufus* is out. When I last heard of him, he was waiting for his index from Ragusa[1]—I found one Fiske, a professor at Ithaca, who put me up to some things about King Magnus. I found one the other day who knew of Lindesey, but did not know what I meant by distinguishing Boston in *Holland* from Boston, Mass. On the other hand, I have been asked whether County (gá) of Somerset was called from the Dukes thereof! I have also a tale of a lad at Harvard, whom they plucked for this, for which I should have passed him as uncommon sharp—'Why were the *pontifices* so called?' 'From their care of the making of bridges, as we say in English an *Arch*bishop.'

To Professor Dawkins.

Virginia, December 29, 1881.

Truly this is the first Christmas that we have been in Virginia; but it is not the first winter that we have been in *Piedmont*. I don't know whether you know this country, but that is the name which has fixed itself on the valley between this and the Blue Ridge, the main object in the scenery here. We are in a wooden house with Edgar and his Bessie and their Eleanor Lilian, Bessie's mother, brother, and half-sister, half aunt (December 30) therefore to our granddaughter, and fittingly only half the height of her whole mother. 'Tis a very fine country, and Edgar is in better quarters than I expected to find him, but

[1] Where Mr. Freeman's daughter, Mrs. Evans, who made the index, was then residing.

he has a vast deal to do, and it is a trifle queer with nigger servants and the like.

. . . I am beginning to have a doubt on the subject of shoes. The bairn-bairn has such pretty thumbs and fingers on her hind feet, and she grasps so well with them that it seems a pity to put them in prison. But it is an anthropo whatever it is to see her in the arms of her black nurse Tabby[1], and yet more in those of a Topsy girl whom Edgar calls 'Two Dollars.'

To the Rev. T. S. Holmes[2].

Va. January 7, 1882.

My dear Tom,

. . . I have not heard much of the working of the dis-established Church—here in Virginia it is strictly the *dis*-established Church; not so in Mass. and Conn. where, while they had an establishment, it was Congregational. I have seen no bishop to talk to, and only one or two presbyters. The 'rector' here has not shown himself at New Somerleaze. But I fancy they are a good bit under the thumbs of the vestrymen. The church at Rapid Ann is a poor concern, with pews which make me better understand the saying of the psalmist about the wickedness of one's heels[3]. There is no way of arranging that part of one's frame so as to allow of kneeling, save by altogether turning one's nose the wrong way. Here they are free, as also in the ritualistic church at Baltimore; but generally all persuasions, papists and all, delight in the extreme foulness of doors, rents, brass-plates, and such like abominations, which reach their height in the old Episcopal church at Newport, R. I.

[1] The infant habit of grasping with the feet is here supposed to be derived from ancestors who lived in trees and were 'anthropo' (i.e. human) somebodies. Probably the word intended, which he purposely leaves incomplete owing to his dislike of long compound technical terms, was 'anthropomorphic,' human-shaped.

[2] His son-in-law, the Vicar of Wookey.

[3] Ps. xlix. 5, 'When the wickedness of my heels compasseth me round about.'

. . . After what I wrote a page or two back, the parson here, Claiburne by name, came here and we rowed him about pews and singing. But I learned a thing or two. The vestry calls the rector and agrees with him for a certain salary. His tenure is formally as good as in England – permanent, subject to deprivation on any canonical offence. Practically, however, the vestry can make it very unpleasant for him, and they sometimes reduce his salary. This, however, they cannot legally do, and he can get a remedy in the civil courts. For the law regards all such engagements as contracts to be enforced. I have asked several people, judges and others, as to the relations of religious bodies (of all denominations) to the civil power. The civil courts have really—under the form of enforcing a contract—very much the same power as the King's Bench exercises in England by *mandamus*. People are shy of bringing, and the courts are shy of entertaining, ecclesiastical causes, but they may be and sometimes are brought. Remember that these unestablished churches hold a great deal of property in one shape or another. It seems to be usually held by the congregation as a corporate body. But among the Roman Catholics the bishop of the diocese holds everything—if I rightly understand, they have no guaranty but his good faith against his bagging it all himself.

In other letters written from Somerleaze he says—

I have a good holiday here, with nothing to do but write one *Fortnightly* article[1] and study the baby and the Turkey buzzards. 'Tis pleasant to be among fields, woods, and hills, with that grand Blue Ridge like a longer Malvern full in view whenever the haze will let us see it. I believe Eleanor has a picture of me to send. I was done both at Ithaca and Baltimore. Here I have drawn forth only a piece of word-painting, in that the blacksmith at Rapid Ann describes me as 'a jolly sturdy-looking old buck.'

[1] On Jowett's *Thucydides*. It appeared in the March number, 1882.

To Sir Edward Strachey, Bart.

Schenectady, N.Y., January 25, 1882.

. . . At Washington we abode about ten days, contemplating divers things, specially the two Houses of Congress and the Courts. I am inclined to think that there is some truth in what Andrew D. White (late United States Minister to Germany) said to me, that the Senate is as superior to the House of Lords as the House of Representatives is inferior to the House of Commons. It is likely to be so; as here the best men have every inducement to get into the Senate if they can. I have always thought it the good side of the hereditary nature of our House of Lords that it helps to keep up the character of the House of Commons. Certainly the Senate behaves very well, and the House very badly, as far as I saw them. I cannot but think that the keeping the actual members of the Government out of both Houses is a weak point, though I have heard it defended. It came into my head when I heard a member finding fault with the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Navy had no means of answering. The Supreme Court is the only body which keeps up some little pomp; the judges wear gowns, but not wigs, and come in with some little ceremony—elsewhere a judge looks like another man.

We heard a piece of Guiteau's trial (Albany, January 26), which has happily come to an end since I wrote those last words. It has been a strange exhibition. I can't help fancying that most British judges and that some American judges—Gray, for instance, who has just been moved from Mass. to the Supreme Court—would have done better than Cox, but it seems to me that more fault lies with the counsel. Surely the counsel for the defence ought to have thrown up their briefs the moment Guiteau began to talk; and I am told that such would be the usual American practice also. I don't believe he was mad a bit. He knew that he was shooting a man—never mind what man—and that so to do was against the law of the land. And that is surely enough. I don't care a rap for the gabble of mad doctors. Nor can one attend to talk of divine inspiration. Ehud may have had a message from God to kill Eglon, but you could not blame a Moabite court for hanging

him—if they only hanged him. The court in which Guiteau was tried is absolutely without dignity, as are all the American courts that I have seen, bating the Supreme Federal Court, where the judges wear gowns (not wigs), come in with some ceremony, and are generally more decorous. In the State courts a judge will come down and talk to you or ask you to come up and sit with him.

By the way, I saw to-day by chance in the street at Schenectady the last of the Mohawk Indians. He looked rather like the fop, Oscar Wilde—I never heard of him (Wilde) till I came to America—whom the papers make great fun of, but who seems to have turned some folks' heads. To me, as an unenlightened Philistine, it seems unbecoming that a man, an Oxford man, and the son of a decent father, should, like a ballet-girl, be photographed in all manner of odd postures—I have worded my sentence so that you need not think that his postures are those of a ballet-girl.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., January 29, 1882.

Can you fancy us quartered in a female college of Anabaptist principles? Yet here we are. 'Twas founded not many years back of one Matthew Vassar from Norfolk, who waxed rich by the brewing of beer, and spent his wealth in this fashion. This and Wellesley College in Mass. are the two most notable places of the kind in this continent, even drawing scholars from—shall I say the adjacent continents of Europe and Asia? They make the girls into Bachelors, Masters, and Doctors, which seems to me odd in matter of grammar; but I suppose it is *ἡ θηλεῖα τὸν ἄρσενα νικήσασα*[1], and that they are thereby as much above King Siegmund as he was above grammar[2]. Yet here they stoop to a *Carl*-President; at Wellesley all is of the *queen* order. The joke is that, by an act of the New York Legislature (where one would think there must have been just then an Irish majority), Matthew the founder, with Tom, Dick,

[1] 'The female having overcome the male.'

[2] Siegmund, at the Council of Constance, being corrected for bad Latin, replied, 'I am King of the Romans and above grammar.'

Harry, and certain other, all *carl*-bodies, being the trustees or governors, were incorporated by the style and title of 'Vassar Female College.' Another act struck out the 'female,' a distinction which may be marked on the spoons of different ages. The lassies, called 'students,' learn all manner of things, Greek by accent, taught of a *carl*-body, a High-Dutchman, whose name I have not caught, and Latin after a manner which is neither here nor there by a *queen*-body, who bears the tip-top Nether-Dutch name of Goodwin. I marked her out, not knowing her aforetime, as seemingly the best understanding, when I was a-talking to them on Friday evening about the lands east of Hadria.

The Anabaptism of this place is not strict. The lassies be of all persuasions from the Paip to the Jew—there are some Japanese girls, but they have cast aside their strange gods, if they had any. More are Episcopal than any other; so if a bishop or presbyter comes by any chance, he is set to minister in full order; at other times the *carl*-President ministers anabaptistically after such fashion as he has devised of his own heart. Only to-night the small carl element was wholly routed; the high place of the chapel was taken by the queen-Principal—one has to make these distinctions carefully—who put forth a queen-preacher who praught of the women of Scripture, from Eva our grandmother, who sinned through 'positional' ambition, to Balkis, queen of Sheba, who was well up in a gorgeous mythology and in Arabian 'ideality,' and who looked well to her own physical, mental, and moral culture. Very hard was this 'teacher of maids and great doctress'—I quote some sixteenth century body whose name I have forgotten—on the matriarch Becky; moreover, when Eliezer found her at the well, she was 'a Jewish maiden,' which, on the part of Judah's grandmother, seems to fall in with my pet doctrine of advancing by going backwards.

. . . We abode at New Somerleaze well-nigh a month of weeks. I wrote a thing or two to send to England; and then, for the first time in my life, I was puzzled to find something to do. So, besides contemplating Eleanor Lilian, and certain turkey buzzards, I took to the reading of novels.

Ouida seems to have turned good in a story called *A Village*

Commune, a picture of local bullying in Italy, which, if false, should be shown up, and, if true, should lead to reform. If Ouida has reformed, it is doubtless due to the influence of Queen Margaret and Lady Bowen, who took her in hand at Rome last year.

(I fall back on a local remark; at dinner in hall there is, from the chatter of many girls, a noise quite unlike any noise in a carl-college—'tis like the chirruping of 72,000 grasshoppers, with their 'Katy did' and 'Katy didn't[1].')

. . . (January 31). Snow still on the ground: we had our first trial of sleighing yesterday. I think Oscar Wilde should have Gardiner and me on each side of him. I have asked Pinder to send you a Brooklyn paper with some more remarks on my clothes and on other matters.

. . . Guiteau is not mad a bit. I wonder what my two Maryland judges, who thought he was, say now. I have not talked about Panama, for I don't understand. What are those lines, not to cut through some place, '*Ζεὺς γάρ κ' ἔθηκε νῆσον εἰ' γ' ἐβούλετο*[2].'

Nobody can't do nothing never at all for Ireland—you can't help people against their will; that's what it comes to—let it go, let it go. Only nobody but Joseph Cowen and I say so; so it is no good talking about it.

To the Rev. Professor Stubbs.

Philadelphia, March 4, 1882.

. . . I met at dinner two old gentlemen from Virginia, one of whom very soon fell talking (March 5) of you. By his own account, he is the man of this continent who best deserves the honourable name of *Knewstubbs*; forwhy, he boasts himself to have been the first in America to *know*

[1] An allusion to a species of grasshopper called 'Katydid' from the sound it makes.

[2] 'For Zeus would have made it an island had he wished it to be one.' Herodotus, i. 174. *Εἴ κ' ἐβούλετο* in the original. The reference is to the Knidians who wished to turn the isthmus on which they dwelt into an island by cutting through the neck of it, but were deterred by the oracle here quoted.

Stubbs, as I boast myself to have been in Europe. For divers years, from his first reading of *Select Charters*—Waltham book he knew not—he had blown your trumpet—as I blew it on our side and Johnny's also—to a folk that knew not your name. But he was much comforted by my references to you in N. C., and he still worships you faithfully (so do all here that know you, but they be not so many in number as they that know Johnny). So I formed a high opinion of the old boy's wisdom, which was a little damped when he began to hold forth in praise of Agnes Strickland, and to say that he was writing a *History of the Court of Chancery*, and that he traced it up to praetors who sat at York afore the legions went away. In this last doctrine he says that there is nothing that contradicts you, ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐ πιστὰ λέγων, λέγει δ' οὖν.

. . . About the Commission, I have been learning all I could on this side about the relations of Church and State. It is a mistake to say that there is no Established Church here. 'Tis truer to say that Established Churches be legion. All sorts can get incorporated, and over all sorts the civil courts exercise the same kind of jurisdiction that King's Bench used to—if King's Bench is the right name, now that the courts have all been thrown into chaos or hotch-pot, or some such mess. What there is not is the appeal to the King in Council—οὐ γὰρ οἷά τ' ἦν[1]. I writ all this in a long letter to the Archbishop, with a lot of papers bearing on the matter that I had got here. I hope he won't burke them all.

To Professor Lyman.

Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., March 19, 1882.

I asked Herbert Adams, at Johns Hopkins, to send you on some St. Louis papers. One of them will show you how I was interviewed of an interviewer, who, as far as I could judge, hit off my moral photograph better than most. I have often noticed that not a few people seem amazed, first, because when I don't know a thing, I say I don't know it; secondly, because when I do know a thing, I speak of it as one knowing it. I don't know exactly what they expect me to do. Do they want me to

[1] 'For it was not possible.'

sham ignorance when I know a thing, or to sham knowledge when I don't know it? But must I not make some excuses for sending you a paper which bears on its very front the word 'Democrat?' I don't know whether Deliola will not set it down as a kind of partnership with Aaron Burr. But in Quaker City I was taught that the right thing was for the just men of both parties to join against the rogues of both parties. This they professed to have done, and to have smitten Bosses, Roosters, and I forget the third class of sinners—in their municipal election, which I watched with some care. At last I gave them an easy Virgilian tip, 'procumbit humi *Bos*[1].' We were three weeks in the city of Brotherly Love, which I diligently beat into their heads was longer than I had ever stayed in any other city, save Rome and Palermo, and longer than I had ever stayed in London. This last is the thing that seems to puzzle men in this continent. Those who can grasp the fact that I don't live in London, or in some other ugly mass of brick and mortar, still seem to think that I must be always running to London to look at books. As if, to take the lowest ground, money were not better and more cheaply spent in buying one's own books, than in buying railway tickets to go read other men's books a long way off.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

St. Louis, Mo., March 24, 1882.

I have, to my shame, two letters of your's before me, those of January 11 and March 7; but papers and cards had shown you that I had not forgotten you. I have been sending you a batch more from this St. Louis. We came hither from Philadelphia by a rather roundabout way, to take in Cleveland and Chicago. The last has certainly sprung up from its ashes in a wonderful sort. I liked those two cities on the lakes, and we passed through some very fine country in Pennsylvania, but (Cincinnati, March 25) 'twas stupid all across Illinois till we got to Alton. There we got our first glimpse of the Father of Waters, but it was too dark to see much of him then. We

[1] 'The ox falls forward on the ground.' *Aeneid*, v. 481.

saw more in crossing him by bridge and ferry another day, and yet more when we went on purpose on a steamer to *Abermissouri*, a thing which I had been thinking of all my days. There is not so great a difference in the two waters as I had looked for; they tell me that there is more at other times of the year: still the water of Mississippi pure and simple at Alton is certainly less muddy than is Mississippi-cum-Missouri at St. Louis. That is mud of a truth; but I don't know that Ohio here is very much better; and one has both to wash in them and to drink them. But the scenery about here is far finer; no question about that.

. . . The Chinese here are the exact parallel to the Jews in Russia, &c. If the Chinese controlled the press of half the world, as the Jews do, there would be a cry everywhere of 'Frightful Religious Persecution in America,' because of the bill which has just passed Congress. The only difference is that the Russians have punched some Hebrew heads irregularly, and the heathen Chinee has before now suffered from Californian mobs; but there is no religious persecution in either case, only the natural instinct of any decent nation to get rid of filthy strangers. There came 70,000 of them—the number sounds too Mosaic—to Quaker City the other day, and some benevolent fool offered them lots of land, I forget where. As if a Jew could dig, or fleece sheep, or anything but Christians. Yet in Quaker City itself are some very tidy Jews; but why? For the same reason that the Jews, while they bellow in Russia and Servia, make no complaint in Greece, and hardly venture to enter Scotland. Forwhy, Philadelphians, Greeks, and Scots are all quite as sharp as the Jews, while the poor Russians and Servians are not; therefore in Philadelphia and Corfu the Jew has to live tidily, and so nobody punches his head, while in Russia and Servia he preys on the folk, and they not unnaturally do punch his head. Meanwhile Aberdeen, sharper than all, abideth altogether Jewless.

. . . I can't find it in your letters, but I am sure you asked me some time how I got on with American women, because they wanted so much attention. I find it the other way; the elder ones seem chiefly zealous to put one into soft chairs, on which, when one is once set, it is hard to get up again. The younger,

as far as I have to deal with them, specially the two with whom I had most to deal, our own Bessie and our other pet Delia, are like fairies to do anything one wants.

. . . My patience was a little tried this evening by a she-antiquary, who would talk about *Septimus Sévĕrus*. Once when a boring man said the same, I answered, 'This shall sever us,' and walked away; but one could not do that to a woman in her own house. So I said Σεβῆρος markedly once or twice; but 'twas no good.

. . . I am much less hostile to your southern friends since I have seen niggers, specially at St. Louis and here. At the north some of them are fairly human, and speak decent English. Here, I am sure, Foochou, heathen and monosyllabic Chinee that he is[1], understands far better, and his intelligible gestures convey far more meaning than the grunt of these hideous apes, whom Darwin has clearly left unfinished. Their attempts at human utterance are not even like the broken speech of a foreigner, who will talk freely in his own language. These creatures have no language but English, and their strivings[2] at that suggest that the art of speech in any shape is a new thing to them. And to think that such beings are legally qualified to be chief magistrate of a great English commonwealth. Δότε μοι λεκάνην[3]. I saw Indians also at Carlisle, Pa.—less repulsive than niggers, but dumpy figures with dull faces. I had at least expected graceful forms.

To the Rev. R. H. Luard, D.D.

R.M.S. *Germanic*, April 21, 1882.

Have you ever given any attention to the Universities and Colleges of America, your Massachusetts namesake, or any other? Some of their ways puzzle me much; but I have a vague notion that some of them come nearer to Cambridge than to Oxford. They seem all to have a course of four years, each forming a 'class.' And the men of the same year seem

[1] A Chinese dog belonging to the Freemans at Somerleaze.

[2] Doubtful in the MS.

[3] 'Give me a basin,' i. e. to be sick: an expression of disgust borrowed from Aristophanes.

not only to go through the same work, but to be bound to one another by a special tie, calling one another 'classmates,' and seemingly living very much together, and not knowing much of the men older and younger than themselves. With my Oxford, and specially my Trinity notions, this is very perplexing; I cannot understand, and nobody has made me understand, how all the men who have entered in one year can go through the same lectures—*recitation* is their word, which at first gave me the notion of a boy *reciting* 'My name is Norval'; but I found that it meant much the same as a college lecture. We had at Trinity a worn-out institution called a *hall lecture*, abolished, I believe, since my day, in which men were thus grouped by standing, and the result was that the lecture was perfectly useless. I drove one once for, I think, two terms—the nearest ground that I can see for the amazing American and continental fashion of calling me 'Professor'—and I found that, if I kept it up to the standard of the best men, it was unintelligible to the worst, and if I let it down to the standard of the worst, it was useless to the best. Forwhy, there might be one man who was getting Irelands and such like, and another who had barely shaved through his matriculation. How they can work them all together I cannot understand. Then the phrase of 'classmates,' as implying a tie between men of the same year, puzzled me. I don't think my chief friends were of my own election, 1841, but rather of earlier and later ones, 1838, 1840, 1843, 1845. Then the names of the four classes are Freshman, *Sophomore*, Junior, Senior. It seemed at first sight puzzling why a man should not become a Junior till his third year; but I am told by President Eliot, of Harvard, that the older form was Senior and Junior *Sophister*, which makes it intelligible. Now at Oxford in my day two years' standing and passing little-go made a man *Generalis Sophista* (which qualified him for an Exeter Fellowship), and when one went in for viva voce at examination, the clerk of the schools threw a dirty stuff thing over our heads—we never wore it in chapel—which was believed to be the hood of a *Generalis Sophista*. Now I have a notion that with you—or is it at Dublin?—the *Sophista* is something more practical, or at least better known in common speech than he was in Oxford. Then I think you use the word

Freshman in a formal way, which I don't think we ever did in Oxford, though it was common enough as a popular word. And I know that 'men of such a year' is a Cambridge phrase, which seems to come nearer to the nature of a 'classmate' than anything that I am used to at Oxford.

The great puzzle is the *Sophomore*. Nobody seems to have any real account of his origin. I thought at first that the name was a joke; but I found that it was used quite seriously, both in formal and ordinary speech. It is a very queer word; but it looks as if the *Sophomore* were some development or corruption of the *Sophista*. Is there any sign of him by that name in Europe, or has it been altogether evolved west of Ocean?

What have you been editing, and what has anybody been editing? You have perhaps seen *William Rufus*; if you have read him, I shall be glad of your suggestions. The *Chronicles and Memorials* seem very little known in America; so that Stubbs has devout admirers who never read a word of his prefaces, which I venture to look on as his greatest works. But there is a school of good scholars making its way. Let me commend to you, even in his absence, my friend Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, as an inquirer thoroughly of the right sort.

To A. J. Evans, Esq.

Manchester, April 25, 1882.

. . . I don't know a bit how the work goes on in the fighting parts. Besides the other delights of your deliverance[1], it has released me from a dilemma. When Gretchen said that your release might be secured by the failure of the revolt, I was sadly pulled two ways, between my public and private wishes. Now that my dear Arthur is safe, ὁ πόλεμος ἑρπέτω till Francis Joseph has lost all his stolen goods.

I have sent Margaret or told her something of whatever I have said and written of your matters while we were in

[1] Mr. Evans had been imprisoned by the Austrian government for advocating and otherwise helping the cause of the insurgents in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

America. She can now write to me freely, and presently, I hope, speak freely, which will be better still.

Dawkins is very cheery as usual, but, as usual, full of work. Just now he is greatly occupied in destroying the order of nature, and making Britain, so long *alter orbis*, cease to be an island[1]. Goldwin and other wise men protest.

To J. W. Ogle, Esq., M.D.

Somerleaze, June 21, 1882.

I had a card from you last night, and another this morning, and the book itself came with the latter. It looks very pretty, and more in the line of ordinary men than medical things commonly are.

I see you get on the vivisection question. I said all I had to say about it a good many years back in the *Fortnightly Review*. I confess that I have been very much disgusted with many things that your brethren have done and defended, and with the swagger of many of them. Yet I never could quite throw myself in with the other side. For it seems to me that, if a man of real science has real reason to think that by an experiment on an animal he can find out something that will relieve human suffering, he has a right to do it. But surely it should not be done over and over again, for mere curiosity, which may degenerate into something very like mere sport. Nor do I think that the mere promotion of what is called science is motive enough. Put a case in my line of life. I should understand some parts of history much better, and I could explain them much better to others, if I could see a gladiator-fight or a heretic-burning, a crucifixion, an impalement, an embowelling, or fifty other things—I have seen a bull-bait, but not near enough to see either bull or dogs. Should I be justified in asking any tyrant with whom I might be on intimate terms to get up a show of the kind for me? It seems to me that this is exactly of a piece with the mere advancement-of-science argument.

Pray come and see us some time. We shall be away for

[1] By promoting the scheme of the Channel Tunnel.

a bit on each side of August 1 and of August 2, the day on which I was born, exactly 723 years (allowing for change of style) after the shooting of William Rufus.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

October 1, 1882.

. . . About Egypt I really have nothing to say; I have tried to hold my tongue about it, just as about Ireland. But I seem to be drifting towards two unpopular beliefs. First, That we ought never to have gone there at all; but Second, That having got it, we ought to keep it. Why did we meddle at all? What does it matter between any two barbarians, Tibni and Omri[1], Tewfik and Arabi? I was inclined to think Arabi the more decent barbarian of the two, as seemingly an honest Mussulman fanatic, with as near an approach to patriotism as is to be had in those parts, anyhow an Arab, and so at least inflexional, against a dirty agglutinative[2]. But then the Turk at Constantinople was for him, and that was condemnation enough. And then, when we had so grand an opportunity of going at the Turk at Constantinople, why do we go humbugging and bothering and asking him to help us, *thereby giving him a moral advantage which he will not be slow to use the next time we have anything to say to him in Europe?* Mark that, every time a British minister treats the Turk as an equal, calls him Majesty, regards his susceptibility, and all that, *the bondage of some bit of Christendom is prolonged.*

. . . But, being once there, having put down one barbarian and set up another, do we not contract some kind of duty towards the people of Egypt? Had we kept out, we should not have been responsible for anybody; now we are responsible for the tyrant of our own setting up. And can we ever keep any barbarian at all in decent order? Will not Tewfik begin to thumbscrew and *keelhaul*[3], and the people to revolt, the moment the British troops are withdrawn?

[1] See 1 Kings xvi. 21, 22.

[2] On the distinctions between languages in the agglutinative and the inflexional stage see Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Language*, pp. 303, 337. Arabic is inflexional, Turkish agglutinative.

[3] Used as a general term for torture.

Surely, as we are in for it, we must practically take the government of Egypt into our own hands, And no loss to the Egyptians.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Somerleaze, October 8, 1882.

. . . I am in the middle of Latins, Volscians, Samnites, and such birds, of whom I saw a little last year, unless you object in the case of Samnites, that Sulla has left me none to see. (October 15.)—I shall be glad when I get to less disputed times, and I have done a bit of Belisarius ahead, by way of relief. I am sometimes tempted to pitch all my German books into the fire, and say that in the multitude of commentators there is no knowledge. Yet one can't; for, though each man goes bothering about and spends endless time in confuting everybody else, yet each makes some good points that you can't afford to lose. I almost wish I had never taken up these things—I am yearning to be at King Roger, though a synod of schoolmistresses have passed a resolution praying me to leave him alone, and to stick to Henry the Clerk, as if the two were not part of the same story. But I feel sure that the little Roman and Greek books, doing the thing from an oecumenical, and not from a beggarly classical point, must do some good.

. . . Can you give the world anything fuller about Norwegian politics? Just like Swiss politics, they are all the more interesting in themselves, just because they do not affect the general hubbub of the world, but therefore nobody attends to them. I quite understand their wanting to part from Sweden; Sweden and any king of Sweden will be always plotting something; but somehow a king of the Northmen sounds comfortable; one would like to be successor of Harold Hardrada and Magnus Bareleg.

To Thos. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

Somerleaze, October 8, 1882.

Your letter got somehow hidden in a bag, and did not show itself for several days. My evidence, if I have any, about the Ἰταλῶν στράτευμα weeping for Isaac of Armenia is, perhaps,

hidden in the same bag, and may come out in the like sort. At any rate, I can't light on it now[1]. But I have a vivid remembrance of something of the kind. I can't have mistaken Susy for an Italian (October 15) army, even though she may have been a host in herself. I should hardly go and dream a Greek inscription; but I am not sure: I once dreamed that I disputed with the devil in Greek anapaests, and I can say the anapaests now.

It is comforting to the spirit, the way in which you talk of High-Dutch commentators, each man 'giving his precise reasons for differing from all who have gone before him.' Oh, I chuckled over that. I am driven wild of them in the early Roman history. As for *Gauverfassung*, Bryce told me many years ago that I was thought to be the only man in England who understood it. I could only answer that I did not know whether anybody else understood, but that I was certain that I did not.

. . . You find out things about letter *a* in *Canutus*, while you are a-banking; so I should never have found out the difference between a West-Saxon gá and a Mercian *shire*, if it had not been for the local dispute about the gaols at Taunton and Shepton.

To the Rev. Dr. Allon.

Somerleaze, October 16, 1882.

. . . What if you met the Roman Catholic Bishop here? I don't know that he is coming; but I have asked him. Then my eldest daughter is staying for the piping and fiddling in the house of a Unitarian minister over at Leigh Wood. Not long ago I was in a train, in a company of four denominations, Anglican, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Quaker. And I told the Friend that he had the advantage of us all, as his Society had not persecuted, while all the others had whenever they had a chance.

[1] The tomb of Isaac of Armenia, Exarch of Ravenna, circ. A.D. 625, is in the precincts of St. Vitale, at Ravenna. The inscription states that his widow Susanna, like a chaste turtle-dove, mourned for her lord, and that the host of the Italians, Ἰταλῶν στράτευμα, bewailed him.

To the Rev. Professor Stubbs.

Somerleaze, November 15, 1882.

I have not managed to make anything to send you, and perhaps it is not worth the trouble. I don't see that the Commission is much use, or that I am much use on it. I simply see a great deal to say against everything that everybody says all round, while I have nothing better to propose instead. But I have only played with the thing; you have given real work to it, and it will be a great pity if 'tis all thrown away. I need not say that I go along with much that you say about lawyers, whom I cursed long ago in vol. v. and elsewhere. 'They will not be learned nor understand, but walk on still in darkness.' Tell Coleridge that I found them out years ago, when Granville Somerset made the wretched boys say that William 'introduced the feudal system' at the Salisbury Gemót; and he would not listen when I tried to teach him better. And the stuff they all talked about the Arundel case—just such stuff as I should talk if I had to plead in the cause of Oxygen *v.* Nitrogen.

Truly, Henry VIII was no fool, nor Henry II either. Don't you always take them together? VIII did what II wanted to do. I don't see my way to anything. I am sure they both meant the Archbishop's court to be final as a rule, and only thought of a machinery to meet special and extreme cases. Only I don't see how to make a machinery to meet such cases, and keep it from being set to work whenever anybody chooses.

I suppose that the nomination for each case—a special commission for some special emergency—was the right thing as Henry VIII meant it. He could choose the fittest men for the particular matter.

Only, *ὦ πρὸς Διός*, don't bind them to be peers or lawyers or bishops or colonels, or any one class of men.

To Professor Ihne.

Somerleaze, November 16, 1882.

. . . I can't say that Mommsen convinces me about *populus*, *plebs*, *curiae*, and all that. Don't be angry if I say that so many of your German scholars write as if history was a matter of

theory, as if they never saw any of it going. An Englishman, American, Swiss, or Norwegian, who has lived in a real political system of some kind, has advantages. And Niebuhr got the same kind of practical way of looking at things somehow or other; I don't quite see how. He thoroughly understood a crowd of things which most of them don't. Mommsen argues that the *curiae* could not have been a purely patrician body, because, when it came to survivals, they were represented by thirty lictors, who were plebeians. Now we have an exact parallel in England. Till quite lately, in the merely formal meeting and prorogations of Parliament, the House of Commons was represented by its clerks, who were no more members of the House than the lictors were members of the patrician *curiae*.

. . . I quarrel with 'disject*a* membra,' because what they mean to quote is Horace's 'disject*i* membra poetae.'

Many writers seem to make no allowance for the inaccurate way in which people talk and think and allow themselves to use names. Half the phrases used in the newspapers about public affairs in England, many more than half of what you hear in private talk, are inaccurate when judged by any formal statement. This is just like jumbling *populus* and *plebs*, and the like. 1,000 cases where they are confounded prove nothing, one where they are distinguished proves a great deal. And I cannot believe that *populus* is the whole, and *plebs* the part.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, November 19, 1882.

Your letter of November 1 found me tied and bound on Totingum[1]. The day you wrote it I was at Elmore of the Hwiccas, abiding with Sir William Guise. I went to Gloucester on October 31 to hold forth—a mild holding forth about abbots and such like, which I had promised to W. H. Lyttelton, one of the canons, and certain other. Somehow I lost my voice, an awkward thing when one has to talk. I guess I left it with

[1] I.e. At Knapdale, Tooting, the residence at that time of Mr. Macmillan.

a Quaker printer, to whom Lord Ducie took me, a praiseworthy man, Bellows by name, who has made a French dictionary and a discourse of *Glevum*[1], and who sits in his printing-office over a piece of the wall thereof, of his own digging out. Well, at dinner I found that my voice was gone; but kind folk coddled me up with cloves and port, and I got through the talk somehow, seemingly to the general approval of the Claudian city. Next day I got rather wet, and did some sneezing; but I seemed all right on Thursday, went up to London, sat on Commission[2], heard Stubbs and Coleridge (*jus pontificum* and *jus civile*) wrangle a bit, and spake myself a word or two of Her Majesty's just title as Supreme Governor of the Church of England. Then to Tooting, whither came Anthony Trollope to dinner, who, being much scolded of Macmillan, fell sick next day, as has been more largely expressed in all the newspapers, only without the bit of secret history. (As ever, we get the wars without the 'Ανέκδοτα[3].) It must have been the same day or very near to it that my Lord Chief Justice fell sick also.

. . . Then, as if there had been a murrain among us, I fell sick also, coughing mightily all Friday and having gouty woes in my right foot. So we had to send telegrams about to Stubbs, Bryce, and others, and to leave Hunt to walk vainly to and fro at the top of Duke Street, Piccadilly. So Mrs. Macmillan and her doctor took hold of me, and would not let me go, but bathed me and dosed me and puddinged me behind and before, tho' all the while I did not think there was much the matter. But they felt pulses and made faces, and talked hard words; so I had to knock under. There I was in prison for eight days, saw no man out of the house save once, P. G. Hamerton[4], did very little work, but read a heap of novels, as *John Inglesant*, *My Jo John*, *Unknown to History*, *Vice Versa*, and my usual portion of Walter Scott. Wednesday, November 8, Eleanor

[1] The name of the Roman city called by the English Gloucester.

[2] Ecclesiastical Courts Commission.

[3] An allusion to the works of the historian Procopios, who wrote a history of wars in eight books, and a book of anecdotes ('Ανέκδοτα).

[4] The well-known etcher, author of *Thoughts about Art*, *Etching and Etchers*, *Round about my House*, &c.

came up, and, November 11, carried me home. I have not been allowed to go out, save once in a close carriage; but I don't feel really bad, and can walk again.

I am taking a course of Gardiner, as I thought I knew less of those times than I ought. His general notion of men then seems to be that they were great scoundrels, but that they did not know it. His Bacon is distinctly less wise, less great, and less mean, than Macaulay's.

To the Rev. Canon Liddon.

Somerleaze, December 8, 1882.

. . . We are put on the toes of expectation to-day by a rumour that there is something in *Spectator's* hint of Saturday —that Church is to be Archbishop, and you to succeed him as the High Dean of Poules. 'Tis too good to believe; but I have been searching for precedents, and I find that when, as the late Archbishop said, changes in Church and State are a-coming, precedents are for choosing a simple Presbyter (or less), and latterly a Dean of Poules. Only how Church will kick! The people's William will have to copy the other William, who was not the people's, and to drive the staff into his hand by main force[1]. N.B.—I conceive the scene according to an answer that I once got in the Schools. 'How is a bishop appointed?' 'He is appointed by the Prime Minister, by the delivery of a staff.' Another answer was that he was 'elected by the minor canons'; a mysterious answer, to the force of which Boase alone saw his way.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, December 17, 1882.

. . . We have had no guests since Anthony Trollope in October (of whom I have made a small Antoniad in *Macmillan*), and he was the only one since Delia went in September. I have been a good deal shut up and left, but I have been in tip-

[1] Referring to the forcible investiture of Anselm with the Bishop's staff by William Rufus; Eadmer, *Hist. Nov.* 16. See *Reign of William Rufus*, i. 396-399.

top working order, and have got on well with many things. I fear that poor dear Johnny Green is in a very bad way indeed. Bryce also is in those parts—Cannes and Mentone to wit—and hopes to see him.

. . . John Rhŷs verily knows what he is about; but I have not yet read him through. But, from what Arthur says, I gather that he will bring certain strange things to our ears[1].

With Gardiner I have got only a little way into Charles I. He certainly does not tell his story like Macaulay. But he impresses me with the feeling that he is telling a true story. Also his rare references to earlier times are as invariably right as Froude's are invariably wrong. I have not yet marked any unfairness to Laud and those; but I have hardly reached the time for it. But here comes the nuisance of the seventeenth century. One can't go unreservedly with any side, as one can with our friends in the thirteenth. My political and my religious sympathies are divided. I go with the Parliament as Parliament; but I can get up no sympathy with the Puritan as Puritan. I don't like his particular form of religion, and he is no more tolerant than anybody else. Surely Gardiner shows that in matters of opinion Laud was immeasureably more liberal than his enemies, and to the little that he really enforced in matters of ceremony there is the best witness, namely, that it has long been universally accepted without anybody of any party objecting, and that, though the letter of the law still allows something else. Where then was the hitch? Was it

1. A most unjust notion of tending to the Pope?
2. An unlucky connexion with the Crown when the Crown was going wrong?
3. Laud's most unlucky way of doing things; so that the very best scheme, if he took it up, was safe to offend people?

I have no doubt that there is something in all these; but I feel that they only lie on the surface, and that there is something deeper. Isn't it that the whole Anglican system, though I think unfairly called a compromise by Macaulay and others, still has the disadvantage of being neither beast nor bird?

[1] Acts xvii. 20.

I fancy people will lay on[1] more zealously for either of the extremes. But I have not got far enough really to judge of Gardiner's treatment.

Remember on the other hand that, though neither Reformers in the sixteenth century or Puritans in the seventeenth century strove in any sense for 'religious liberty,' or for anything but to set up one intolerant system instead of another, yet every blow of the kind was a gain for religious liberty in the long run.

. . . You saw, I suppose, about Church and the Archbishopric. 'Twas too good to be possible. I like the little I know of Benson.

To JOHN (aged six), SON OF ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, UNCLE TO HIS HALF-BROTHER'S CHILDREN.

Christmas Day, 1882.

MY DEAR UNCLE JOHN,

I suppose I may call you Uncle John, like Uncle Tom, whom they called Uncle, though they were not his nephews and nieces. You see you have the advantage of me, as I never was uncle to anybody; so I don't know how it feels to be an uncle. You have taken to it early. I take it out in being grandfather to several people (which you are not yet to anybody), one of whom, my grandson Edward, has sent me a goat of his own sewing (mark 'tis *sew* and not *sow*), which came by the same post as your pretty card with eggs and flowers. Thanks for thinking of me. I am glad you are learning a *Lay of Ancient Rome*; you don't say which. If 'tis Horatius, I shall be afraid, as haply you will 'shake your little fist' (I won't think that you will 'scream out curses') if I should come too soon before you are ready. Perhaps you may go some day on a donkey from Cora to Norba or up the white street of Tusculum.

Why don't you make your mamma bring you and Mary to see me some day? Only come when it is less muddy, and you shall run prettily up the hills, and feed the peacock, and play with Hakon (mickle swart hound), and Foochou

[1] I.e. Fight, lay on blows, as in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, 'Lay on Macduff.'

(mickle yellow hound from China), and Minnie (yellow cat). Greet well all at home and Mary and Lucy [Geikie]. Perhaps Lucy has taught her father to eat strawberry ices by this time (though 'tis hardly the time for them, except in America). I think a philosopher might do so, even though he is not a botanist, I dare say you don't understand, but I dare say Lucy will. Here is near the end of the sheet; so no more Johnny boy, bonny boy.

From your very good friend,

E. A. F.

CHAPTER X.

REPORT OF COMMISSION ON ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS. TOUR IN AUVERGNE. SPEECH AT OXFORD ON GRANTING MONEY FOR A PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY. APPOINTED REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY. INAUGURAL LECTURE. OPINIONS ON SOCIAL LIFE AND EDUCATIONAL WORK IN OXFORD, HOME RULE, AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION. BROKEN HEALTH. VISIT TO SICILY. BEGINS HISTORY OF SICILY. CORRESPONDENCE.

A.D. 1883–1890.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts was issued in 1883. Freeman's attendance at the sittings of the Commission had been far from regular, owing partly to his visit to America in 1881–2, partly to his broken health, and partly also to his excessive dislike to London. But he was too conscientious not to give the subject of inquiry much careful thought and attention, and on some points connected with it he held very clear and positive views. On March 12, 1883, he wrote to Mr. Stubbs:—

'. . . I am getting interested on one point. I am getting near to a real opinion about the Final Appeal. My difficulty throughout has been that I have objected to everything that everybody else proposed, and had nothing better to propose myself. But here I have a very distinct view. Henry VIII most assuredly did not mean everything to be *tried thrice*. He did not mean that there should be an appeal from the archbishop's court as a matter of course; he wished merely to provide a remedy in

any special case where the archbishop's court had clearly not done its duty. Could not we put somewhere a power of judging whether there is any ground for an appeal or not? The lawyers themselves do something of the kind that I mean when a man moves for a "rule" or a new trial. Then again, the delegates must not be wholly any kind of people, above all, not wholly lawyers. There should be some lawyers, because questions of their trade may always turn up; but not all lawyers, because there is a great deal about which lawyers don't understand, and about which they are less fit to judge than any other man. On any hard historical point, Jack, Tom, and Harry in the road are simply *un*qualified to judge; Snooks, Q.C., or Mr. Justice Tomkins are *dis*qualified. Jack, Tom, and Harry simply don't know; Snooks, Q.C., and Mr. Justice Tomkins *know wrong*, which is worse. Jack, Tom, and Harry may haply be taught. Q.C. and Mr. Justice can't and won't be taught.

'. . . Can anything be done towards either of these points? Some of us might make a separate report.

'Then we must do nothing to countenance the superstition that if the king delegates bishops, it makes it something more holy than if he nominates lawyers or captains. We have used up bishops *as bishops*, before we get to the king. If the king appoints bishops, they sit not as bishops but as the king's delegates, and it is the king's court equally. Only one kind of delegates is better than another, and a body made up wholly of lawyers is the worst of all. I would leave the appointment perfectly open, as it was by Henry VIII. Think over all this, please.'

He recurs to the subject in another letter to Mr. Stubbs on June 3, 1883:—

'. . . That Final Court composed wholly of lawyers (bad luck to them) still sticks in my throat. Can nothing be done? The papers say that you praught before the Judges, but took no notice of their presence. I would have praught from the text—"Be learned, ye that are judges of the earth," and prove to them how very unlearned all of them are in many things. Then, if they don't reform, you might preach next year from

"Let their judges be overthrown in stony places, that they may hear my words, for they are sweet." I should like to see them overthrown in Ebbor rocks (your old climbing-place) and you sweetly explaining to them that William did not bring in the feudal system at the Gemôt of Salisbury.'

His final letter to Mr. Stubbs on this point is dated June 20, when the sittings of the Commissioners were drawing to an end.

'. . . I believe the power *Tussis*[1], who was worshipped near Hadrian's Villa, has so far relaxed her hold on me that I might safely come up to-morrow: but 'tis only one day, and I have not heard the rest, and if I do come I have nowhere to go in that horrid London, and Hannibal and Asdrubal are so much more interesting[2]. . . . What say you to a protest against the judges in the last resort? I don't want to keep lawyers out. They may be wanted for any points of their own trade that may turn up. And this or that lawyer often knows a lot besides his own trade, and may therefore personally be a very fit man. But to confine it to members of the trade is to confine it to men who, so far as they are members of the trade, are more incompetent than any other class of men. . . . 'Tis the one thing I feel strongly about, as the one thing that concerns historic truth.'

The Commissioners in their final Report recommended that cases of heresy and of breach of ritual should be tried in the first instance in the Diocesan Court, and that an appeal should lie from the Diocesan Court to the Archiepiscopal Court of the Province, and from the Court of the Province to the Crown—the Crown Court to consist of a permanent body of lay judges learned in the law, not less than five to be summoned for each case

[1] Latin for cough.

[2] It appears, however, from the catalogue of attendances appended to the Report that he was present at the last ten sittings of the Commissioners, including one on June the 28th.

by the Lord Chancellor in rotation. Statements of dissent or reservation by some of the members of the Commission were appended to the Report, including the following from Freeman:—

'I wish to state my dissent from the words which confine the hearing of appeals to the Crown to members of a single profession. I would leave it open to the Crown to appoint lawyers, churchmen, or any other persons who may be thought competent, as was the case with the Court of Delegates under the statute of Henry VIII. I hold that the examination of questions of this kind constantly calls for knowledge of a special kind, the presence of which is by no means implied in the professional learning of the lawyer, and which is just as likely to be found in any other persons, clerical or lay.'

The following letters were written during a tour with his wife and two of his daughters in Auvergne and central France, in the course of which he visited Angers, Tours, Poitiers, Clermont-Ferrand, Le Puy, Issoire, Brioude, Bourges, Orleans, and Chartres.

To T. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

Clermont Ferrand, October 19, 1883.

. . . I see you don't know this Arvernia. Well, I defined it as the land of land-dolphins and snuffed out spitfires. The Viennese is another land of land-dolphins, and by Alba is a land of snuffed out spitfires; but is there any other land combines the two? Looking everywhere but over the big plain of Limagne 'tis a mass of *puys* and *puykins* (for some be very tiny), all of which spat in times past, that is, in Dawkins' time, not your's or mine. When they were all burning, it must have been rather like Wolverhampton or Merthyr Tydfil by night; only there was, I suppose, nobody to see them. The lava on the top of other layers speaks for itself, as do the *crateres* in the hill-tops, and, as at Catania, they build things of lava, Clermont Cathedral to start with. It is hard to believe one is in France;

the villages dotted about among the hills look so much more like Italy; but I don't know any part of Italy where the hills themselves of all sorts and sizes are dotted about in the same way. Some of them really look like our little island hills in Somerset.

Do you know the origin of Puy de Dôme? I fancied it was because it looks like a cupola; but that can't be. The whole range is *Mont Dôme*, Puy de Dôme only its highest point. And there is an inscription of somebody somewhere *Dumiensis*.

The churches of Romanesque date have a marked style of their own, and the towns are full of fine houses of various dates, mostly, of course, latish. The churches are seldom, I think, before eleventh century. There may be a scrap or two here and there. The Arvernian antiquaries seem fond of putting things before their time, but so are all antiquaries, unless well watched.

'Tis a relief to be out of the Διὸς ἀρχά[1]—in other words, not to see *Times* or other English daily papers. But how meagre and silly are the French papers. I have just read in *Spectator* about Seeley's scheme of federation. I say Nay, because U. S. are separated, and such a union of the other things would draw the line between Middle and New England harder still. As things are, the more quite independent Englands the better.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Hôtel de l' Europe, Le Puy, October 25, 1883.

I think the time has come for me to give you some report of our doings since I sent you a card from Clermont on the 14th. . . .

From Clermont as a centre we—that is, one or more, for we did not all go to every place, and Florence (Brioude, October 26) several times tarried behind—went to divers places, as Montferrand, a most wonderful collection of ancient houses; Riom to which I must go again to get the abbey of Mozac; Royat-cum-Chamalières; Gergovia- (very like Uleybury[2]) cum-Mont

[1] ('Rule of Zeus' or Jupiter.)

[2] A hill in Gloucestershire, near his old home at Dursley, the site of a Roman encampment, with a very deep trench round the edge.

Rognon (very like Glastonbury Tor). Our hotel at Clermont has fine views of Puy de Dôme, which your Poste hardly can have. From Clermont we drove to St. Nectaire, taking several small places on the way, the chief of which was yet another *Mons Acutus*, known as Mont-Aigud-le-Blanc, a church and castle on the top of a hill. It was hard to believe that we were not in Italy, with the hills and the towns and villages dotted about on the hills, very unlike most parts of Gaul. St. Nectaire is a wonderfully great church in so small a space. There we slept; the *Hôtel de l'Etablissement* opening specially for us. Up to this time we had very fine and warm weather, one rainy morning only, which made us put off Gergovia for a day. Thence on with the carriage to Issoire, part of the way over the same road—day dull, gloomy, cold, misty; we thought all our fine weather was over. Issoire church is about the finest of the lot of that specially Arvernian type.

From Issoire railway to Le Puy—O le Puy—what a place! I think for position it flogs every place I know; only I would fain have another little Llanfihangel[1] on the top of all, instead of that large idol. And surely it is irreverent to go up inside Our Lady; it seemed to me as though one should deify a staircase. But what a view—of Polignac and elsewhere, and much the best place to mark how the Byzantine church was lengthened into the present ὑπερῷον of a nave. I delighted in the real Michael-mount, but I never saw a more puzzling building. And why on earth do they call that very pretty octagonal building near the foot, Temple of Diana? I should guess it was a baptistery—you, of course, saw the other baptistery, not equal to Poitiers—only a baptistery could hardly have got there. We went out to Polignac—what a position, and a very good church at the base. And with it we took the Organ of (Clermont, October 29) Espaly[2], where hexagonal columns grow, ready made for the building of Etruscan walls or such like uses. . . . And now for your English

[1] 'Church of the Angel.' One of the rocky heights at le Puy is crowned with a small Church dedicated to St. Michael, but on another a colossal figure of the Virgin and Child has been placed, made out of the metal of guns captured in the Crimean war. There is a winding staircase inside the figure.

[2] Basaltic columns called 'Les orgues d' Espailly.'

journey. Somehow, I don't (Bourges, October 30) know how I got it into my head; but I fancied that you were going to keep in the land of the Hwiccas, and so said nothing about Scrobsaetan or Magesaetan. For truly do not Shrewsbury and Bridgenorth figure in *W. R.*[1] vol. ii., and Hereford in *N.C.* vol. ii.? I don't believe you saw the friars' churches at Gloucester, which are utterly messed and made up into houses, and no one would find them without a guide. But don't mention Gloucester along with Durham, though I certainly liked the nave better the last time I was there than I ever did before. I doubt if I know the New Inn. I never went into detail for the battle of Tewkesbury, the only doings of that time that I ever went into minutely was Wakefield—but I always fancied it was in the fields south of the abbey. I hope you got up the fact that at Tewkesbury the parishioners bought the monastic church-tower, transepts, and eastern limb, of Henry VIII (see Arundel Case in *Towns and Districts*). No; truly the abbot of Gloucester had a mightier church than the bishop of Hereford; only remember all that the wind and James Wyatt did in blowing down the west tower—stuck on as at Shrewsbury abbey, and shortening the nave. At Shrewsbury you don't say whether you got inside the castle—G. T. Clark and I did in 1880: 'tis chiefly for the mound and the view. But Shrewsbury wants a good deal of walking round about fully to take in the peninsula site. You beat me in having been to Orderic's birthplace[2] and to Ceawlin's great smashing at Uriconium[3].

In February, 1884, he went up to Oxford to speak and vote in Convocation against the proposal to grant £10,000 for the establishment of a Physiological Laboratory. He did not take this step without much careful consideration. In a letter to Mr. Bryce, before he had finally made up his mind, he writes:—

[1] *William Rufus.*

[2] Ettingsham.

[3] Ceawlin, King of the West-Saxons, stormed and destroyed (in 583) the Roman-British town of Uriconium, situated at the foot of the Wrekin, near the Severn.

'I have always refused to join the extreme anti-vivisection movements, though often pressed, because I can conceive occasional cases in which some special experiment of the kind might be justified. But it is another thing to make torture an ordinary matter of study verging on a kind of sport—one hears of "a beautiful experiment" when some wretched creature is mangled—and to grant vast sums to *the only branch of study whose morality can be called in question*, while not a penny would be given to any purpose of sound learning.'

A few days later, February 4, continuing the same letter, he says:—

'After much thought, weighing letters on both sides, and turning again to the old Vivisection Blue Book—how different the evidence of Rolleston, a scholar and a good man, from most of the scientific cock-a-hoops!—I have settled to be at Oxford to-morrow. I don't like going against many friends, but 'tis a matter of right and wrong.'

In his speech on the following day, after alluding to the statements made in some of the daily papers that 'country clergymen, whipped up at the bidding of prejudice,' were coming to vote against the proposal, he said:—

'The law makes us non-residents legislators in University matters just as much as residents, and so long as the law gives us those powers so long shall we go on exercising them in defiance of any amount of sneering. But let me speak for myself: I at least am not a country clergyman: I have not been "whipped up," nor do I come at the bidding of prejudice. I come at the bidding of conscience to vote for the first time in all the years during which I have had a place in this house—years in which I have not very often voted and very seldom spoken—on a question which is distinctly a moral one.' He thought that 'the term science was claimed far too exclusively for material sciences, and that anything which tended to advance these sciences seemed to be thought justifiable. But what was "science?" Simply the Latin word for knowledge. One branch

of knowledge was as much science as another. All branches, philology, geology, history, astronomy, chemistry, might all flourish side by side on equal terms. All were lawful and honourable studies, pursued by lawful and honourable means. Let physiology,' he said, 'flourish along side of the others, if it can show that its hands are as clean as their's. Not one of those other studies is open to so much as a doubt on any moral grounds. Physiology, so far as it involves the practice of vivisection, is open to such a moral doubt. This decree picks out the one study which is at least open to a moral doubt as the object of a vast and lavish expenditure which would certainly not be thought of on behalf of any other study. It is quite certain that £10,000 would never be voted for the help of the British school at Athens, still less for any purpose connected with the history of our own despised land, folk, and tongue.'

There is a tinge of bitterness in this last sentence which colours many of his letters to intimate friends about this time. Occasionally, indeed, he writes in a tone of sadness and vexation of spirit never manifested in any former period of his life. He complains that few of his friends wrote to him, and that no one came to visit him; and declares that if his friends did not go to see him, he certainly would not go to that hateful London, in which so many of them had buried themselves—that horrid wilderness of houses, more dreary to him than any other place in the world. He complains also that for some reason which he could not understand, he seemed to be more jeered and sneered at than any other writer by those who set themselves up to be critics. 'They are always attacking me,' he said, 'about peculiar spelling of names, as if I had any spelling of my own different from Lappenberg and Kemble before me, and Johnny after me.' Or they grumbled at his 'horrible repetition; and why,' he asks, 'should one not say the same thing twenty times if people forget it twenty

times? I always used to admire Grote's fashion of "pegging away." It made one really take things in.' As a rule, criticism sat very lightly upon Freeman; often, indeed, it afforded him great amusement, and he was accustomed to say that he had never slept the less soundly, or eaten the less heartily, by reason of any criticism, however severe, or any abuse, however violent. But things which only divert a man when he is well, may vex or irritate him when he is out of health, and this is probably the true explanation of the unnatural tone of bitterness and melancholy traceable in Freeman's letters just at this period. Writing to Mr. Bryce in February, 1884, he says: 'These things would annoy me less if I saw more of other men and could talk and laugh them off, but I can't change my way of life now.'

A few days after these words were penned the opportunity for a great change had to be considered. The Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford (Mr. Stubbs) was appointed to the Bishopric of Chester, and Mr. Gladstone offered the vacant Chair to Freeman. One of the two great objects of his ambition, of which he had been so often disappointed, was now at last within his grasp; but, as so often happens in human life, the prize once so eagerly desired had lost its charm. He felt that it was his due, and that he ought to accept it, but he shrank from the change which it must involve in his habits of life, and from the plunge into an Oxford which was very different from the Oxford which he had known and loved years ago. In reply to congratulations from Mr. Goldwin Smith, he writes:—

'It is something to succeed Arnold, you, and Stubbs—but I gnash my teeth that I have not had you and Stubbs to my colleagues, and not to predecessors. Years ago to fill one of

the historical Chairs at Oxford was my alternative ambition with a seat in Parliament. It seemed for years as if neither would ever come to me: and now at last one has come when I am rather too old for the change. Leaving one's home for half the year to be in the midst of the whirl of Oxford, as Oxford is now, is a frightful prospect, besides the bondage of new and absurd rules which Arnold never was under, nor you either. . . . Still, I should have been disappointed if I had not had the offer of the post, as I certainly thought it was my due; and I thought it right to take it. Pray do not suspect Gladstone of any doubt or delay. He laid my name before the Queen almost as soon as he could; but it was five weeks before Her Majesty announced her pleasure. The explanation of this delay it is not for me to guess: but it naturally looked as if Gladstone was hesitating, which he was not[1]. . . . I don't mean to leave Somerleaze: at least I shall try the experiment of keeping two houses, though I fancy it will be both grievous and costly; but I have got so fond of my own place that it would be a frightful wrench to leave it altogether.'

Before his appointment to the Professorship, he had been invited by the University of Edinburgh to receive the honorary degree of LL.D., which was conferred upon him on April 17. The following letters refer to this event, and to the consecration of Dr. Stubbs as Bishop of Chester, which Freeman witnessed at York on his way home from Scotland.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Beverley, April 21, 1884.

. . . I am on my way back from Edinburgh with Florence—Margaret was with us there, but left us here to join Arthur, who has been to Taranto, and I know not where else.

[1] The delay is said, on good authority, to have been due to an inquiry which Her Majesty made as to the precise words, and the exact meaning of the words, used by Freeman in the famous speech at St. James' Hall, when he was reported to have said, 'perish India.' See above, p. 113.

It was a wonderful time at Edinburgh: everything was admirably managed. Only I think they might have given some of us scholars an innings, none of whom got any save Maine after dinner. The chief admiration went to foreigners, Virchow, Pasteur, I know not who, whom I take to be torturers. Of foreign scholars, E. Curtius was down to come, but came not. I don't think any other of the first rank was down, but I picked up some good men among them, some of whom I hope will come and see me, among them a huge Russian, fittingly called Maximus. Also Laveleye, whom I knew on paper.

. . . The best speaker certainly was Lord Rosebery. The Chancellor, Lord Inglis, an old boy, went through his work very well, and the lads behaved beautifully, much better than our's at Oxford, though they commonly have a worse character. I think I was received at my degree as well as anybody except the favoured strangers, much better than many. But I had no chance of opening my mouth, save privily, which of course I did to many, as to Browning, who sat opposite to me at dinner, and who is quite intelligible in private life. Why then can't he write to be understood?

. . . The ceremony at St. Giles was very wonderful. Fancy Presbyterian worship with a printed form largely from the Prayer-Book, Te Deum chanted, and Hallelujah Chorus. I wonder no zealous wife had a stool for each of our heads. Friday night illumination. Edinburgh is well suited for that work: slope of the hill all ablaze with flower pots.

. . . (April 25.) We went to Stubbs' consecration this morning. Florence saw him hallowed; I don't profess to have seen more than Thomson a-hallowing of him. But how feeble an English procession is, and how our bishops want something more; why many of the doctors at Edinburgh were much finer. Sir E. Beckett (St. Alban dust his periwig[1]) was certainly the finest object there.

[1] An allusion to the alterations, very much disliked by Mr. Freeman, which Sir E. Beckett (Lord Grimthorpe) was making in St. Alban's Minster.

To Miss E. Thompson.

Holgate Lodge, York, April 24, 1884.

. . . I sent you a record of all the Edinburgh doings, 'twas all wonderfully well managed, save the over fuss made with foreigners, who are, I fancy, chiefly cutters-up of cats. Lesseps to be sure cut drains and gave us all the details in French, to the last centime and the minutest *mètre*. Virchow made a long speech in German, of which I could only make out the Greek προάνθρωπος[1]. I will remember that name for the next grand jury. I had no opportunity of showing myself except on the degree day, when I think I was as well received as any non-medical Britisher; better truly than Sir W. Gull, the only man that was hissed. They did not, however, throw peas at him, which is said to be a common Edinburgh-students' practice. I sat opposite Browning at the big dinner. I had fancied that he would come accompanied by the Browning Society, to explain and comment on whatever he might say; but the *comitatus* failed to follow its lord, and, moreover, in private life he does not need a dragoman.

To Professor Dawkins.

Holgate Lodge, York, April 24, 1884.

. . . It was a wonderful time, with crowds of swells[2]. I think a good many were torturers of cats; some were scholars; but it struck me that the reasonable branches of the study of nature, which don't involve hurting any creature, as astronomy and geology, were feebly represented. For the hardest things of all, as quaternions and elliptic functions—whatever those may be—an elliptic function might seem to mean a ceremony in the Coliseum—there were Cayley and Sylvester the Jew. Froude happily did not come, or he would have had to sit by me.

How you do gad about and get rich. But it is really time, as you say, to shut up the money bags and go back to the bones. We may haply cross Humber next week. Is that the

[1] 'Foreman.'

[2] Commemoration at Edinburgh on April 17, when he was made LL.D.

way that you would go from Stamfordbridge to Lincoln? Are you not making a hole under Humber? Don't come and describe it in French, as old Lesseps, wearisome old hedger and ditcher, did to the last *mètre*.

On October 15 he delivered his inaugural lecture as Professor before a large audience in the Museum. Those who heard him will not easily forget the fervid words of eulogy which he pronounced upon three of his most illustrious predecessors—Dr. Arnold, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Bishop Stubbs. Having offered these tributes of praise, he proceeded to describe the office of a Professor of History according to his conception of it. It was not his part, he said, to perform the duties of a college tutor or of a private tutor, nor to make men qualified for classes or Fellowships; but to be the representative of learning, to be the helper, and, if need be, the guide of any, old or young, freshmen or doctors, who, 'in days like these, between the frenzy of amusements and the frenzy of examinations, could still find a few stray hours in which to seek learning for its own sake.' Whilst he resented the many vexatious rules which the last body of University Commissioners had imposed upon the Professor, he rejoiced that there was one important point in which they had left him free and unfettered. They had wisely refrained from attempting to define where ancient history ended and modern history began. A friend had once told him that modern history began with the French Revolution. Baron Bunsen, on the other hand, held that it began with the call of Abraham. He thought they were wisest who declined altogether to make a distinction which could not be defined; but if he was compelled to draw a line anywhere, it would be at a point further from our day than the French Revolution,

not so far as the call of Abraham. Something like a real starting-point for modern history was to be found in the earliest records of Aryan Europe, the beginning of the long history of European wars, the history of the Greek and the Italian, of the Celt, the Teuton, and the Slave. But if by a rule of the University based on a vain and mischievous distinction between ancient and modern history, the sphere of the 'ancient' professors must embrace times much later than the first Olympiad, he would, as a temporary shift, take for his starting-point the fifth century of our era—the period when the Roman Empire was breaking up, and when Teutonic wandering was changing into Teutonic settlement, the settlement of the Goth in Spain, the Burgundian and Frank in Gaul, the Angle and Saxon in Britain. This period, one of the most marked in the history of the world, was a kind of counterpart to the second century before our era. The earlier time ruled Rome to be the head of Europe, and determined the form which her dominion should take; the later time determined the form which her abiding influence should take in days when her political power was cut short, and had in many of her western provinces been broken in pieces.

By the rules of the Commissioners referred to in this lecture, the Professor of Modern History was bound to give forty-two lectures in the year, and in two terms out of three to lecture twice a week for seven weeks. The plan which Freeman proposed to adopt was to keep two distinct courses of lectures going through a part of each year, one of a more general character, which he hoped might be profitable and interesting to persons who had not specially devoted themselves to minute historical study, the other on the text of some original writer for

the benefit of students, since the first foundation of historical learning was the mastery of original texts. In accordance with this plan, he gave in the first term a set of eight public lectures on the 'Methods of Historical Study,' and for the other series he selected the Frankish History of Gregory of Tours. He made this choice because Gregory was the earliest writer recommended for candidates in the School of Modern History. Being neither wholly Frank nor wholly Roman, he might be regarded as standing first in the series of mediaeval writers. And another reason for this choice was that those who had learned from the pages of Gregory what the Frankish conquest of Gaul was, would be better able to understand by contrast the true nature of the English conquest of Britain.

A Fellowship in Oriel College is annexed to the Chair of Modern History, and constitutes one of the sources from which the Professor's income is derived, but Freeman resided for the first term in his old College, Trinity, of which he was an Honorary Fellow, until the house in which he afterwards lived, No. 16, St. Giles, was ready for occupation.

The following letter to Miss Edith Thompson was written the day after he had been admitted Fellow of Oriel:—

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Trinity College, Oxford, October 9, 1884.

. . . Here then I am. Since writing the last page, I have come up here, taken possession of my quarters for the term, received Her Majesty's sign-manual as Professor, been admitted Fellow of Oriel, dined with the Provost, and admired the legs of the Bishop of Chester. It seems very odd being in College, and still more being in two Colleges. I am living in Trinity, where I am only Honorary Fellow, not in Oriel, where

I am real Fellow; but as yet I feel more at home where my actual and my old associations are. Then the question comes 'Where shall we dine?' and I suppose that Oriel, strictly the College of our Lady, comes nearer to the notion of the Salutation Tavern than Trinity does; moreover, it seems that I shall gain half-a-crown every time I dine in Oriel, while I shall certainly pay something every time I dine in Trinity; yet somehow I fancy Trinity most. Anyhow I have been dining there these two days, forwhy, they are the gaudy.

It was, indeed, with strangely mingled feelings that he found himself once more a resident member of the University. Forty years had passed since he had been a Scholar of Trinity, and thirty-six since his departure from Oxford. It was pleasant to be dwelling once more in a place endeared to him by many happy memories, but the contrast between the Oxford of his youth and the Oxford of his old age was to him, in many ways, far from agreeable. The alteration in the outward aspect of the whole place was the visible sign of corresponding changes in the inward condition of the University—changes with which for the most part he had no sympathy. The thick crowd of villas on the northern outskirts of the city, and the long rows of smaller houses in many other directions, indicated the multiplication of married Fellows, Professors, 'Readers,' Lecturers in various branches of learning, as well as the presence of a large body of non-collegiate students and of undergraduate members of Colleges lodging outside their College walls. Looked at either from a social, or from an educational point of view, Oxford had put on a new character. The old College life seemed to be broken up and very nearly destroyed; and it was College life which, in Freeman's opinion, had constituted the principal charm of Oxford as he had known it. In many instances, as at his own College,

Trinity, Scholars and Fellows had lived like one family; the elder men, as was right and natural, assisting the younger in their studies, and at the same time carrying on their own education. Such a corporate life afforded the best possible opportunities for work, and also for forming genuine and disinterested friendships. Society in Oxford had formerly been, before all things, a society of College Fellows, who were necessarily unmarried, and a large majority of them clergymen. But the clerical Fellow used to be, for the most part, Fellow first and clergyman afterwards; he was not unclerical in any bad sense, but his clerical character was not specially prominent. He was a man of culture, often a man of learning, often also an able and diligent tutor rather than a clergyman. Scholars and Fellows in those days rarely saw the inside of a house as distinct from a College, for with the exception of the Heads and a sprinkling of married professors, there were very few members of the University who had houses to live in. The new conditions of society brought about by the growth of a large academical population outside College walls were, in Freeman's opinion, far less favourable than the old to steady work. They were less simple, less quiet. London hours and London habits had been introduced; amusements, instead of being restricted to their proper purpose as means of recreation from work, were now recognized as part of the business of the place; and boat races, cricket matches, and football matches were solemnly chronicled and discussed in academical journals side by side with notices of class lists, and lectures, and reports of debates in Congregation. College halls were at times converted into ballrooms; a rage for acting had set in; a fashionable player was invited to lecture; and

young men who had been spending their time in amateur attempts to practise his art were presented to him just as promising young scholars might be presented to some renowned master of learning [1].

But the old College life was broken up not only by the increase in the number of married and non-resident Fellows, but also by a change in the whole conception of the purpose for which Colleges existed. Scholarships and Fellowships were originally designed for the maintenance of poor students: the former were now used as baits to tempt men to this or that College, quite irrespective of their means; the Fellowships were used as the part payment of teachers. Though some faint traces still remained of the old College life, they were only survivals—the spirit had fled. The Colleges had ceased to be homes, families, brotherhoods, and, if so, it was hard to see why they should exist at all. They might be useful as boarding-houses, but there was now no reason for their existence as separate corporations. An English University with Colleges was one thing; the German or Scottish University without Colleges was another. Each no doubt had some advantages and some disadvantages, but the last Commissioners had produced a thing which was neither the one nor the other. Under the present system neither the College tutor prevailed nor the University professor, but 'the combined lecturer,' a kind of mongrel being, neither professor, nor College tutor, nor private coach.

[1] See 'Oxford after forty years,' *Contemporary Review*, May, 1887. In a note to the passage here referred to Freeman observes :—'Mr. Irving's lecture was reported in many newspapers, and was the subject of many leading articles. About the same time Mr. Goldwin Smith gave a lecture, in his best manner (and we know what that is), on "The Political History of Canada." Not a newspaper reported it.'

But the most serious of all changes was in the character of University education. Briefly speaking, education might be said to be sacrificed to examination. What ought to be only one means to learning seemed to have become an end. A ceaseless round of examinations had been invented, which followed thick and fast on one another, and were split up, specialized as it was termed, to the extreme point. A man was not, as of old, wholly passed or wholly plucked at once; with an ingenuity like that of Italian mediaeval tyrants, a piece of him was plucked or passed, while the remainder of him was kept to make sport for another day. Names could not be found for some of the endless schools, which had to be marked by numbers and letters; and the gravest personages might be seen debating with the gravest countenances some peddling change in 'Group A 1,' apparently without the faintest perception of the grotesque nature of their employment; while the lecture list was so long and complicated that it forcibly reminded the reader of the 'number and hardness of the Rules called the Pie[1].'

The result of all this multiplication and specializing of examinations was that education at Oxford was fast tending to become professional, instead of liberal. This was a departure from the old, and, as Freeman thought, the true end of a University, which was not to give technical instruction, but to subject men to a sound mental training, which would make them better able to

[1] 'Moreover the number and hardness of the Rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes of the Service, was the cause that to turn the Book only was so hard and intricate a matter, that many times there was more business to find out what should be read than to read it when it was found out.' Preface to the Book of Common Prayer, 'Concerning the Service of the Church.'

FREEMAN IN HIS STUDY AT OXFORD

To face p. 289, Vol. II.

follow out any course of professional study afterwards. As things now were, it seemed to him that very few men pursued learning for its own sake, they studied merely to get a pass or a class, and both learning and teaching in the University were being degraded into a trade. He had shuddered to hear men talk of 'the tutorial profession,' and of 'the pecuniary value of a first class.' To the 'combined lecturer' teaching was a trade, and when examinations were multiplied, and became the main object of study, there was sure to be too much teaching, and commonly in the wrong way. The duty of a University teacher was to guide his pupils to the right books, and to act as a commentator on them; but this implied that a thorough study of the subject was the aim in view. When the teacher's business was to push a man through a school, or enable him to win a first class 'with its pecuniary value,' he was likely to put himself in the place of the book, and, in short, a system of cram was adopted. 'I once asked a man,' said Freeman, 'who came to my lectures on Gregory of Tours, whether he had brought a book, meaning in my ignorance a copy of the author whom we were going to read.' 'Yes, I have a note-book,' was the reply. Here was a striking illustration of the effect of multiplied examinations and multiplied teachers, the result of forty years' tinkering with every part of the old system, that instead of reading books with a tutor, men filled their note-books with the 'tips' of a crammer, to reproduce them in the examination schools.

Experience of the new state of things strengthened the conviction at which he had arrived forty years before, that every examination was in itself an evil, but that if examinations were necessary evils they should be few,

searching, and complete, not many and piecemeal. What he had advocated long ago, he advocated still more in view of the present system, (i) a University examination for matriculation, (ii) an examination for the B.A. degree much on the lines of the old one before the invention of Moderations, (iii) an examination in some special science for the M.A. degree. He wished to see the B.A. degree, which was now worth nothing, made respectable, the M.A. degree made honourable, and to sweep away class lists, to the great advancement of solid study and the lessening of unhealthy excitement.

The details of educational machinery discussed at the various boards of which, as Professor, he was an official member, were for the most part so irksome or distasteful to him that he very commonly went to sleep at the meetings. He exerted himself, however, successfully to resist a proposal to dispense with Greek in the Final Classical School, and he succeeded in getting Ammianus Marcellinus, Sidonius Apollinaris, and some other early writers included in the list of authors to be studied for the History School, which was a step toward breaking down the distinction between ancient and modern history.

But while he was deeply dissatisfied with the modern system of education at Oxford, he frequently said that he had no complaint to make of the men who worked it, and did their best to make it work well. He had many friends amongst the older men in Oxford, whose society he thoroughly enjoyed, such as Professor Earle, Canon Bright, Mr. Boase, Mr. Shadwell, Mr. Sidney Owen, Mr. E. B. Tylor, and Mr. Dicey, who heartily sympathized with him, and supported him in most of his efforts to promote a love of sound learning for its own

sake. And from amongst the younger graduates he gathered round him a small band of historical students, all earnest and devoted, and some of them highly distinguished scholars, such as Mr. York Powell (now Regius Professor of Modern History), Mr. Reginald Lane Poole, Mr. R. L. Nettleship, Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge, Mr. W. H. Hutton, and Mr. T. A. Archer. Nevertheless, he was at times much depressed by the feeling that he did, and could do, but little good in Oxford. He had entered upon the duties of his new office with all the zeal and energy which belonged to his nature, but as his private lectures did not 'pay' for the Schools, and his public lectures were not well adapted for a large mixed audience, they found but little favour. His predecessor, Bishop Stubbs, had undergone a similar experience, and it is a curious fact that the lectures of two of the most learned historians in Europe, replete as they were with learning, and often enlivened with witty and humorous remarks, were delivered for the most part to very empty benches.

The compulsory delivery of a fixed number of lectures, in which but few persons in Oxford seemed to take any interest, naturally became to Freeman an increasingly distasteful task. It was, therefore, in one sense a relief that broken health often rendered it necessary for him to spend most of the winter in a southern climate. Repeated visits to Sicily led to the design of writing the history of that island, and this work, once begun, engrossed the best part of his energies to the close of his life.

The two political questions in which he took most interest during the period from 1885 to 1890 were Home Rule for Ireland and what has been called 'Imperial

Federation.' On Home Rule he had written as far back as 1874, in reference to a proposal brought forward by Mr. Butt in the House of Commons[1]. He did not approve of the particular scheme which was then advocated by Mr. Butt, but he had pleaded earnestly for a dispassionate consideration of the whole question. Apart from the historical arguments which might be urged in favour of granting some measure of Home Rule to Ireland, he had pointed out that the geographical position of the island, adjacent to Great Britain, and yet separated from it by a considerable channel, seemed of itself to indicate that Ireland should be in some way politically connected with its neighbour, and yet not so closely connected as were England, Scotland, and Wales, which formed one geographical whole.

The great object of a large number of articles and letters which he wrote upon the subject from 1885 to 1890 was to show first of all what the proper meaning of Home Rule was. He defined it as being the relation of a dependency to a superior power when the dependency had the management of its own internal affairs. but had to follow the lead of the superior power in all other matters. It thus differed alike from complete union and complete separation. It differed from the union on equal terms of two kingdoms or states, as, for example, the union between the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, or between the kingdom of Hungary and the Archduchy of Austria; and it differed again from a federal union in which several states agreed that each should retain some independent powers, and delegate others to a central authority. In these instances the union was on equal

[1] *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1874.

terms; it was of the essence of Home Rule that it should not be on equal terms; it was the relation of a dependency to a superior power. True instances of Home Rule were to be found, in ancient times, in the relation between Athens and Chios, and between Rome and a various crowd of states and kingdoms. In modern times true instances were to be found in the relation of the Channel Islands and of the Isle of Man, or of Canada and Australia, to Great Britain, which were all parts of the Queen's dominions, but not parts of the United Kingdom. The relation also of Finland to Russia, of Iceland to Denmark, of Croatia to Hungary, was a relation of Home Rule, and other instances might be found amongst the motley bundle of states which made up what was called the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Home Rule, therefore, was certainly nothing novel, or monstrous; to ask for it could be no crime in itself, and to talk of it as involving the disruption of the Empire was simple nonsense. He did not overlook the great difficulties inseparable from any scheme of Home Rule for Ireland, more especially in reference to Ulster, but he thought that in the pass to which things had come there were only two courses open. Ireland must either be made more free, or it must be more completely subjugated. The present condition of things was intolerable. The majority was not independent, and the minority was not safe. We might, among many difficulties and *some* injustice, let Ireland go; or we might, among many difficulties and *great* injustice, hold it down as a conquered province; but there was no third course. Between these two statesmen must choose. He was prepared to support, in its main principles, the Home Rule measure introduced by

Mr. Gladstone in 1886. With details he did not concern himself. The most essential features in that bill, the pillars, so to say, upon which it rested, were (i) an Irish Parliament in Dublin, (ii) the exclusion of Irish members from the Parliament at Westminster. The fatal flaw, as Freeman thought, in all subsequent revisions of this measure, was the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. Such a condition was, in his opinion, either unjust or impracticable; unjust, if the Irish members were to vote on English and Scotch affairs, while the English and Scotch members could not vote on Irish affairs; impracticable, if the Irish members were not to vote on English and Scotch affairs, but only on those which concerned the Empire at large; for it would be impossible to draw the line between the two classes of questions. But the gravest objection remained, which was that any plan of this kind was a step in the direction of federalism, and federalism meant that Great Britain was to be resolved into a number of states or cantons, and that Parliament would no longer be a sovereign assembly. He thought that such a change, which would be the most radical ever devised since King William came into England, should come, if at all, as the result of deliberately formed conviction, and not be brought in by a side wind as an incident of Home Rule in Ireland.

His views on Imperial Federation will be found so clearly expressed in his correspondence that little need be said here in explanation of them. He dealt with the subject most fully in an article which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1885. He there analyzes the meaning of the terms, and demonstrates that they were naturally destructive. What was imperial could not be federal, and what was federal could not be imperial.

Where there was Empire there was no brotherhood, and where there was brotherhood there was no Empire. If the colonies were admitted into a federal relation with the United Kingdom, the supremacy of the British Parliament would disappear. It would have no more power than the legislature of an American State, or of a Swiss Canton. And if the whole people of the British Empire were admitted to federal rights, the English-speaking electors would be far outnumbered by the speakers of Tamul and of Telegu. If the principle, then, of federation was strictly acted upon, the British Empire would cease to exist. If, on the contrary, the principle was only partially adopted, if, for instance, only the English colonies were admitted to federal rights, the people of India, who were now subject to the United Kingdom only, would henceforth be subject to the United Kingdom plus the colonies. Such a plan might be highly imperial, but it would not be at all federal. Again, if, as some maintained, the federation was to consist of all English-speaking peoples, it would be very imperfect unless it included the United States of America, a fact which seemed to have been strangely overlooked.

The General Election in the summer of 1886 brought him two invitations to stand for Parliament, one from North Somerset, the other from Tyneside, Northumberland. A visit at breakfast from an agent of the Liberal party in the latter place, who had travelled all night to see him, revived for a moment his Parliamentary ambition.

'I never was so tempted,' he writes, 'to risk myself. The seat was safe and to be had for nothing: the electors are charming, all I doubt not coal black, tho' he who came to see me was not black at all. I even went so far as to give a

conditional assent, but I became so excited, that in the afternoon it was borne in upon me that it would not do, so I sent a telegram withdrawing my consent, and that was over.'

His health, indeed, was now so unstable that there can be little doubt that Parliamentary duties, in addition to his literary work, would have shortened his life. Attacks of gout and cough, with shortness of breath, were becoming more frequent and more disabling every year. In a letter written in July, not long after his refusal to stand for Tyneside, he says:—

'I went to Malvern with my wife on Thursday to tarry with Isaac Gregory, the Vicar thereof, designing to go to Deerhurst on Friday, welcome Alice and bairnbairns Saturday, go to Bristol and make a Home Rule speech Monday and get home Tuesday. I tarried indeed at Malvern, but I tarried mainly in bed: for ankle-woe came on me in the train, which developed into a slight attack of gout in the right claw: so an end to stumping. But if I was not elected in Tyneside, nor allowed to help another man's stump at Bristol or Frome, yet was I carried and chaired in three counties, Worcester, Gloucester, and Somerset, on my way from Malvern to Shepton. That is to say, I had to be carried in and out of railway carriages like a fine lady going up Alps.'

In the latter part of this summer of 1886 he suffered so much from cough and shortness of breath, that he was persuaded to make a short stay at Exmouth with his youngest daughter for the benefit of sea air before his return to Oxford. But he was very unwilling to leave Somerleaze, for which his love was increased by his residence at Oxford. To exchange the view of Keble College on one side of his Oxford house, and of a cab-stand on the other, for his green fields and trees at Somerleaze, was a pleasure to which he looked forward more and more every year, and he sometimes said that

he would rather cough at home than not cough somewhere else. During the autumn term of 1886 at Oxford his nights were so constantly disturbed by coughing that he was not often fit for much work by day; he rarely went out, and sometimes remained upstairs all day. Good, however, came out of evil, for the *History of Sicily* may be said to be largely due to his impaired health.

Three long sojourns were made in that island between 1886 and 1890. The first extended from December 14, 1886, to April 6, 1887; the second from November 17, 1888, to April 27, 1889; and the third from February 6 to May 8, 1890, within which period he also made an excursion to Tunis and the site of Carthage. Palermo and Syracuse were the places in which he spent most time, but he gradually made himself familiar with almost every part of Sicily. He sailed round the western and southern coasts twice over, once from Palermo to Syracuse, and once from Catania to Marsala. He drove along the northern coast from Cefalu to Messina, and made his way to many places in the southern and central districts, some of them not easily accessible, and rarely visited by travellers. The entries in his diary, however, show that notwithstanding the fatigue of travelling and the discomforts of the inns, a great deal of his correspondence and literary work was carried on during these journeys. And to his visits to these more remote spots we are indebted for many of the vivid descriptions of historical sites, and of the physical features of the country, which give such a peculiar charm and value to his history of the island.

This large history, and the shorter one which he wrote for the 'Story of the Nations Series,' naturally occupied the greater part of his time and thoughts during his visits to Sicily. But other work was not neglected. The series

of 'Historic Towns,' of which he had been joint editor with Mr. Hunt since 1885, was still in progress, and the proofs were taken about with him on his wanderings and corrected at spare moments, often during his voyages. Thus, in his diary for April 15, 1890, we find the entry, 'At sea off Girgenti. Did proofs of Raine's *York*.' And it is a striking instance of the readiness with which he could draw upon old stores of knowledge, that the masterly sketch of English architecture which he made for Baedeker's *Handbook of Great Britain* was written during his sojourn at Palermo in 1887, where he had not any books of reference on the subject. But the most surprising evidence that neither advancing years, nor physical infirmity, impaired in any degree his mental vigour and zeal for work, is to be found in the fact that about the year 1883 he conceived, and began to execute, the vast project of writing a general history of Europe. His diary shows that he was engaged upon this work almost daily from 1883 to 1886. The *History of Sicily* seems to have been undertaken, in the first instance, only as a part of this far larger scheme. And the same may be said of his histories of Greece and Rome, which, after having been in abeyance for some time, were now resumed, but never completed. By the side of these big works, such small books as *Exeter* in the series of 'Historic Towns'; 'Greater Greece and Greater Britain,' 'The Methods of Historical Study,' 'The Chief Periods of European History,' which were professorial lectures, and four other Oxford lectures, may well seem mere trifles; but to these must be added, as falling within the five years from 1885 to 1890, not less than eighty articles and reviews written for various periodicals. The aggregate quantity, therefore, of his work was enormous, fully

equalling, if it did not exceed, the amount accomplished at any former period of his life, within the same space of time.

CORRESPONDENCE (1883–1890).

To Professor Dawkins.

Somerleaze, January 23, 1883.

. . . How you do gad about striving to bring back the ugly time on your own map when we were joined on to mainland, and Rhine and Shannon were one concern[1]. Confusion to all your schemes, that's all I can say; all the more if they have hindered you from coming this way. We had some good company last week, Hodgkin, Tylor and his wife, Tuckett, and Coolidge, my New York-Jersey-Magdalen-Swiss and Dauphiny man. I have been pretty bobbish all the winter, bating that the cough comes on every now and then, not according to any rule that I can catch.

To Miss Macarthur.

February 11, 1883.

. . . How Walter Scott, of whom I am taking a course, bothers one with 'Misses'; 'Miss Vernon,' and what not, when one would naturally say, 'Diana.' 'Tis queerest when Henry Morton is made to say 'dearest Edith, or, as I should say, Miss Bellenden.' And they all go on about 'Miss Edith' and 'Miss Bellenden.' Now, historian of Scotland, tell me, Could there be either (February 12) a 'Miss' or an 'Edith'—how much less, then, a 'Miss Edith'—in Scotland in the seventeenth century? Surely it would have been 'Mistress Edith,' if anything; but I should doubt the use of the name.

Then again, did the curates use service-books? Surely I am right in saying that there was an earlier time when there were books without bishops, and a later when there were bishops without books.

[1] The map referred to is in Professor Dawkins' book on *Cave Hunting*, p. 381. The general reference is to his promotion of the Channel Tunnel scheme. See Freeman's article in the *Contemporary Review* for June, 1882, entitled 'Alter Orbis,' in which he traces at some length the effect which the insular position of Britain has had upon its history.

To the Rev. J. T. Fowler.

February 19, 1883.

I was rejoiced to see your hand again, and to get your racy letter and comments on William the Red. Your written words somehow sound as if you were speaking them. They want the least touch of accent from the isle of Lindum to do them justice. Why not 'isle of Lindum'? I meant it just as a crib from 'Lindesige,' just for Jowett and such people who would not understand the original.

. . . A man in Hadria, I mean an Austrian Lloyd officer, once told me that a Russian could understand a Serb, but that a Serb could not understand a Russian. Forwhy, the Serb speaks a much older form of the language, much like what the Russian hears in his Church service. So the Russian has some notion of the Serb's old talk, while the Serb can't make out the Russian's new talk. So, if any speaker of past English, from Cædmon to Johnson (Johnson spake English as Boswell witnesseth, though he wrote *lingo*, another case of written and spoken language keeping apart), came in now, we should make out much more of his talk than he would of our's. Johnson, of course, we should understand perfectly, but he would be a good bit puzzled even with you and me; how much more with Jewpiter senior and jewnior.

. . . I want a chance to pitch into the Bishop of Lincoln, who forbids the word *Minster*, forwhy, Lincoln never had monks, as though it were not at least as great an error to call coenobites[1] μοναχούς[2] as to call a secular church μοναστήριον. But how odd is the use of *monasterium*:

A. in a monkery=the whole concern;
B. in a secular place=the church only.

To M. Bikelas.

Somerleaze, February 27, 1883.

I am not at Somerleaze a bit, but in Oxford, with my daughter and son-in-law, who are dwelling here for a season, but who think of setting out presently for Athens, Thessalonica, and I know not where else.

[1] Members of a religious community. [2] Literally, 'solitaries.'

I am ashamed to find that I (March 2, I am back at home now) have two letters of your's by me, one of them dating as far back as November 3; I had your notice of my American Lectures in Ἑστία. No; I don't suppose any Greek would like the barest thought of a Bulgarian entry into Constantinople, nor did I propose it. But you will see with me that the difficulty lies in the mutual dislike of Greeks and Bulgarians, the difficulty of settling any frontier whenever free Greece and free Bulgaria meet. and the certainty of discontent on both sides, whatever frontier is fixed. But I don't hesitate to say that I had rather see the two nations, both free, fighting along the old lines which they were fighting a thousand years back, than see any part of either in bondage to Turk or Austrian. In that last word is the real danger. We are afraid here that this stupid Egyptian business (perish Tewfik, perish Arabi; why meddle for or against either barbarian?) has utterly tied our hands for a long time to come.

To Professor Ihne.

Somerleaze, March 9, 1883.

All thanks for the notes about Ilion, Rhodes, and Massalia. Mommsen, as you say, asserts a treaty between Rome and Rhodes in 306 B.C. I could find nothing of it; but I see now where he gets it, a place of Polybios which says there was no treaty. I am a little uneasy both about Ilion and about the application of the Akarnanians to Rome, as literal facts. But anyhow the mere tales are important, as showing how (March 14) deep a root the Trojan story had taken. Surely the attachment of the Venetians to Rome had something to do with Antênor. N.B.—You will have seen at Padua the big wooden horse. I have always wondered that nobody has been found to say that it was the real one from Troy—your Troy, not the one by Hudson, where there still be Trojans, as there be Albanians at Albany. Mind, all this Trojan stuff is exactly of a piece with the other Trojan stuff which turns up in the thirteenth century, when the claims of the English crown over Scotland are asserted and attacked on the strength of different versions of the legend of Brute. How far either a Roman consul or an English king believed in it I don't profess to

know; but it is historically important that they either believed it or else found that it paid to talk as if they did.

I came back from that pestilent London yesterday morning, slept all the afternoon, and wrote a panegyric on Caius Flaminius in the evening. You won't speak against that last way of spending time. I think he was a fine fellow. I won't judge of his generalship; I was not there, and I could not have judged if I had been, and Fabius Pictor was likely to be hard on him. (If you happen to be a tribune, 'tis so easy to say that the tribunes won the battle and not the consuls.) But surely in his home work he joins the good side of Appius the Blind—by the way, I am going to dine with the Civil Engineers on April 7—with the part of Menius Curius and of Fabius-Decius—I hyphen this as you hyphen *Oesterreich-Ungarn* and *Elsass-Lothringen*.

. . . *If* I should hear of anybody wanting to go for a season Neckardt[1], I won't forget the Corner of the Rock. And if you know anybody that wants to learn the art of digging Virginian earth, my son Edgar is open out there to teach him. N.B.—My American daughter-in-law bears testimony against the maidens of Freiburg-im-Breisgau, among whom she tarried awhile some years back. They were amazed at two things in her, that she, being an American girl, should be *white*, and that she should *speak English*. On the other hand, I have been set down as 'aus Amerika' at München, ditto at Rome; I have been reviewed at Berlin as one who 'bleibt immer Amerikaner,' and I was spoken to as such by your late Bluntschli[2], as you may perhaps remember.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, June 17, 1883.

. . . So you have taken the trouble to make a list of Froude's blunders in detail. I should simply assume that his Roman work must be just like his other work. My saying is that Froude has a negative use. When he has said a thing happened one way, you don't know how it did happen, but you know one way in which it did not happen. I have not read his

[1] Neckarwards.

[2] Author of *Théorie Générale de l'Etat* and other works.

Caesar book, but I opened it once, and lighted on a place where, speaking of Clodius' adoption, he assumed that all plebeians were what he called *canaille* and in the gutter. Did he really not know that Catullus, Metellus, Crassus, *cum multis aliis quos nunc perscribere longum est*, were plebeians? Trollope knew better than that; so did the writer of a little book (I forget his name) who thought that *plebs* was the plural of *pleb*, and spoke of each plebeian by himself as 'a pleb.' I suppose he knew no Latin at all, but he knew his facts better than Froude. I see by your list that you have caught him about patricians. 'Tis very careless and slovenly to use any such word as *province* and *provincial*, as applied to Italy in those times. But I have known better men than Froude do that. They get into the cockney newspaper way of talking here in England about 'the provinces'—meaning the independent shires, *gás*, and ancient kingdoms of this land, and then they apply it to Rome and Italy. But I suppose that words did get vaguely applied after a while, e. g. when Horace says to the man who did not reach the equestrian census '*Plebs* eris'—that is nearly as bad as Froude. I remember once saying to you (June 22) that we must not be surprised if the language in casual references to things in Cicero or anybody is not always strictly accurate, that it hardly ever is so, in ordinary talk and writing now. I might have said more. There are constant inaccuracies in official documents. Not long ago the High Sheriff of this county put out a notice for the election of a *Member of Parliament* for this division. It should have been a *Knight of the Shire*, the formal title ever since there were such. The other is a mere informal way of speaking, but very likely it will stick now. The other day I saw a public University notice at Oxford that a degree was to be given to somebody 'Bishop Designate' of somewhere. There is no such phrase as 'Bishop Designate' known to the law; 'tis a mere vulgarism of the newspapers. Then just by here I saw a cattle-disease notice from the Clerk of the Peace which spoke of 'the County of the City of Bristol, the Borough of Bath, the Borough of Gloucester, and the Borough of Bridgwater.' It should have been—'The County of the City of Gloucester' and 'the City of Bath.' A historian 500 years hence might make quite wrong inferences

from this paper as to the position and history of Bath and Gloucester. May we not sometimes get wrong from the same cause about a Roman tribe or a Latin colony?

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, July 24, 1883.

. . . You seem to have seen a great many things that I never did; but I have never been at Venice long together, though I have been there a good many times. I generally go and see the same things. Murano I have been to twice at least, but Torcello only once. I wonder at what you say of St. Mark's: I never weary of it. I suspect you have not developed any Byzantine tastes. There is a lot of silly stuff stuck outside, but what can outdo the cupolas and apses, unless St. Sophia itself? The campanile to me seems simply ugly, and Ruskin (July 25) raves about it. I believe he does admire St. Mark's, otherwise 'tis a fairly safe rule to worship what he burns, and to burn what he worships. Please learn to distinguish between Italian Romanesque, one of the noblest styles in the world, and Italian Gothic (or Ruskinesque), a lifeless and beggarly imitation of northern things which they could not really reproduce, and yet forsook their own natural style for it.

. . . I never wrote anybody's life—I have sometimes thought of doing mine own—I should (July 26) have a kind of notion that, if one made it worth reading, everybody would find fault. (I think somebody has said this already.) Then it must be such a work to fit all the letters. Don't take Giles[1] to your model.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, September 28, 1883.

. . . You should go by *Berkeley* or *Thornbury*, or both. Thornbury Castle goes with Cowdray as the reproach of all Ruskinesque fools who go chattering and building their Ruskinesque rubbish, while there be such works of Englishmen that they wot not of. Berkeley and Thornbury—both church and castle at each. Next *Leonard Stanley*, big barn and little

[1] Dr. Giles, who edited *Letters and other materials for the Life of Thomas Becket*, which were very ill-arranged.

church, but the very specimen—fellow to Ewenny and some others in South Wales—of a very small conventual church, cell to Gloucester. In the godly city of *Gloucester* itself you will mark the four arms of the chester very well, but you won't see much of the Roman wall unless you go into the printing-shop of a worthy Quaker named Bellows, or something like it; he knows a good bit, and makes French dictionaries, and sits ever over a scrap of the wall, ruling over his devils. If you have boundless time and zeal at Gloucester you may make out two friars' churches and some other things; but you will most likely care more to keep to the abbey. Consider the nave pillars, how tall they be, and bear them in mind when you get to Tewkesbury, where they be yet taller. See also how queerly they have cased the choir, where the Norman work (much better to my taste than the nave) abides, though veiled. Tell also the towers thereof, noting the turrets, which make one think that Robert Fitz-hamon may have been a better fellow than one fancies. Mark, too, the apse, fellow to Westminster, but not quite so tall. And *praecipue et prae aliis*, specially as a dweller on the *hlæw* of *Dodda*[1], fail not when at Tewkesbury to go to the church of *Odda*, Odda the Earl; you will find much of him in vol. ii[2]. Its nave and tower yet stand at *Deerhurst* —choir gone. Then round by *Malvern*, Great and Little, of them more in vol. iv[3]. Great Malvern, cell of Westminster—contrast its Norman with Tewkesbury, and compare towers of Gloucester, Malvern, Worcester. At *Worcester* itself cross the river and think what it must have been when church and castle stood side by side. Mark Wulfstan's work in the crypt and *somebody's* in the slype. Did he use up bits? for the old church (see vol. iv[4]) was not on the same site.

. . . I did not try Cayley[5] or any of them—I do not exercise

[1] Miss Thompson's family were then living at a house called Dudlow Grange. Dudlow = Hlæw of Dodda.

[2] *Norman Conquest*, 158, 406, 407, 564, 565. [3] P. 383. [4] P. 384.

[5] The reference is to the British Association, of which the President this year was A. Cayley, F.R.S., Sadlerian Professor of Pure Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, who delivered an address on the occasion scarcely intelligible to any but scientific minds.

myself in great matters that are too high for me. I know no quaternions save them that guarded St. Peter, but I think I have seen a '*nadder*' when I was very little; they used to talk much of them on Clifton Down. There was one Cook who built him a folly to keep his son from being stung of nadders, yet one came up in a fagot and he drank it in his ale. Cf. Croesus his son[1], and others many, if looked at G. W. Coxly[2].

To Goldwin Smith, Esq.

Angers, October 6, 1883.

. . . We are going on to one or two other places, and then to see a bit of Auvergne. I have brought a lot of letters, and among them I am utterly ashamed to find two of your's, one of (Poitiers, October 9) August 12 and one even of January 12.

. . . I am getting weary of politics, and I am thoroughly glad I am not in this Parliament, which in 1880 I rather wished to be. I am sick of Ireland and Egypt, and I am not greatly stirred about Madagascar, though when a people does seem to be civilizing itself, it seems a pity to meddle with it. I have heard no politics in this land, and the French newspapers are as meagre as ever. I have got a little more tender towards France since they tried to be a commonwealth, and since Bismarck took to backing Francis Joseph against the freedom of S. E. Europe. But they seem such a helpless lot. I delight in each city and district separately, but the whole called France is a mistake; so the private Frenchman is a kindly creature enough, but make him into an official—Oh dear. Only I suppose to become official spoils a man more or less in all lands.

. . . (Limoges, October 12.) I look back to your letters. The January one reminds me of a good many things, but you have no doubt quite forgotten it. There certainly was a notion in some people's heads at New York and elsewhere—certainly not with the really good audiences, at Ithaca, New Haven, and Johns Hopkins—that I was 'talking down' to them, but I could not in the least understand why they thought so. Maybe

[1] See Herodotus, i. 35-45.

[2] I. e. According to the views of Sir G. W. Cox, as expressed in his *Mythology of the Aryan Nations.*

because I spoke plain English, and was not 'histrionic.' But English reviewing puzzles me nearly as much as American.

. . . I have reviewed as many books as most men, and some of them pretty severely. But I have always held it a moral duty to find out and to say what really was in the book, good or bad. But to do that you must read the book, and that is what it seems to me they don't do. They seem to write down anything, something which they think is smart, without looking at the book at all or heeding what was in it. And they seem to follow one another; what one says another says. Whatever I say must be full of 'terrible repetition.' Is not Grote largely so? And am not I very thankful to him for being so? Because by repeating his main positions at every fitting point he makes it impossible to forget them.

. . . I have lately been chiefly working at Roman matters, for the Roman book in my little series and perhaps something beyond. I shall have to think over what you say about warlike and not warlike. I am reading all that I have read before and some things that I have not, all the originals and many moderns. What say you to Mommsen—Thompson, according to Lord Sherbrook? I am strongly inclined to set him down as the very first of scholars, for both range and depth of scholarship. But surely he is a mere babe in politics. He can't understand, for instance, in Appius the Blind's day the union of the highest oligarchs and the extreme popular party against the moderate patricians and moderate plebeians. Yet I saw it in 1841 at the Northampton election, when Tories and Chartists coalesced and marched about together. Arnold and Grote understand 10,000 things that he does not. So does Niebuhr, who had at least seen something of mankind. And Ihne too, though he evidently likes to find fault with Mommsen, certainly understands some things better than he does, through living so long in England. But none of them will take the trouble to understand the constitution of the Achaian League. Mommsen, in his seventh edition, repeats exactly the same mistakes which I pointed out twenty years back in the first.

. . . I turn to your letter of August 12. I am glad you are pleased with *Towns and Districts*. (October 17.) I am afraid that the great Duke hardly deserved the flourish I gave him

in a speech the only time I have ever been at Silchester, that 'it was fitting that one of the earliest prizes of English victory should become part of the grant given by the nation to one who[1],' &c. &c. Reading is a very typical English town[2], growing out of a simple mark and strengthened by the foundation of the abbey; also contrasting with towns here in this, that here the monastic and collegiate churches have lived through the revolution more largely than the parish churches; in England of course 'tother way. This gives a French town an appearance of having grander churches than an English one, which is pretty true, but not so fully as it seems.

To the Rev. Professor Sayce.

Orleans, November 1, 1883.

. . . We have been down to the land of snuffed-out volcanos, *down* that is on the map, for the very bottom of (Chartres, November 3) the rivers there is higher than what calls itself a hill here.

. . . I have seen much to satisfy me in many ways; but I can't say that I have picked up anything in your line. Never a Hittite, nor yet, as in my last journey to a mountain land, the Hivite Hadarezer. The nearest thing to your department was *Rue aux Juifs* in this city, and that (ζήτω ἡ ἀκροβυστία) is but a mean street. Lenormant (who by his name belongs to me, and to whom I was going to give a big N), is, I gather from the *Academy*, in a bad way; but I shall be glad to see what you and he and all of you have to say when you have made up your minds and put it into a connected shape. But your letter of September 2 gave me great comfort on one point, namely, that you don't see *Ur*-Doric at Beni-Hassan[3].

[1] This passage was suggested by a local story mentioned in Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter, that many years ago, when some remains of a villa were first dug up at Silchester, the farmer on whose ground the discovery was made complained to his landlord, the Duke of Wellington, of the visitors, and that the Duke had the villa covered up again, remarking that if people wanted to see curiosities they must go to Italy.

[2] Mr. Goldwin Smith had expressed a wish that some notice of Reading should be included in the volume of *English Towns and Districts*.

[3] In his *History of Architecture*, published in 1849, Mr. Freeman gives

People make very hasty inferences in those matters by forgetting that the law that like causes produce like effects applies to architecture as well as to other things. There are some forms which prove nothing as to date or race, because they are the most obvious forms to come into men's heads at any time or place, and are therefore found at all times and places. That column at Mykênê of which one used to see the picture, but which was not at Mykênê in 1877, was exactly like a bit of twelfth century Romanesque; but I know no reason to doubt that it was of the same age as the rest. Your Hittites had boots with turned up toes. That sounds to me very like the device which a *nebulo*[1], at the court of William Rufus, devised and which Fulk Rechin improved for the help of his gout—(or did Fulk invent it and the *nebulo* improve it?—I have not Orderic—or myself to turn to[2]). What if one argued that the Hittites were Angevins or that the Angevins were Hittites? The last doctrine you might be glad to accept.

But, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί, Woden and Perkuns[3] and all Aryan powers, what is this doctrine that you say I have accepted from certain High-Dutchmen? I never so much as 'heerd talk on it,' and he that saith it shall be unto me as a Hittite or an Andaman-islander. Does any man say that either Dorians or Ionians were not Aryans? *Pereat male.* It sounds (to say nothing else) like saying that Saxons were one thing and Angles something utterly different, ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐ πιστὰ λέγοντες. But you must tell me something more of these strange things which you bring to my ears, and then say that I believe them.

strong reasons for thinking that the pillars at the tomb of Beni-Hassan, and other similar specimens in Egypt, were not the parent form of Doric: pp. 71, 83.

[1] 'A vain fellow.'

[2] According to Orderic, 587 A (Migne's edition), a nebulo at the Court of William invented the fashion of wearing boots with very long toes twisted at the end like a ram's horn, whence he was nick-named Cornardus, 'the horned one.' Fulk, Count of Anjou, adopted the fashion in order to conceal the swellings on his gouty feet. Orderic includes this custom in a list of much worse evils as a sign of the depravity of the times. See *Reign of William Rufus*, i. 159, ii. 502.

[3] The Lithuanian equivalent to Zeus and Woden.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, December 9, 1883.

I have just had a book about Anselm sent me from beyond sea, which will just now be more useful to you than to me. So I send him to you, along with Liebermann, Stubbs' pet Jew, who has also some matter that may be useful to you [1].

. . . . I liked Gloucester Abbey better this time than I ever did before, though Romanesque is poor work beside Durham. And one cannot strictly approve all that queer going on in the eastern parts: still it is a most curious and interesting study with the records. I really believe that I have got at the origin of Perpendicular. I stayed at Highnam with Gambier Parry—very good quarters and company—thence took a glance at Tewkesbury—the exaggeration of Gloucester, and so to Oxford to Margaret and Arthur for a few days. I went by way of Evesham, but did not stop there longer than the trains made me. Old Sir John Maclean wants me greatly to go and hold forth at Evesham [2] next year. I don't want to, as I feel no call, and am getting tired of those things, ἑξηκονταέτης ὢν καὶ βαρὺς τὸ σῶμα καὶ πιμελής [3]. You had better go instead, who can skip about like a young unicorn, and finish what you so well began at Lewes [4].

To T. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

Somerleaze, December 10, 1883.

I see that, when I wrote to you from Clermont, I had not seen the only thing I saw there that Sidonius could have looked on. Forwhy, though I sought much for it, I did not find it out till our second visit to Augustonemetum when we came back from Le Puy. It is a very fine piece of Roman wall, not at all the town wall, but in a suburb a little way off. It adjoins a building called *Château* des (December 16) Salles,

[1] I was just then writing the article on Anselm for the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

[2] Where Simon de Montfort was defeated and slain, A.D. 1265.

[3] 'Being sixty years old, heavy in body and stout withal.'

[4] Referring to a paper on the battle of Lewes, A.D. 1264, which I read at the meeting of the Archaeological Institute, July 31, 1883.

which I fancy belonged to the Bishops of Clermont, and which has some good late mediaeval bits. The wall itself reminded me most of the building which you will not allow to be the βιβάριον[1]—half-columns in the same way, but bigger, and not wholly brick. Wall and columns alike are of those alternate courses of stones and brick which we find in Roman work in most parts of Gaul and Britain, though not at Rome or Pons Aelii.

. . . I have not seen Trollope's *Autobiography* further than a heap of reviews. I want to pick up his Cicero book. Both Ihne and Goldwin spake well of it, allowing for some natural slips. In the Field-Sports dispute I think I did somewhere or other refer to what you say about accidents as a secondary point. For I remember somebody making the absurd fallacy that more people were killed in crossing London streets than in hunting and shooting, to which I answered that people could not help crossing London streets, while nobody need go hunting or shooting. I could not make out Trollope's mode of working as he talked of it. I believe I am fairly methodical in my own work, but I could not undertake to stop when the clock struck. What if the arrow had already left the bow but had not yet reached William Rufus.

. . . Don't talk of *Byzantine* before 800, if you can help it. (Such modifications must be; Antiochos was to give up Hannibal, *if he could*, and Eadgar's law bids them to keep pigs out of churchyards, *if they can*, showing how well the *totius Britanniae Basileus* knew that 'very awkard animals to drive, specially when there 's many of them, is a pig.') I often feel that it would save trouble to use this or that word that one had better not; somehow one does without. You mark the two senses of Ῥωμαῖος in Procopios. I don't think I quarrel with *Imperialist*; it suggests the continuity of Justinian and the Ferdinands. I remember it is used in the book from which,

[1] I. e. *Vivarium*, the place where wild beasts were kept for the shows in the Amphitheatre. In one of the assaults on the walls of Rome by the Goths, A.D. 537, they are said by Procopios to have directed their attack against the Vivarium near the Praenestine Gate. Mr. Freeman and Mr. Hodgkin differed as to the site of this Vivarium. See Hodgkin's *Italy and her Invaders*, iv. p. 198.

in the year 1837 or thereabouts, I got my first notions of these things—*History of the Overthrow of the Roman Empire*, by W. C. Taylor. You say that *Roman* suggests 'mere citizens of Rome.' The point is that they all were citizens of Rome, so far as one can apply the word *citizen* at all.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, December 23, 1883.

I began a letter on December 16 on smaller paper which got no further than page 1. Since then I have got some of this paper, which I used always to have; so I will start again. I don't think I have written since I went to Gloucester and Oxford; but I fancy I sent you a *Gloucester Journal*. I tarried with Gambier Parry at Highnam, a pleasant house to stay in. Among other members he has a daughter who sits behind a writing-table, and gives forth oracles out of Bradshaw to parents and guests, a most useful institution, which I am trying to bring Helen up to. She expounded the *Indicateur* all the way to The Pue[1] and back; I told her whither I wanted to go, and she made out the road. Then I went and had a glimpse at Tewkesbury, fellow to Gloucester, and so by Evesham (where I did nothing but eat a mutton-chop) to Oxford, to tarry two or three days with Arthur and Margaret. Among other things the Professor of Celtic gave us a noble breakfast. He is now living (December 30)—at least he was then—in college, as his wife had fallen sick and gone to Cannes with the bairns, and he had let his house. I am at last reading his book—what a strong fellow he is! I have also read Seebohm, whom I do not reckon for a strong fellow, though he certainly is an ingenious one. 'Tis passing queer if we have had for so many ages a strong delusion to make us fancy ourselves Angles and Saxons when we really were something else. Since Oxford, I have been sitting here, mainly working at Polybian times, but with touches now and then of Angers, Poitiers, and that part of the world. Then we had, to tarry, a young American poetess and her mother, of whom the maid, besides her rimes, has three

[1] Le Puy. Podium was its Latin name, which also signified an elevated and enclosed space, whence our word pew or pue.

tastes — to read Greek, to ride horses, and to climb trees. Dancing she abhors.

. . . (January 1, 1884.) The top of the new year to you! and thanks for a ladder of kittens (conf. west front of Bath Abbey) that came yesterday[1].

. . . I was at Shrewsbury battle-field years and years ago. That little church bears out what I say about English collegiate churches. It is not quite like either Battle Abbey or Batalka—more like Cnut's minster of stone and lime on Assandun. I should like to know about *Ettlas*[2], only the name is dangerous; you know that an ingenious man proved that the whole Nibelungenlied happened in Norfolk, mainly because of *Attle*burgh.

. . . I have no great experience of blindworms; some philosopher said they were not snakes, but lizards without legs. I fancy that both they and another harmless creature get pitifully murthered by being taken for nadders. I see you come back to the subject on November 18, with a nadder that runs up trees, and 'gazes like Satan[3].'

Plowden was a famous lawyer in 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth[4].' A client comes and asks what remedy the law will give him if his neighbour's hogs break into his field and do damage. 'He shall have a good remedy,' quoth Plowden. 'Well, then, your hogs have broken into my field.' 'Then the case is altered,' quoth Plowden.

The Dewsbury (Jewsbury?) Israelite sergeant is not dead. But I am sure I shan't stand anywhere, unless you can make me both younger and richer, and also make public affairs more interesting. Bother all Soudans! There was a talk of Gordon paying us a visit, just to tell us where Soudan is. But he is gone to Ireland or some other savage country.

[1] Miss Thompson had sent him a Christmas card of kittens climbing a ladder.

[2] Miss Thompson was shown the church and field by one who told her that Ettlas was the name of the battle-field, or that part of it where Hotspur fell.

[3] Like the serpent as represented in old pictures of the Fall. Miss Thompson's father and sister saw a snake in a tree near Bagnères de Luchon, which behaved in the manner described.

[4] See Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*, second stanza.

I don't know a bit what to do with 'outcast London,' at least with its inhabitants. I was just now proposing to kill the parents and make slaves (to decent people) of the children. That would cure the evil, but public opinion would think it too *drastic*. Is not that the word? So good-bye. Hope you have more sun and less mud than we have here.

To F. H. Dickinson, Esq.

Somerleaze, January 5, 1884.

. . . There has been some horrid stuff in the *Times* about pulling this diocese about, having a Bishop of Bath and Bristol, and of Wells and Sherborne, or some folly. By all means let Bristol have a bishop, and Dorset another; but let us be spared this mangling of boundaries. The Sumorsætan have made a diocese for nearly 1,000 years—affected only by some petty nibbling at Bedminster—nobody, I fancy, wants a change—why can't we be left alone? There is such a contempt of history about, mingled with such silly antiquarianism. All the associations of Southwell could not save its chapter, and now they want to make it the seat of a bishopric instead of Nottingham.

I seem to be getting weaned from all human affairs—public, local, and, as far as may be, personal. I skip Chamberlain and Lord Randolph alike, and stick to old Cato and Astymêdês, who are much more interesting. The newspapers are so stupid.

. . . They have let me in to take the chair at a something about representation. I don't expect to agree with anybody. I am too go-ahead at one end and too lag-behind at another. I am φιλόδημος τὴν φύσιν[1], and don't fear any extension, but being φιλόδημος and τὸν ἐμὸν δῆμον ποθῶν[2], I don't want to wipe out δῆμος for electoral districts[3].

[1] 'A lover of the people of nature.'

[2] 'Desiring my own people,' i.e. the people of his own district. See Aristoph. *Acharn.* 32.

[3] The new electoral districts were in his judgement arbitrary and artificial. The old divisions followed more nearly the old tribal divisions of the people.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, January 10, 1884.

Thanks very many for that tip-top trouncing of Brother Martin[1], specially for the wind-up.

You mentioned slips of Milman's—some of them are truly wonderful.

1. St. Remigius gave his name to the great cathedral city of Rheims.

2. Delphinus, a doubtful archbishop of Lyons in the days of Wilfrith, may have been so called as being a native of Dauphiny.

3. The line of Justinian I was deposed and restored again under Justinian II (or something like that).

It reads to me as if the first draught had been printed without ever being read over. But these are odd things to come save in a first draught. Slips in names, titles, dates, kindred, &c., there always will be, if you don't correct. For what is the accurate man? Not he that maketh no mistakes, for there is none such; but he that findeth out his own mistakes and correcteth them, and leaveth them not for others to find out.

To T. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

Somerleaze, January 27, 1884.

. . . It *is* hard, I know, to follow Procopios in his twofold use of the word Ῥωμαῖος, one local, one imperial; but it may be done, if you take pains. I often have to think a longish bit to hit on some phrase which shall be perfectly accurate; but I commonly find it. (Of course I am called 'pedant' for my pains; that one must expect.) I want you to avoid this kind of thing. (You don't need to avoid it for your own sake, but it may be needful for your readers.) I have just been looking through Milman. He can't get over a certain *surprise* at a man at Constantinople being master of Old Rome. Now I want you to write so as to throw the surprise the other way, that

[1] Some criticisms which I had written in the *Guardian* of Mr. Martin Rule's *Life of St. Anselm*.

it was queer if at any time he was not. I want you to assume *the* Emperor, where he dwells as *the* natural sovereign of Rome, and anything else as ἄτοπον[1]. That was clearly the Roman way of looking at things. (It is equally important that the Goths had begun to look at things in another way, and called the East-Romans Γραικοί[2].) After 800, when you have two *competitors* (as distinguished from *colleagues*), each claiming to be *the* Emperor, you must mark which you mean, and *Byzantine* is often a useful word to mark the Eastern one. But surely it makes confusion at any time before. It wipes out the notion of Ῥωμανία[3] which I want to preach—as Ataulf *praught* it[4].

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, February 2, 1884.

. . . Send me back the two wise men, but burn or rend the fool, unless you remember who it is—I am sure there is some one—who makes a collection of fools; if you know who it is, let him or her have it. He waxes funny towards the end, where he wants to know what a King of the Romans is. You remember the answer that some one—Bernard, I think[5]—got: 'The King of the Romans was a person who stood to the Pope in the same relation in which the Prince of Wales stands to the King of England.' I have always held that in this there was a lurking notion of *Caesar* Borgia; but some say that this is too subtle.

I don't know what *Revue Historique* has said. May I see it if you have it? Yes, there is a vast deal of crowing of jays and such like. And here is Dawkins going to smash their skulls and Pollock going to show up their law; but they are only going to do it, and don't know when. When I have done off a few more

[1] 'Out of place'; 'incongruous.'

[2] 'Greeks.'

[3] 'Romania.'

[4] Ataulfus, king of the Visigoths after the death of Alaric, A.D. 410, debated with himself whether what was Romania should become Gothia, but decided that neither could do without the other. See Orosius, vii. 43, and Freeman's *Methods of Historical Study*, p. 116.

[5] Montague Bernard, when Examiner in the School of Modern History at Oxford.

Romans, I will even arise as a heretoga refreshed with ale, and will smite them in all parts, hind and fore, hip and thigh, yea with the jawbone of an ass, even of —— himself, for truly not a little of his *jaw* may be turned about to his own smiting.

. . . I admire your conscientiousness in the matter of J. Caesar. Few cabinet ministers, few M.P.'s of any kind, would show it. But see you not that C. Julius C. f. C. n. Caesar (afterwards canonized as *Divus Julius*, Καῖσαρ ὁ Θεός) may be rightly called C. Julius or C. Caesar, but not *J. Caesar*? Forwhy, there is no *praenomen* for which *J.* is the short, Gaius least of all. (Yet must there have been *Iulus* sometime, or whence gens Julia?) Remember the fashion of calling a man by *nomen* and *cognomen*, unknown under the Commonwealth, did come in early under the Empire. I take it half Gaul was Julius this or that, and I should not be surprised if the fashion began there.

'Big east window'—don't you see that there can be big east window only where there is no apse, and that most churches out of England have apses? There is a very big one in the Blackfriars at Perugia. Rose window, on the other hand, you hardly ever get in England—Westminster (a French church on English soil) and Lincoln, and some smaller in Gloucestershire, a good one at Cheltenham, but absurdly put at the east end of a transept, instead of in its front.

To T. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

Somerleaze, February 3, 1884.

. . . I am maintaining a thesis, that the two great periods of history are—

A. Second century B.C.
B. Fourth and fifth century A.D.

A. settles that Rome is to be head of the world.

B. settles that when Roman political headship is broken up, shaken, changed, whatever we are to say, it still shall go on as influence.

Then, just before A., the question comes, Shall Rome be stopped from accomplishing A. by Hannibal? Before B. comes question, Shall B. be hindered by Rome conquering too

much? Scipio settles one question and Arminius[1] the other. Jupiter is too many for Baal, but Woden is too many for Jupiter. Hence the world that now is.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Somerleaze, March 2, 1884.

. . . I am delighted with Gladstone's speech. How blessed to get to all that from that beastly Soudan. What does it all mean? With whom are we at war, and why? Rebels? but I thought one always went in for rebels. I have always been for Messanians, Maccabees, Cretans, Hereward, Pontius Telesinus[2], and everybody of the kind. And we are to put people down under a beastly Turk who wants to get rid of him? How does it differ from the late Jew's doings? Pray explain, if you know. Somebody seems to be smashing the scoundrel Baker, which is surely a good job.

I see you are going in for keeping mountains open. Good luck to you! I learned something of that at Dunoon in 1870. Then wrote I a middle on 'Free Hill-tops,' which Harwood would not put in, saying that he did not see why the tops of hills should be freer than their bottoms. But does not the freedom of the top involve the freedom of the bottom? Would it not come under that law in Blackstone that to grant to a man (and therefore to a whole folk) any piece of land implies granting him a way thither?

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Somerleaze, March 5, 1884.

. . . Mrs. Roundell puts on sackcloth and ashes in two letters about the cathedral church of Battle[3]. What put it into her head? Haply that way when one striving to hit the right

[1] Who broke the power of the Romans on the northern frontier of the Empire in Germany, A.D. 9–16. For an account of his campaigns see Tacitus, *Ann.* i. 61, 63, 68, ii. 16, 17.

[2] Commander of the Samnite forces in the Social War against the Romans; was defeated by Sulla in a bloody battle outside the walls of Rome, B.C. 82, captured, and executed.

[3] Mrs. Roundell, in her excellent history of Cowdray, refers (p. 13) to the '*Cathedral* Church of Battle,' instead of Abbey Church or Minster.

name uses it wrong, as when Kingsley called Hereward the 'Last of the English.' I have no doubt he was going to say 'Last of the *Saxons*'; then he thought (truly), that that was wrong, and so made the last error worse than the first—as Stanley always did when he tried to correct anything. To comfort Mrs. Roundell, I told her of my own hash about the Anthonies[1]. This, I guess, came about on this wise. For a long while I jumbled father and son, Henry VIII's man and Lord Montague. Then I saw that Lord Montague did not pull down Battle church, and so made that hash. I once did this. There is no such form as *Defnsætan*—I took it blindly from Palgrave. Then I saw that he had simply made it out of *Dúnsætan*, and that *Dúnsætan* had nothing to do with Devonshire; but though I wrote a note about that, I forgot to strike out *Defnsætan* in the other places, and Johnny copied it.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Somerleaze, March 7, 1884.

. . . I admire the Franchise Bill more and more in its matter. Only do get it translated into language that means something. There is a vile way now of writing public documents in the slang of the newspapers. A few years back the High Sheriff of this *gá*[2] called on us to choose, not a Knight of the Shire, but an undefined creature, unknown to Earl Simon, called a 'Member of Parliament.' And this Bill is worse than all. The heading comes from the old Reform Bill, which I always wondered at. What is 'Representation of the People'? It should say 'in Parliament.' Then we have at the very beginning 'uniform franchise at elections.' What is 'franchise?' I take it, any right or privilege of any kind, specially the freedom of a city or borough. And what kind of 'elections'—coroners, bishops, fellows, chief constables, town[3] scoundrels,

[1] When he first called attention to the slip mentioned in the last note I had ventured to point out to him that in his article on Cowdray, in *Towns and Districts*, he had confused two Anthony Brownes, father and son.

[2] District. See 'The Shire and the Gá' in *English Towns and Districts*, p. 103.

[3] Doubtful in MS.

school-boards? What is meant is 'the right of voting at elections of Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses'—I leave you to settle about *Commissioners*—'to serve in the Commons House of Parliament.' There you say what you mean, *more majorum.* Do think of this.

. . . What do Lowell and Childers mean about Westminster Abbey being 'the *Valhalla* of the British-speaking people'? Truly there be some out of whose skulls I would not refuse to drink mead; but St. Peter's church seems an odd place to choose for the *συμπόσιον*[1].

. . . More of Edward I's work knocked away for an idol of a man *who is not buried there.* It is the silliest of tomfoolery, yet all the world seems to run after it.

Gladstone has been for some years the only man who knew a very simple fact, namely, that the labourer's vote is actually in being in a large part of England[2]. I pointed out some years back that he alone did know it. Then they have been ever since chattering about 'experiment,' 'untried class,' and what not.

. . . I don't like all this worry about 'representation of minorities,' silliest of crotchets. You must go by the majority in the end. They will next be for having bills passed in Parliament by a minority.

. . . I wonder whether you are a *Vandal* for opening hill-tops. I see everybody who does anything in a pretty country, specially if he makes a railway, is called a 'Vandal,' or sometimes a 'vandal.' I think the railways look rather well. And did Genseric or Hunneric make railways? I don't remember; but I will ask Hodgkin on Thursday when he is due here. Then you have a 'platonic treaty,' whatever that is. And the last thing is that the shore is the 'littoral.' Horner was fuming at that. Won't Mommsen like it?

[1] 'Drinking-party.'

[2] In parliamentary boroughs like Shoreham and Midhurst, in Sussex, which included many of the surrounding villages.

To Professor Geddes.

Somerleaze, March 29, 1884.

. . . Am I a Celt? After Rhŷs's book, one would be thankful to be proved to be Aryan of any kind; a large part of the inhabitants of both North and South Britain seem, according to him, to be something very unpleasant. I am always being tempted (March 31) to think that certain bullet-headed South-Welsh persons have stayed on as a Levitical (or Druidical) order from the days of somebody neither Dutch nor Welsh; but Rhŷs gives us all a fair chance of being something unpleasant. I had a pedigree that (through many grandmothers) went up to Woden, but E. C. Waters says it breaks down in the fifteenth century. And even if it stood, one's grandfathers might (since F. Douglass has married a white woman) be Eskimos.

Glad you like *English Towns and Districts*[1]. I was in London the other day on a deputation to plead with the Lord Chancellor not to drag down this West-Saxon *gá* to the level of a Mercian department by taking away Wells assizes.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Oxford, Trinity Sunday, 1884.

I have taken a large sheet, because I am going to write on a great subject, at any rate a long subject, even Longus Burgo your Dean. He praught this morning at New College, and altogether out-comicked the old 'comic sermon' that used to be at St. Mary's. First of all, there are some changes in the ceremony. Surely in times past there was a pulpit wheeled in —then I rather fancy men praught from the flying eagle. But now Longus Burgo praught from a stall in the middle of *Decani*, and piled himself up a heap of pillows wherewithal to preach, one of which he stole from me, as I was unwittingly within two stalls of him. Text, creation of man, male and female, &c. First, refutation of evolution, and special woe against them that (Worcester, June 11) stretched out one hand to Moses and one to Darwin. They that believed nothing were to thole[2] all

[1] Published in 1883.

[2] Old English, 'to suffer.'

revealed punishments, but they that tried to believe two things were to thole something further—particulars, it would seem, known only to 'the Burgoon[1].' Methought how, in the sixteenth century, haply some men talked in just the same way about holding one hand to Joshua and another to Copernicus. But the great point was *male and female*, we were to notice, not *men and women*: forwhy, woman was not yet, she was to come out of man, and so man, which potentially contained her, might be said to be created male and female. (N.B.—I can believe the Christian religion, and yet see that here and in the Eve-story we have two distinct versions; but then that entitles me to the unrevealed tholings.) And then for the kernel of the whole thing; 'My Christian sisters, you are our inferiors; you have always been our inferiors; you always will be our inferiors; if you try to become our equals and rivals, then all your sweetness and loveliness (i.e. sugar and spice and all things nice) will pass away, and you will (June 12) become something very unlike sugar and spice.' And all other dreadful things were to happen if they were to be brought up as men, reading obscene classics and what not. But the grand point, that at which human nature gave way, and the congregation, young and old, who had hitherto kept their countenance by supernatural efforts, fell into a general laugh, was at the burst, 'And what will happen, if so many marriageable and attractive young women are brought up among so many young men?' That raised the question how far the lassies of Somerville and Lady Margaret can be called attractive. Some say that the orthodoxy of Lady Margaret gendereth to beauty—perhaps on the principle that 'handsome is that handsome does'—rather than the laxity of Somerville. Well, after lecturing his inferiors for a season, the Burgoon turned him to his last head—'And now I will say a very few plain words to my equals'—that seemed to be either to the carl-folk in general, or at least to such as were members of Convocation. They were pitched into mightily for passing the late statute; I did not vote either way—thinking there was much to be said

[1] In some newspaper report Dean Burgon's name had, by a printer's error, appeared in this curious shape. Freeman adopted it as a term which seemed to denote a peculiar order of being.

on both sides; the worst state of all, it would seem, according to the Burgoon. Last of all, he wound up with the words on which he had (June 13) laid such stress at starting, 'male and female,' only uttered now in a tone of such fearful sadness that it was like nothing but Coleridge, C. J., when, with many tears and his face covered with his hands, he sentences a man to be hanged. Altogether it was a very strange discourse, and thoroughly worthy of the Burgoon. Only is New College so used up that it can't find a preacher of its own, and must needs call the Burgoon in to supply the lack? Among other funny things, in the bidding prayer, when he came to Oriel, he spake emphatically of 'the *Rev.* the Provost'—; so, when I met Monro the next day, I startled him with the question, 'Have you received Presbyterian ordination from the Dean of Chichester?'

. . . Margaret had a kind of notion that, if anybody was to pull the Archbishops about, she who made the index to them could do it as well as anybody else[1]. But I should think it was better not to do it at all; I have a great notion of leaving every man to himself, to stand in his own strength and his own weakness. The utmost that is lawful is to print the man's own text as he wrote it, and to add a note to correct any positive mistakes or to point out any later discoveries. At any rate, you are not to waste yourself upon it, as I want you to set to work upon Thomas[2].

To Professor Dawkins.

Somerleaze, June 4, 1884.

I fear I shall just miss you in Oxford. I hear you are coming there June 11, just the day I shall be going away. I go up for Trinity Monday either on Monday itself or on Saturday, and go on to Worcester on Wednesday, home most likely Saturday, the 14th. Now when are you likely to come here? Any time from that June 14 till the beginning of September, perhaps later, I look to be at home, and there is a general cry that you should bring Mrs. Dawkins and 'the baby.' I tell them that Ella Selena has passed out of the stage of babyhood, as

[1] Referring to a project then being discussed for bringing out a revised edition of Dean Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*.

[2] To write a Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Archbishop.

well as her contemporary Eleanor Lilian. But, baby or no baby, they all want her and her mother; so prythee bring them.

. . . I see your big hole[1] is stopped, but you will doubtless make others. Only I wish you would cut all this unphilosophical filthy lucre of holes and do some bony work again.

Do cats—from the cave lion downwards—ever *run*, except when they can't help it? I maintain that dogs and wolves ran, but that cats only bounded. 'Twas suggested by a tale in *Pall Mall Gazette*, how certain missionaries in Africa made a road which was no use to any man of any colour, but which was found convenient for deer running away from lions and for lions chasing them. I said I could believe it as to the deer but not as to the lions. A lion may spring out on a deer, but he surely cannot run him down as an Æthel-wulf might.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Somerleaze, July 10, 1884.

. . . I have not looked at the *Federalist* very lately. But I did study it very carefully twenty years ago and more. 'Tis one of the wisest books ever written. I used to call Polybios and it the Old and New Testament of the subject. I don't know that I have any notes on it, but I have surely quoted it often. Don't you know *Presidential Government* in the first series of *Historical Essays*? I think that is the only thing formally about American matters (July 12) that I have written. Of course there is something in the American *Lectures* as well as in the *Impressions*. I don't suppose you have seen the *Lectures*; but they certainly contain my best statement of some matters.

What do you say to matters now in both hemispheres? The House of Lords must be reformed somehow; but I don't quite see how. I am writing the article 'Peerage' for *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and I am struck by the gradual way, without any enactment, in which the hereditary peerage grew up. That fiction about blood being 'ennobled' is so very queer. Of course it only grew just as everything else; but it is worth remembering that the existence of two chambers (not one, three, or

[1] The Channel Tunnel.

four), and the partially hereditary character of one of them, has all come of historic accidents without any deliberate purpose. I wrote something about this in *Fortnightly*, February, 1883. I don't suppose anybody read it; as usual, when I write anything, I saw no reference anywhere to it. Otherwise I should rather like, as (July 13) you once suggested, to say something somewhere on my old subject of Redistribution, which I have been at for thirty years or more, and would doubtless be looked on as an intruder by those who have been born since I began. I think the last I said about it was in *Fortnightly*, 1866.

To the Rev. W. Hunt.

Somerleaze, July 28, 1884.

I am sorry to give you any wanton trouble. But I knew nothing about your local examinations, and I fancied that you went daily to the British Museum 'summa diligentia,' or at least 'summo omnibo,' so that it was hardly more trouble for you to look out a thing there than for me to wander about my own library. And I have written my questions so often—surely to you once or twice—that I am nearly as tired of writing them as of writing contradictions to the 'Perish India' myth; but I will even write them again, or so much as is needed: for Edith Thompson, the only person who has helped me at all, has, I think, settled one point—namely, that nothing came of the Committee of 1661. But I still want to know, 1st, What was the date of the Standing Order referred to in the Order for that Committee? It must be older than 1642. 2nd, Was anything said about the Bishops' *peerages* in 1679. Both you and E. T. seem to confound this question with another, namely, the right of the Bishops to vote on impeachments of blood. On that, as you truly say, the *Constitutions of Clarendon* say something. But they say nothing about *peerage*, a thing not heard of in that special meaning till the fourteenth century. Through that century the Bishops are spoken of as *peers*. But you see their peerage had been formally denied before 1642, and it was practically denied when Fisher was tried by a jury. The modern doctrine is that the Bishops, not being 'ennobled in blood,' are not *peers*, though they are Lords of Parliament and take precedence of some peers. The nonsense about 'ennobling

of blood' came in gradually, and it helped to stop life-peerages. So it sins against Judges as well as against Bishops[1]. If I hear aught from anybody else, I will let you know, to save you trouble.—N.B. I have this moment a letter from Bryce, who hopes to do something to-morrow; all this while my revise lies uncorrected.

ON THE DEATH OF A GRANDDAUGHTER, AGED 5.

Somerleaze, August 6, 1884.

MY DEAR HAROLD,

I am not sure that I was not more upset than anybody else by your telegram of this morning. I had all along cherished the hope that the little darling might be spared to us, after your mother was beginning almost to hope that all was over. She was such a sweet little thing; and it is the first hole in the row of my children and grandchildren, as I can hardly count the one day's babe in Virginia that I never saw[2]. . . . One cheering thing is if Edward is really getting stronger. But the dear little Nelly, she comes into my head constantly.

TO SIR E. STRACHEY, BART.

Somerleaze, August 17, 1884.

. . . Yes, I have certainly seen you in *Spectator*[3]. My difficulty is this: if we make any change, we must *enact*, and anything in constitutional matters beyond mere details that is *enacted* has a weakness about it. King, Lords, Commons, everything else, were never enacted. They came of themselves; they took a certain shape by force of circumstances; then some later statute did not enact them, but took them for granted in

[1] See more at large on these matters in *Historical Essays*, Fourth Series, specially pp. 433-470.

[2] The child of his younger son Edgar.

[3] Alluding to letters by Sir E. Strachey in the *Spectator* of July 26, 1884, and the two weeks next following. Their argument was, that the reform which would best meet all the requirements of the case would be one like the change which has taken place in the relations of the Crown and the House of Commons, that is, that the old institution would remain with all its forms, but having given up all its independent power.

the shape that they had taken. This cannot happen again, the more 's the pity. The whole position of the Cabinet has indeed grown silently, but then as yet no statute has acknowledged it. I have had a bit of a dream for letting down the hereditaries softly by something like this. Have 150 life peers; 50 chosen by the hereditary peerage from among themselves, 50 chosen by the Crown from among them, 50 chosen by the Crown from among other people. Keep some bishops and add some judges—perhaps some other head men in other lines—as strictly official peers. We should thus start with a house in which hereditary peers would have a great majority, but they would all be chosen by somebody. At starting, the party in power would have a great majority; but that would settle itself as new members came in one by one. But I don't know that it is worth while putting out this scheme or any other publicly. I should leave all titles, precedence, &c. as they are, and I should leave the powers of the House as they are; the chance would be that the peer would not have any summons as a *lord of parliament* unless either the Crown or his brethren thought him fit for it.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Trinity College, Oxford, November 29, 1884.

. . . I got quite excited about the American election towards the end, and rejoiced mightily at the result. I happen to be at once on Chariberht the Merwing and on Henry VIII; so the worst they say of Cleveland does not sound very monstrous. But how oddly they use the word *plurality*. 'Cleveland's plurality' ought to mean the existence of more than one Cleveland, and the complaint is that there are not so many Clevelands as there should be. And, if Cleveland is not married enough, Blaine is charged with being too much married, having married the same woman twice. So it seems hard to hit the right mean in such matters. The world without women, which Froude proposed to create for the benefit of old Harry, would avoid some difficulties. On the other hand, I don't see how in such a world one would do about shirt-buttons. They are worry enough as it is.

To the Rev. R. E. Bartlett.

Trinity College, Oxford, February 1, 1885.

. . . I read you in *Contemporary Review*, but I did not quite see what you wanted to happen. Do you want Evangelicals to secede and turn Non-Con.? Surely it is a gain that High, Low, and Broad can manage to pull together, even at the cost of some little logical consistency on the part of all three. 'Tis funny that, while I am perfectly at home with all shades of High and Broad, with Dissenters of all kinds, yea and them that have not faith as a grain of mustard-seed, also them that have faith and to spare, as Romans and Orthodox (and I get on well with all of them), I seem to know nothing about the Evangelical party in the Church. T. D. Bernard, Canon of Wells, is said to be one, and his daughters have theological disputations with Florence, but I don't see that he differs very much from other people.

'Tis wonderful how many people are anxious to write their Town Histories[1]. We have given the Cinque Ports to Captain —I beg pardon—Professor Burrows. I told him that, having five fellowships and being a good and faithful servant, he should have authority over five cities. Is your daughter still at Lady Margaret? Yes, my Margaret and her Arthur had a notable tea-fight in their Museum. Tylor's Museum, which used to be called 'New Museum,' now wants to be called 'the University Museum,' as if Arthur's Ashmolean had not been an University Museum for ages before it.

To the Rev. J. T. Fowler.

Trinity College, Oxford, February 8, 1885.

Your Vicar of Winterton[2] that (like Thomas Tallis and others) went through all changes, belongs to a class that always interests me. Many people think they must have been mere hypocrites. I don't believe it a bit. They had not come to see that a hard line had to be drawn between 'Catholic' and

[1] Viz. for the series of *Historic Towns* which he and Mr. Hunt were editing.

[2] William Morley, 1541–1567.

'Protestant,' or whatever the names are to be. They simply conformed to the law, thinking possibly that change had gone sometimes too far, sometimes not far enough; but not feeling that anything was touched which was worth being burned or embowelled for. Had they been called on to sacrifice to Jupiter, very likely they would (have) drawn the line there. We do the same in temporal matters daily. Their case was simply mine when I, loathing game-laws, do still fine a poacher.

J. B. POWNALL, ESQ., TO E. A. FREEMAN, ESQ.

18 Market Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, March 14, 1885.

DEAR SIR,

Referring to your work on 'Disestablishment and Disendowment,' wherein I think you say that we must put out of sight the notion that the State made a general grant of lands to the Clergy, I shall be much obliged if you will kindly favour me with your opinion upon the following point.

Under the various Acts passed for the enclosure of commons and wastes throughout the kingdom, the Rectors, Vicars, and other dignitaries connected with the Church of England (along with other *lay* persons) were allotted lands in different parishes, being parts of the commons and wastes.

A local Liberationist has asserted that the State *has* endowed the Church with lands, and points to the Returns of lands allotted by the Enclosure Commissioners as his authority.

Will you therefore kindly inform me whether these lands can really and truly be considered as granted by the State to the Church *as endowments*, or whether it is not a fact that the Church became possessed of them under the award of the Enclosure Commissioners.

TO J. B. POWNALL, ESQ.

16 St. Giles, Oxford, March 15, 1885.

DEAR SIR,

I am not a lawyer; but I have always understood that the theory of an enclosure act is that the land which was held in common is divided among the commoners. Each man gives up his rights in the whole, and gets instead an exclusive

right in a part. You can hardly call this a fresh grant of anything; it is rather in the nature of an exchange. If an ecclesiastical person or corporation happens to be among the commoners, he, or they, will of course be treated in the same way as the rest. An old right is taken away, and a new right is given instead. Nobody would call this 'endowment' in the case of a layman who made such an exchange, how then does it become 'endowment' in the case of a churchman?

To the Rev. Canon Creighton[1].

16 St. Giles, Oxford, March 19, 1885.

I am very much obliged for your letter. I heartily wish that I had not said what I said about the Cambridge tripos in my Inaugural Lecture[2]; but the last time I was at Cambridge I was made fully to believe that it was a real thing, in which original authorities, earlier and later, say Thucydides and Lambert, might be taken up side by side. Several things had made me fear (March 20) that I had taken too rosy a view of things. It seems to be all chatter and nothing solid. I can fancy one special difficulty at Cambridge, namely, that the minute classical men would despise—or perhaps not conceive the existence of—the kind of knowledge of Greek and Latin which is wanted for our purposes:—thorough familiarity with the languages in the sense of being able to read books in them, but no need to make sham verses or dispute about curious points of grammar. People seem to have a way of separating the matter from the words, which I don't understand. I must attend to both; the words are part of the matter. But whether Sophokles and Euripides use ἄν in different ways I neither know nor care. If I ever knew, I have forgotten; that is, I have kicked away the scaffold by which I climbed up to the reading of Thucydides and Procopius. But I could fancy

[1] Now Bishop of Peterborough.

[2] 'At Cambridge there is now a tripos where, at the bidding of common sense, in the interest of sound learning, it is possible to take up Thucydides and Lambert of Herzfeld side by side. All honour to our illustrious sister, and may we soon have the wisdom to follow in the track which she has opened,' p. 34.

that a tip-top Cambridge classic would say that, if you did no more than this, you might as well do no Greek at all. Our scheme seems to take here far better than I looked for. Its chief enemies are said to be a class called 'Mods people,' a name which gives me no very clear idea, but which I fancy is something like the Cambridge type. Remember that to me 'Mods' is a novelty.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Cahors, March 25, 1885.

I don't know whether you ever in your travels reached this city of John XXII[1] and Gambetta, to which Dante has given a bad name for usury[2]. Gambettas be here still, both *aîné* and *jeune*, and *jeune* keeps a Bazar Génois with *épicerie génoise*. So the Lion of the tribe—what tribe was it? was he not a jew or Israelite of some kind?—did not uplift himself as t'other[3] Cahors man did. Anyhow 'tis a city very well worth seeing, standing well on a peninsula in Lot with hills about. The main thing, I think, is the city itself, with walls, towers many, and (Carcassonne, March 30) the finest bridge anywhere, rather than in any particular object. The cathedral more queer than beautiful, but a study all the same. But you see that, since I wrote last page, I have come to a place which you certainly know about[4]; and, if there be walls and towers at Cahors, how much more at Carcassonne. I have as yet seen the walls and towers only by moonlight, the best time truly for *outlines* only. Arthur and I walked up to La Cité after dinner, and truly wonderful the sight was. How much is Roman, Gothic, mediaeval, and Viollet-le-ducal, we must see to-morrow by daylight; but it strikes me that there is clearly an earlier outer line and a later inner one. I wish I had brought your paper on this place; but when I set out,

[1] John XXII, Pope, A.D. 1316–1334, was the son of a cobbler at Cahors.

[2] *Inferno*, xi. 50.

[3] Pope John XXII.

[4] Referring to an article by Miss Thompson on Carcassonne in *Macmillan's Magazine*, October, 1882.

I really did not know whether I was coming here or not. Somehow the scheme of my journey has already turned about. I meant it to be mainly Arvernian, to see again some places in Auvergne and Velay, which I had not seen, and to see again some that I had seen, and perhaps to come back by some of the Rhone places. But Hodgkin has (Beziers, April 2) carried me a long way south. Périgord is a land greatly belonging to Dawkins (who has been staying with them at Oxford since I left England); we saw the caves of his elephant-scratchers as we passed by. I went to Cahors and Auch (getting a glimpse of Agen) by myself, while Hodgkin went to get a glimpse of the Pyrenees, and we joined again at Toulouse. There on Sunday evening Margaret and Arthur joined us. Monday, they and I went to Carcassonne, where Hodgkin joined us on Tuesday by way of Alby. Tuesday, Arthur went to Narbonne, whither we all followed him yesterday. Yesterday (Nîmes, April 3) (that is Wednesday) evening, M. and A. left us for Marseilles, to take ship for Naples, thence to Pompeii, Taranto, Dadona and many other places. Yesterday (that is Thursday) we all left Narbonne, Hodgkin straight to this Nemausus, I to Beziers of the many slaughterings[1]. There I meant to keep Good Friday quietly, but the noise at Hôtel de la Paix was as if Simon (Père)[2] were a-storming of it; so I got me away by Agde (Goodburgh) to Nîmes to-day, and found Hodgkin, known here as M. Thomas, small Roger[3] being too stiff a mouthful for Gal-Welsh lips. He starts to go back on Tuesday or Wednesday, and Helen and Florence are to meet me, at Arles most likely, towards the end of the week. So I suspect the Arvernian journey that was to be will change into one mainly kingly-Burgundian and largely Provincial.

[1] There was a frightful massacre of Albigensian heretics here in 1209, by the crusading forces commanded by the Bishop and the Legate Annaud.

[2] The elder Simon of Montfort.

[3] Hodgkin = Rogerkin.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Arles, April 9, 1885.

I read your Anselm lectures[1], and sent you home the MS. from some point of my journey. I think I have got some notion from you of the difference between Anselm's exposition of the doctrine and those of others who went before him. Still, if I were Boso, I should perhaps have a question or two to ask. Who is Boso? Hardly he who founded this *middel rice*[2] whence I write. I cannot stop singing

> 'Imperialis ubi Burgundia surgit ad Alpes,
> Et condescendit Rhodano'[3] &c.

It does so hit it off. Don't forget that Augusta Praetoria comes into it[4], the innermost fact in all geography.

I fancy you are going to Florence or somewhere in Rumwelshland. You won't cross by Embrun, I guess; I have a notion of going thither. I have seen some places that I had seen before, and some that I had not, as Cahors, Auch, Carcassonne, Narbonne, Beziers, Agde, Beaucaire, Tarascon, and to-day St. Giles. A good old *curé* held forth on many things, how England and France were sisters, and, if united in faith, might govern all the nations. I answered that it was better that each nation should govern itself—a homely and non-Imperial doctrine. He wanted to know if I was 'Catholic' and whether we were not all coming over; also some speech against Henry VIII, as though I were Froude. Of course I might have been Froude for aught he knew, though I had written my name and had been constrained to add my Oxford description. Of course no one in France (unlike both Germany and America) ever heard of me or of anybody else. The old boy told me he saw I knew a good deal, and became rapturous when I knew the story of Vladislaf coming here for St. Giles to help him to beget a son, of which came Boleslaf, No. III,

[1] On St. Anselm's treatise on the Incarnation, *Cur Deus Homo?*

[2] Middle kingdom. Provence, which was part of the 'middle kingdom' of Burgundy, was made a county under Boson I, in 926.

[3] 'Where imperial Burgundy rises towards the Alps and slopes down towards the Rhone.' *Metrical Life of St. Hugh*, l. 21.

[4] Aosta. See *Historical Geography*, pp. 278, 282.

I think[1]. Remember I knew my Polish kings before I knew my Emperors. I wonder if he knew any besides those two.

'Tis wonderful how these places differ. At Narbo Martius[2], nothing Roman standing, only scraps in museum; but some notable churches—the metropolis half a great French church—begun on a scale like Rheims or Chartres, but only choir built. At Nîmes no church or other mediaeval building of any consequence—only a bit in west front of cathedral. Here in Arelate both,—St. Trophimus and his wonderful cloister quite ranks with amphitheatre, &c. But he is hardly big enough for Fred. B.'s[3] crowning. It must have been quite new—Aachen, *Old* Milan, St. Trophimus, OLD PETER—what an experience of crownings! And fancy Charles IV being crowned here[4]. I should picture him riding into the amphitheatre on a golden Bull, like Belstrode in the legend.

To MRS. EVANS.

Oxford, May 10, 1885.

. . . There is a good deal going on in the University. These physical science-botherers do roar in the midst of our Congregations, and set up their ologies for endless tokens. No one knows what they are after, because nobody can understand their jargon; the object, as far as it can be understood, seems to be to hinder any man from knowing more than one thing, and that thing must not be bigger than a bee's knee—one *ology* or *ὁλογίδιον*[5] all by itself. As if, instead of history, you took up the history of Little Peddlington, instead of the Greek tongue, the Greek grave accent and the particle *γρῦ*. That's what these *tradesmen* want; to take money from the University to teach their own *trades*, and for the mind do nothing—that does not pay. Why not a school of tinkers or grocers, with scholarships for skill in weighing sugar? Why not, as I told Hodgkin, a professor of Double Entry to teach the bankers? And the

[1] Born 1086.
[2] Narbonne.
[3] The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was crowned King of Burgundy at Arles, 1178.
[4] A.D. 1365.
[5] 'Little ology.'

lawyers want something for their trade too—to keep them from knowing Greek. The beauty of Greek is that of all studies it is the least of a trade; so the tradesmen the more kick at it.

. . . Then there is a Merton Professor to elect (or begin electing) on Thursday. All the world is standing, every chatterer in every newspaper thinks he is good enough for English language and literature. I am dead for Earle and nobody else, and shall do all I can for him.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Oxford, May 31, 1885.

. . . You see we are getting well abused for our choice[1]; but we can live through it. The main point, of course, was to choose a scholar and not a chatterer; now the chatterers have the command of the newspapers and the scholars have not. That 's all. I have no doubt that to any maker of paragraphs, Matthew[2], Ealdorman of babblers, seems a greater man than William[3] of Chester. I believe we have made a thoroughly good choice, but of course I should have been better pleased still to have had Earle.

. . . I have done my lectures for this term, and have got through the frightful grind of three sets of prize essays—Alexander, Nadir Shah, and the Duke of St. Simon. What a strange apostle to be Duke of, as I guess it is not Simon Peter. Was there ever a Duke of St. Jude to keep his day along with him? I wanted them to set for a subject, 'What would have happened if Stokes had been born?' Nobody, not even Gardiner, understood; only Hunt partially. I told Bryce that, if Stokes had been born, his Scots would have had to behead and banish their Stewarts all for themselves[4].

The only very modern affairs that have stirred me much lately have been in America and Greece. Perhaps H. Hobhouse

[1] To the Professorship of English Language and Literature at Oxford.

[2] Matthew Arnold. [3] Bishop Stubbs.

[4] Frances, the granddaughter of Henry VII, wife of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, and mother of Lady Jane Grey, married, after her husband's death, Adrian Stokes, her Master of the Horse. They had no children, and Freeman used to amuse himself and others by speculating

and E. Strachey standing for divisions of Somerset may draw me out a bit. Last night I dined at the Palmerston Club here, the Liberal Club which should surely change names with the Tory Canning Club. Lord Ripon made a really good speech without a syllable of bluster.

. . . I am writing as much as this idle place will let me. Merovings somewhat, William slowly, as also South-Gaulish [cities]. Exeter slowly[1]. Sicily and Syracuse not begun. Strictly speaking your parallel of *gipsy* and *Bohemian* is quite exact. But the change of form seems to make some difference. To know that *gipsy* is *Egyptian* needs special knowledge (like knowing that *money* comes from Juno *Moneta*); when you mean *Egyptian* you don't say *gipsy*; but (unless you will talk of Beme and Bemish boys) you use exactly the same word *Bohemian*, both in the real and in the cant sense.

To the Rev. W. Hunt[2].

York, June 24, 1885.

. . . I saw Howson at Oxford, who was very zealous about Chester; also Raine here, who had not begun York. You must settle about Warwickshire towns, if they are to be done, as I know nothing about Lee. But it wants a strongish hand to bring out the features of Coventry, as the one mere abbey town which rose to any greatness (June 25), and which outstripped

what would have been the consequences had a little Stokes been born, and how we might have had a *Stokes dynasty*.

Henry VII
|
Mary = Charles Brandon, D. of Suffolk
|
Henry Grey = Frances = Adrian Stokes, her Master of the Horse.
D. of Suffolk. |
Jane Grey, beheaded.

[1] The original is here very illegible, and I am doubtful whether this is the word.

[2] This letter refers to the series of 'Historic Towns' published by Messrs. Longmans, under the joint editorship of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Hunt.

the old shire-town and then was outstripped by the overgrown ham of the Beormings[1]. That would supply to any one able to deal with it a good field for comparison. I hardly know what to say about references. They are a great temptation to go on at greater length than there is room for; on the other hand, a reference is sometimes strongly needed for some particular point, and the reader has a right to ask whence the information comes. There is, however, the intermediate way of a heading saying what are the authorities for each chapter.

There seem one or two types of towns which we have not got hold of.

1st, Towns which are strictly immemorial, which do not (like another class) owe their being to a church or castle, but where the foundation of a church or castle has done much to keep up their importance. Such are surely Gloucester and Worcester. Canterbury too, which one fancies was only saved by its archbishopric from utter insignificance. Oxford and Cambridge differ from these in that the academical element has rather overshadowed the civic than strengthened it.

2nd, English towns which became shire-towns, which have always kept up some manufacturing importance, and which have often quickly grown in later times, though not quite so fast as the Yorkshire and Lancashire places. Say Northampton and Nottingham, and Leicester is essentially the same story, though it is a *chester*. Contrast them with Huntingdon, Buckingham, Hertford, and even Bedford. Leicester and Nottingham have to be sure their five burghhood[2], which Northampton does not share; but so has Stamford, which has not been greatly lifted up thereby. Yet I saw a statement the other day that the Mayor of Stamford ranks immediately after the Lord Mayors, and that this was admitted in 1851. Yet Stamford had no part in David, when Northampton got the left leg, as No. V[3].

[1] I.e. Birmingham.

[2] Leicester and Nottingham, together with Lincoln, Derby, and Stamford, were the five boroughs of the district which the Danes wrested from the Mercian kingdom in 877, commonly called the Danelaw. See *Conquest of England*, by J. R. Green, pp. 114–123.

[3] David, brother of Llewellyn, the last King of the Welsh, was executed

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, August 2, 1885.

. . . I am this day sixty-two years old. That is beginning to be a good while. It comes home to one in this way, that so many people know nothing of things which I remember perfectly. Now one has therein a present advantage; but then they will know some things some time hence that I never shall know—unless, according to a lingering hope that I cannot help cherishing, that Earl Godwine must know that I have done something for his character.

Foot gets better; then throat gets amiss; then foot again; then throat; to-day I have been puffy (August 4).

To the Rev. W. Hunt.

Hadspen House, Castle Cary, September 6, 1885.

I have been, like you, to the 'sea-side.' They carried me down to Weymouth on Tuesday, where Tom, Kate, and little Basil were already. 'Tis a good practice in *l'art d'être grand-père* to see the little fellow paddle and dig. And I had some trap-faring and boat-going, and altogether I fancy it has done me some good. 'Tis a good sea and coast, with Portland (which Helen likens to Pellegrino) (September 7) on one side and Purbeck on the other.

To T. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

Somerleaze, September 20, 1885.

I am reading vol. iii and iv right through, or rather, I have got nearly to the end of vol. iv[1]—not quite as I shall work them when I get regularly to that time—just now I am with the Sikeliots and Italiots—but right through, as a story. And that

for rebellion in 1283. His body was divided into five parts, which were distributed amongst the five towns, London, Winchester, York, Bristol, and Northampton. The head was assigned to London. Winchester and York disputed for the honour of having the right shoulder, which was finally awarded to Winchester. See *Annals of Winchester*, Rolls Series, p. 400.

[1] Viz. of Mr. Hodgkin's history of *Italy and her Invaders*.

with great delight. When one's main work is reading Greek and German, 'tis always pleasant to have an English book about, and doubly pleasant to have your's. I have not read Bryce's Justinian in the Christian Dictionary—forwhy, one can't use the Dictionary as one can use the good print of *Italy and her Invaders*—and I have left him at Oxford. I think you are a little hard on Justinian—'tis easy to see now that he had better have kept quiet, but if either you or I had been in his place, either you or I would have done as he did. That is to say, if we had (September 26) either of us been Emperor, but shut out of old Rome, we should have done our best to get it back. (I hope we might have done better than he did in the way of paying the troops and such like.) 'Tis one of the strifes in which our sympathies go with both sides, because each side does what it could not help doing. Since I began this letter I have finished the book, and I wish there were more of it. I expect to have an opportunity of speaking my mind about it.

What is so delightful in your book is your thorough love of your subject, which gives it such life throughout. We must, among us, get people to care about these times, the real *middle ages*. It is the contrast, and as it were, confusion of things which gives them their special charm. I have done a good bit of work at Constantine the tyrant, and that kind of thing.

No; we can't take you in at Somerleaze in November, but we shall be delighted to do so at Oxford. They will be moving about the beginning of November, I must go a little earlier. I am to stay a few days with the Provost of Oriel. But how you do run about from one end of the island to the other—you go to Cornwall in November and are to be back at Newcastle in December. Yes; I shall be delighted to tarry with you at Benwelldene, πῶς γὰρ οὔ; of course the lectures must not be political—that is, not party=political. I don't know whether it would be going too near the forbidden to talk about Colonization and Federation. I have got them in my head from working at Sicily. Those old Greeks (and Phoenicians too) were so much more sensible than modern colonizing powers or than Seeley either. (Did I tell you how I sat by a man who made a big

speech how 'India was the brightest jewel in the British crown'? I asked him where he put England and Scotland; he did not seem to have thought about them.) If these won't do, I would do as I am going to do at Birmingham and Dundee, and give them some of my Oxford lectures. 'History and its kindred studies,' 'Europe before Rome,' or what you please. I have several that I think might do.

To Professor Geddes.

Somerleaze, October 25, 1885.

Thanks many for the broad-shouldered man that talks about the soul—sure he was born with some other name and was called Πλάτων for his breadth[1]. You won't expect me to seize on him with the same greediness as on Homer. I am curious about the dog and the cock, to swear by and to sacrifice, more than I am whether the soul be harmony. I have been reading some very rum Greek lately, Lykophrôn—only about ten lines, and Iamblichos. The wolf-minded[2] I wanted to ask about a ξόανον[3] of Athênê at Siris, touching which there are strange stories. He is very hard to construe, or rather not so much hard to construe as hard to get a meaning out of his words when you have construed them. Of Iamblichos I wanted to find out what Pythagoras really did at Krotôn. One thing know I, that Milon of Krotôn did not carve the Melian Aphroditê, as the wise man of the *Daily News* thought. And do you believe that he went into battle armed like Hêraklês? What lies they tell of them of Sybaris; I dare say they were no worse than other folk.

I wish I knew more of the poets of whom there are only scraps, as Simonidês II, because they sometimes give one facts, and where did the Scholiasts on Pindar find their stories? You see where I have been all the Long in the spirit, and I dream of getting there in the flesh at the end of next year.

[1] Plato is said to have been first called Aristokles after his grandfather, but afterwards Plato (from πλατύς, broad) on account of the breadth of his chest.

[2] Lycophron.

[3] 'An image.'

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Oxford, November 29, 1885.

My dear Bryce,

I have not found a moment till now to congratulate you and the country on your election by such a grand majority among the jewless and Scotless. Could not one make a Pindaric, something about *πόλις ἀνίερνος, ἀνιονδάϊος, ὁμονοίᾳ στίλβουσα*[1] or something or other? And here is grand news from East Somerset, Hobhouse with 1400 majority; I have not seen the figures. But what a mess it is generally; it looks as if an utterly unworkable state of things was coming, a balance so near that neither side can do anything

To Count Ugo Balzani.

Oxford, January 3, 1886.

Can you tell me of any books specially illustrating *Paulus Diaconus*? I am going to lecture on him next term instead of Gregory of Tours, and I don't find myself nearly so well armed. Above all, is there anything on the geography of Italy or Lombardy of that date at all answering to Longmans' excellent *Geography of Gaul* in the sixth century, which I have (January 4) found of the greatest use for Gregory? I don't know my way about any part of Italy so well as I do about Aquitaine and Burgundy.

I have this morning had a letter from Bryce from Cannes, who seems a good deal perplexed at things here. I have been a Home Ruler for years, so I cannot quarrel with Gladstone or anybody else for coming over to me. Also a letter from Philippopolis. The South-Bulgarians have clearly made up their minds to stand anything for the sake of union.

I am so conservative that I don't like pulling down anything. The monastery of Araceli[2] is nothing much, but it forms part of a whole with the church, and shares its history. Let it stay. Keep everything; history has no beginning and no ending.

[1] 'A city Scotless, Jewless, refulgent with concord.' The motto of the city of Aberdeen in Bon Accord.

[2] At Rome, close to the Capitol. The monastic buildings have been demolished to make room for a large monument to King Victor Emmanuel.

I think the *Historical Review* will be a good thing indeed. Only will people have the sense to buy a good thing? The degradation of English periodical literature within ten years, twenty years, is something frightful. It seems as if nothing would go down now save either immediate politics or mere emptiness. And the two are very often the same.

To M. Bikelas.

Oxford, January 20, 1886.

I feel very undutiful, having two letters of your's, and two copies of your French pamphlet. I was a little amazed at your acquiescing so quietly in the Turk staying at Constantinople. But it is very likely that he will stay in that corner for a good while, after the precedent of both Franks and Greeks. The truth is that Constantine (*ἰσαπόστολος*) was too clever by half, and chose the site of New Rome too well, so that it has a way of prolonging the existence of powers which would better have come to an end. Don't be angry; but what if Stephen Dushan had got into Constantinople? Might not the body (Servia), plus the head (Constantinople), have kept out the Turk, which neither could by itself? For the 1001st time, Oh that Greece and Bulgaria could be friends. I don't think you quarrel with that wish. I think I quite understand the feeling of both sides, and the—perfectly natural—exaggerations both ways; and I think you do too.

. . . Are you coming to England this year? Can you give us a visit either here or at Somerleaze? If you don't know Oxford, you had better come here. But they do read Greek here in a truly barbarous fashion—*bow-wow* and all that.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Oxford, March 7, 1886.

. . . I have been thinking of that queer case about Hannover. I had fancied that from 1714 to 1837 Hannover was as strictly foreign as before or after. Yet though the connexion of England and Scotland, 1603-1707, was purely personal, the Scottish *postnati* were natural in England. Yet somehow there seems to be a difference. Being in one island is practically a great part of

the difference; but is there not also this? England and Scotland were (since 1327) perfectly independent kingdoms, able to enter into any relation that they chose with one another, without asking any third party. The king of England and the king of Scotland were one as good as the other. But the elector or king of Hannover was not as good as the king of Great Britain; Hannover was part of a greater whole, empire or confederation, of which its elector or king was a member. Neither England nor Scotland could quarrel with its king being king of the other. But the man George, being king of Great Britain, stood also, as elector of Hannover, in a relation to his lord the emperor in which the king of Great Britain, now at least *totius Britanniae Basileus*[1], could not stand (or kneel) to any man; so we simply winked at our king being beyond sea in a condition which we chose to know nothing about.

To Count Ugo Balzani.

Oxford, March 29, 1886.

I had no purpose of taking this big sheet; but I find I have nothing smaller. I am actually writing on board the Newhaven steamer going presently to cross to Dieppe on another French journey, this time to Angoulême, Saintonge, Perigord, and thereabouts. I had thought of coming into North Italy, perhaps as far as Pavia, to look up Paul's country a little, between lecturings on him; but I had not much time, having to be back in the Easter week; so I chose this somewhat shorter run, which will hardly get beyond Bordeaux. But I trust to come to Sicily in the winter, with Arthur Evans and my daughter. My head is full of Sicily. I have just been finishing the article thereon for *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; but I have had to do the last 1000 years in a great hurry, trusting mainly to skimming books, old and new, that I had read before. I read Italian so slowly that I have not been able to use several books that I have got lately; one is by a certain Siragusa, who seems inclined to set up William the Bad[2]. But I mean to do something much more

[1] 'King of all Britain.'

[2] King of Sicily, A.D. 1154–66, son of Roger, the first Norman king of the island.

about Sicily than this article; so I am open to any hints about books or anything, old or new. I have a good many Sicilian books, and a good many others I know of; but I dare say there are plenty more. I got *Giovanni di Giovanni* out of the Bodleian, and found that he had some charming documents that I did not know. Has Carusio anything that is not in *Muratori*? And I want to know one very modern title. Does the style of *United Kingdom of the Two Sicilies* date from 1815 or 1836? I am pretty sure it is one or the other. I am much puzzled about the Sicilian languages and the speakers thereof. You will understand me when I say that Amari writes from a too purely Italian point of view. To me Sicily is the meeting-place of the nations, and the Latin element is only one among others. Was there any in the eleventh century till the Normans came? If there was, it was only in holes and corners; Greek and Arabic are the tongues that stand out on the surface. With the Normans the Latin element comes in like a flood, and much more in an Italian than in a French shape. You have documents in *Lingua Romana* (alongside of Greek, Arabic, and better Latin) in the twelfth century, and those inscriptions at Monreale which begin in *Latina* and run off into *Romana*. In thirteenth century both Greek and Arabic barely linger on; they had nothing to help them from outside, while the Latins had everything. But the whole thing is strange, and many seem not to see the difficulty. I conceive Fred. II personally had a great deal to do with it.

. . . As for Ireland—dear, how like it is to Sicily. You never can make the great island that lies alongside quite satisfied. What is really the popular feeling in Sicily? Would they not like some allowance of Home Rule? It did seem to me a strange thing to wipe Sicily out, as in 1860. Your king should call himself king of Italy and Sicily, and be crowned at Palermo. The only man there that I have talked much to must, I should think, be a sect of his own. He is a Liberal-minded priest, who believes not at all in either Bourbons or Savoyards, and (I think) as little in the Pope as a priest can; but he believes in king Roger and the Sicilian Monarchy. 'It saved so much trouble with the Pope.' Well, I too should like king Roger and the Sicilian Monarchy very much; but they seem a trifle

antiquated now. What would people really like? Anyhow brigands should be stopped; but all the world seems to have taken to rioting, England, Belgium, France, America, everywhere. I hope Perigord will be quiet.

To THE REV. J. T. FOWLER.

Bordeaux, April 11.

. . . Tours, yes, Tours; there never were any saints here in Burdigala at all so strong as the blessed Martin. Forwhy, a man that had devil-sickness was kept all right at Tours by the space of two years *per virtutem S. Martini*; but when he got to Bordeaux his devil took him again. Here, in 1856, I was drawing *Palais Gallica* as they call the piece of the amphitheatre. A little lad came and gazed for a while, and then broke out, 'Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.' Did he want to cast any pagan devil out of me?

To J. BRYCE, ESQ., M.P.

Mediolanum Santonum[1], April 17, 1886.

I am horribly anxious about public affairs in all parts of the world. But for our own matters I have seen no English paper for several days, and have not even got to the end of the great debate. But I have read Gladstone and Chamberlain in full. I first saw about it in the French papers at Bordeaux, and I was so much pleased with what they said that I ventured to send the local paper to Gladstone, with a word or two, thanking him for the two points which stood out plainly: I. A Parliament for Ireland, II. No Irish in the British Parliament. Those seem to me to be the essence of the thing; the rest is detail. I see some difficulties about taxation and representation; but then by this scheme Ireland would be a simple dependency. That was what T. P. O'Connor proposed, and what I inclined to in the *Contemporary Review* (if the Irish would accept it) as the simplest plan. If you federalize, you must federalize much further. A federal Parliament for the whole kingdom; Cantonal Parliaments for

[1] Saintes.

England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales—perhaps Orkney, Man, and Normandy (the two last ready made). I suppose nobody wants that, and I see no other way of having Irish members both at Westminster and at Dublin. Why *does* anybody want them? I should have thought one main object of the whole thing was to get rid of them. And what stuff people do talk. Why there's Chamberlain, who I thought had more sense, raving about the American war of 1861–65 being a war for 'Imperial Union.' Fancy Abraham Augustus. How Abe would have stared at 'Imperial union.' Do all these chatterers use words absolutely without any thought of their meaning? Even Gladstone has more of this Imperial talk than I fancy. And don't they see that, if you make Ireland a dependency, you are not 'dismembering an empire,' but creating a real Imperial relation which was not before?

I could not help dropping a word to Gladstone about Greece. And I am more frightened still by what I see in the French papers. Are we really going to join the despots in a blockade of Greece[1]? I can't see that Salisbury or Granville could do anything worse. 'Tis worse than the manslaying in Crim that people are so cock-a-hoop about still. A blockade is an act of war. What has free Greece done, for England to make war on her? She seems inclined to strike for the deliverance of enslaved Greece at a time which I allow (and have told the Greeks so) to be inopportune, seeing the despots have conspired to hinder her. The conspiracy of the despots is a good reason for Greece keeping quiet; it is no reason for the free nations conspiring with the despots. Any act of hostility towards Greece is a direct act on behalf of the barbarian against freedom and Christendom.

To the Rev. W. Hunt.

16 St. Giles', Oxford, May 2, 1886.

I have by me a letter of March 21, which I seem to have carried about with me beyond sea. Also I had one from you on April 16, when I was shut up and left at Mediolanum Santonum.

[1] A pacific blockade was imposed upon Greece in the spring of 1886.

I am sure the places avenge themselves. Last year Popish Avignon smote my knee for a Ghibelin; this year I went strong in mind and body to the causeway of Taillebourg, and there caught a cold or something to which I gave way next day, and was shut up for a day or two at Saintes and a day or two more at Angoulême. Florence also was amiss, so we gave up all we meant to do in Saintonge and Angoumois, and came back pretty quick, stopping only for a look at Blois. I had seen St. Nic.[1]—which is really something else—before, in 1856, but not the castle. 'Tis a wonderful thing for them that like Valois murthering-places; a bit more of Tib and Jeff times[2] would have come more home to me. I was rather a poor creature for some days after I came back, but am mending now. I think a good deal of sleep at a long college meeting helped me somewhat.

TO THE SAME.

Somerleaze, Wells, July 11, 1886.

Yes; the daemonissa Podagra is still upon me; they put laudanum on my heel, which makes me sleepy all over—the sleepiness of my heels compasseth me round about. Don't think it is very bad. The actual pain is slight, a joke, I should say, to the frightful tortures which, from my grandmother's account, my father and grandfather went through; but 'tis wearying and bothering and time-wasting, and I get bad nights and can't get up early, which is specially bad for *Exeter*[3], which the rule is to do before breakfast. But I am very near the end.

. . . I send your *Bristol*[4], which I call thoroughly good. I have made some notices here and there which I hope you will be able to read, though, on the other hand, I can't read the question which you put to me on this slip. Every man does his work in his own way, and does it better for doing it in his own way. I see you know vastly more about Bristol than I do

[1] The church of St. Nicholas, or St. Laumer.

[2] The eleventh and twelfth centuries, in which there were many Theobalds, Counts of Blois, and Geoffreys, Counts of Anjou.

[3] The volume on *Exeter* in the series of 'Historic Towns.'

[4] The volume on *Bristol* in the same series, written by Mr. Hunt.

about Exeter. Πῶς γὰρ οὔ[1]; yet somehow I think I bring out the place of Exeter in the world more clearly than you do the place of Bristol. I make this as a disinterested piece of criticism. Don't the least try to alter anything because of it. But I do very seriously want to look over my Exeter MS. with you, and greatly regret that I missed the chance in Oxford. It has a great interest, but Aetius and Boniface have more[2].

A. and B. lead to C., even Cassiodorus Senator. I am doing him for *Spectator*[3]. You know I hate all cribs and summaries —but if they be lawful in any case, it is with Cass. His really precious matter is so overwhelmed with twaddle. It seems to me that Hodgkin's summary may have a use in this way. It will tell you which letters have anything bearing on the subject you want, which otherwise you can hardly find out without reading through a mass of stuff that has nothing to do with it. Then you turn to the text of those letters. The introduction is as good as may be.

. . . You write to me about the elections, local and general, just as if I were likely to be pleased. I grant that my side is thoroughly beaten, and that in some places where I did not expect it to be beaten. But what will come? Home Rule, once started, will have to be carried some time. Before long, Salisbury will propose something that you will all really dislike far more than you do Gladstone's bill; only you will have to say that it is the very thing that you have always been wishing for. I have had to be a dumb dog throughout.

. . . Here! I think this is enough. Everything is very lovely here, if I could only get about. But I cannot walk, and have to loll in a carriage.

[1] 'How could it be otherwise?' because Mr. Hunt had in early life been connected with Bristol.

[2] He wrote a long article on Aetius and Boniface in the *Historical Review* for July, 1887.

[3] Review of *A Condensed Translation of the Letters of Cassiodorus*, by T. Hodgkin, D.C.L.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, July 18, 1886.

. . . I ought certainly to have mentioned St. James at Bristol in my Arundel paper. From the appearances, and from what is said in the *Monasticon*, it is clearly one of the same type. I don't find anything about it in the Bristol volume of Institute (I cannot make a pen of my mind to-day). But that in *Monasticon* is quite enough. It is clear that the church was divided; monks east, parish west. Henry Brayne did what he pleased with the eastern church and other monastic buildings, leaving the western or parish church alone.

One never looks about one thing but one learns something about another. After looking at St. James I turned over a few pages, and lighted on a most singular history of Rowney nunnery, a place I never before heard of. Temp. Henry VI, the house being very poor, the prioress surrenders everything to the *patron*. He, by the king's licence, founds it again as a chantry for one priest. The nuns' church, seemingly quite distinct from the parish church, goes on as the chantry chapel of this one priest, till all is suppressed and destroyed, temp. Edw. VI. I have never lighted on such a curious story as that. It is specially to be noticed that the *church* is surrendered to the patron. It seemingly became his property to do what he pleased with, but he chose to set it up again. Henry Brayne did not.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, August 1, 1886.

. . . I should have thought the peculiar expansion of Bristol was worth talking of. The peninsula town on the border of two shires (once two kingdoms) grows into both, and in one throws out a fashionable suburb. You might compare Bristol and Bath. The polite part of Bath lies outside the Roman wall, but it is a continuation of the city itself in a way that Clifton is not. You can say Bristol *and* Clifton. You can't say Bath *and* anything. (Is this partly because Bath is strictly in Somerset, all of it?) Then it would be worth noting that, through the border position of Bristol, the phrase 'county of city' is there more than a formality or an arrangement for

business. A York man is a Yorkshireman; an Exeter man is a Devonshire man, because York has Yorkshire all round it, and Exeter has Devonshire all round it. But a Bristol man is a Bristol man; he is neither Gloucester nor Somerset, but a third thing; because he has neither shire round him, but lies between the two.

Freemen vote because Bristol is a city. Freeholders because it is a county. Till Exeter became a county, T. R. Hen. VIII, only freemen voted; after that freemen and freeholders. And those who were both freemen and freeholders wanted their votes to *count two*, but it was not allowed.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, September 15, 1886.

I seem to have a great mass of letters from you on the table; but possibly some may have been attended to. We have got a house-full just now, Harold and Alice and their three bairns, who, with handmaidens, fill up all our space; at Oxford we could not have taken all in at a time. I am going to give myself six days longer here, at least if I am not (as is threatened) seized and hurried off to some wretched place by the sea. 'Tis said to be good for short breath, and certainly Weymouth did me some good last year; but I don't want to break into work, and I don't want to lose a day of this place—everything is so lovely; I suppose I value it more now I have to be so much away from it. I mean now to go to Oxford on October 12.

(Exmouth, October 2).—Well, you see the scheme has been carried out, and I have been carried off by Florence, a week back (September 25), not indeed to Weymouth, but to this other mouth, which is better for my purposes, as commanding (as Sweyn found in 1003[1]) the approach to Exeter. We went up thither on Thursday for a little wall-trotting, otherwise we have been staying here, and doing what we can on the water, which I enjoy. But 'tis odd—as long as I was at home I did not want to stir thence anywhither; now that I have got hence and look at the sea, I am yearning to be at Palermo. For that point I hope to start on December 6; but I want to see you at Oxford before that.

[1] *Norman Conquest*, i. 415.

. . . Gout is gone; cough and puff not altogether; this mouth here is supposed to do them good, that is, to improve them away.

. . . I don't altogether dislike this place; 'tis funny living with Florence only; but she tends me very well. 'Tis a capital place for studying the tide and seeing Exe covered up by the sea coming in at right angles. And the Devonshire coast west of the river looks very well. I have all the *Exeter* book in type, and so are *Bristol* and *London*. And I have nearly come to the end of the proofs of *Periods of European History*. I shan't publish any more lectures of that kind; for those that I have given and am going to give about Franks and other things in Gaul all have a greater purpose.

To Miss Helen Freeman.

11, Morton Crescent, Exmouth, September 29, 1886.

It was most undutiful of me to forget your day—and Florence too—only she says she had not forgotten it. I certainly had—but I haste to make up for the omission as well as I can. All manner of good luck to you, that day and all days, for a right precious lass, with the sweetest of all voices.

A huge budget of things this morning,—letters, proofs, what not. I do what Florence tells me. She took me in a boat to Starcross yesterday, and in the afternoon in a little trap with a dull pony. To-day we are to have some seafaring, and, I believe, Topsham in the afternoon. To-morrow I am to go to Exeter.

I think this place has really done me good, but I still puff and blow a bit.

To the Rev. W. Hunt.

Somerleaze, October 10, 1886.

. . . A man in Seine and Marne[1] has found the skeleton of Edmund Ironside in his field. He goes to Embassy at Paris, offering to restore it to 'the proper authority in England.' Embassy writes to Foreign Office. Foreign Office to Dean of Westminster, seemingly (so has Stanley prevailed), as the

[1] The Department of Seine et Marne.

proper authority for dead kings. Dean of Westminster writes to me to know whether these things can be so. I answer, nay, for that his lic lieth on Glæstingabyrig mid his ealdan fæder Eadgare[1]. Yet are not these things strange, stranger even than a Ripon Millenary?

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

A. Macmillan, Esq., Knapdale, Upper Tooting, S.W.,

October 24, 1886.

Pity you could not come to us at Somerleaze. We had not many people in the Long. I was there as long as I could, for my delight in the place increases now I am able to be there so little. Stubbs made me go to Chester for the Archaeological Institute meeting, and I had to make a discourse on Deira, which was heard by a few more (October 26) people than my discourse on Senlac itself. We tarried with Stubbs, so did Peacock, and for the first time we saw the mother Peahen, a grave matron, whom I likened to the daemon of Sokrates, in that she suggested nought, but forbade many things. Also we went over to Eaton, where was assembled the British Empire by representation, a foreshadowing, I suppose, of the federal parliament that is to be given us some day. I was most struck with the she-nigger branch of it. O, women and sisters, shall ye not some day outvote us?

Towards the end of the Long, Florence carried me to Exmouth for the alleged good of my wind. Afterwards to Oxford, where Margaret and I dwelled together for a season; but, when the Judge scattered us, I fled hitherto and am now shut up in an upper room, having taken to overmuch coughing.

I am glad you hate London as well as I. I call it the beastliest place between Syra and St. Louis[2]. I know of no merit to redeem its hatefulness. It was on August 7 that you hated it so; on October 1 you were going thither. I hope you had not changed your mind meanwhile.

[1] 'His corpse lieth in Glastonbury with his grandfather Eadgar.' *Engl. Chron.* sub an. 1016.

[2] Syra, an island in the Aegaean Sea, St. Louis, in Missouri, U.S.A., were the eastern and western limits of Freeman's travels.

The old Act of 1840 leaves to chapters all rights that it does not take away. Surely you can make any statute not contrary to the laws of this realm. I have been lately getting up that wonderful story of the Exeter deanery in 1839, when the chapter established its right of free election in the teeth of a long series of interferences on the part of the Crown; and, having established the right, had it taken from them by Act of Parliament[1].

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

October 28, 1886.

. . . I had an article, 'Prospects of Home Rule,' in the September *Fortnightly*. I don't know whether anybody saw it in Ireland. I rather want to know. I want, not to plead for any particular scheme, but to try to make people understand what this and that scheme really meant. I told them that a Federation of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, would not do, because England would still be as Thebes[2]; or that, if they wanted Federation, they must break up into much smaller cantons, which I supposed nobody wished for. I, at least, should prefer the kingdom of England to the canton of Wessex. But at the same time Federation would help them out of the Ulster difficulty, as no other scheme could.

Meanwhile, one has been writing to me for Home Rule for Orkney, a thing I hinted at long ago in *Norman Conquest*, vol. i[3], where I speak of the Norman Islands. You have been up there, and ought to know about it.

Those vestries, town meetings, &c., are the greatest puzzles[4]. I don't know of any communal gemót other than vestry living on into the seventeenth century or anywhere near it. But

[1] He wrote an article on this curious subject, 'The case of the Deanery of Exeter,' for the *Law Quarterly Review*, July, 1887, which has since been published in the fourth series of *Historical Essays*.

[2] I.e. An over-powerful member of the Federation, as Thebes was in the Boeotian League. See *History of Federal Government*, 22 note, 122, 129.

[3] Pp. 187, 188.

[4] This is a reply to a question whether the New England Town meeting was a perpetuation of an English institution which had died out in England.

a *Bezirksgemeinde* presided over by the parson, and held in the church or attached building, is a queer thing. You don't know how queer it is till you try to make a foreigner understand. As for holding it in the church, that would be quite right and natural according to one theory of the church, which I do not at all say is a wrong one—only, why *vestry*? The name cannot be old. Would it do to say that the old *thing*, *gemót*, what you please, got mixed up with other ideas in Middle England[1], that then in New England circumstances caused those ideas to drop off, and the old thing stood out again? Would not that be pretty nearly it? I wish people would take notice of one fact[2], that in the American settlements they had gone back to the circumstances of the fifth and sixth centuries, adding all the experience up to the seventeenth. That is, a nation can do what a man can't, go back to its youth, keeping the knowledge acquired up to age. How I should like to go back and be thirty, keeping all that I have learned in the other thirty-three years. Much younger than thirty I don't think I should care to be.

To the Rev. R. E. Bartlett.

Between Marseilles and Bastia, December 11, 1886.

Here I am on the way to Palermo. I was meaning to go thither about this time to improve my mind, and now I am sent to improve my body. On October 23 I fled before the face of Mr. Justice Mathew at the Oxford Assize, and took refuge at Macmillan's. The next day I caught a something on Streatham Common, which has bothered me ever since. The violent cough has gone down, but I have been getting weaker and weaker—never was so idle before; a speech or a lecture will stir me up; otherwise I do nothing but sleep, play backgammon, and read novels. But doctors say I only want some cheering-up air to make me right.

[1] England in Britain, as compared with Old England in Germany, and New England in America.

[2] The MS. is somewhat illegible here, and I have supplied a few words conjecturally.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Hôtel de France, Palermo, December 14, 1886.

You see who have actually come, Eleanor, Helen, and I; Helen being supposed to take care of both her parents, which she does with great skill. Thursday last (December 9) we started from Oxford. . . . So (from Paris) to Marseilles, and (sooner than we need) on board the steamer *Guadelope*, of the Transatlantic Company, and started for Bastia and Palermo; not a bad boat, as things go (December 15), though I hear she has a bad reputation. Having fine weather, I greatly enjoyed the day on deck, but not the nights underneath. We had to stop twenty-three hours off Bastia, where we were to stay only five. I had never set foot on Corsica before. I was amazed to see how French it (or at least Bastia) has become, not only in all official things, which one would expect, but in private things over shops and the like. There is a word or two of Italian just now and then, but only just now and then, over some very small place. The position of the town, climbing from the sea up the hills, is very fine indeed; but I never saw a more uninteresting place, not a scrap of antiquity of any kind. This judgement implies that we went on shore. Then on to Palermo, where we came in a little too late, being dusk when we got into the haven —small representation of the All-haven—but I was able to study the approach from a different point from that of the approach from Naples. You better see that Palermo does look east, a geographical truth so hard to take in. From Bastia and thereabouts we saw Elba and those other islands that are such a bother in the map. Elba is dangerously near to Corsica. The sight of his own isle could not but put thoughts into the head of its 'Emperor.' Afterwards we came nearer to Ustica than we did on the voyage from Naples, and on the other side; also we saw Aegaetes or Aegusa, or whatever its name was, no small spot in the history of the Eternal Question.

'Tis wonderful weather here, whatever it may be with you. Hot sun a large part of the day; we sit without fires and, for many hours, with open windows. And it is said to be doing me good; so Helen has reported to Margaret, and

I certainly feel spracker. Certainly I took a good deal of air on board ship, and I am taking some still; but I cannot yet walk very far, and all great undertakings I keep till Arthur and Margaret come. Till then I shall be satisfied to hop about here, see the old things again, and write something ready to take to Eryx and thereabouts, which we think of making our special study.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Hôtel de France, Palermo, December 16, 1886.

Πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ, κοὐδέν, to my thinking, δεινότερον[1] than what I saw in the *Oxford Magazine*, that you had become President of an Oxford Imperial Federation League. In —— it might have been the natural thing, but in you it is simply puzzling. I never knew you say or do anything without a good reason, save that I have sometimes held you to be somewhat bamboozled about Ogres[2], and sometimes even to refuse to hear facts from the spot against them. But I know what I should call this in anybody else; so it puzzles me when you go and do it. Is it then I that have been all wrong, and more than all wrong? For to me Imperial Federation seems to be, not an intelligible proposal which one deems unjust or inexpedient, and therefore argues against, but a mere heap of vague (December 17), meaningless, and contradictory phrases, pure and mere babble in short, worthy of the understanding of ——, not of you. To me the mere name is simple nonsense; what is Imperial cannot be Federal, and what is Federal cannot be Imperial. Yet you, who know better than other men what both words mean, seem now to accept this contradictory description. I am simply baffled; either you or I must be different from what I have hitherto thought him. What is Imperial Federation?

Some say, a Federation of the British Empire, the Queen's dominions, or something of that kind. That means a Federation in which all we shall be outvoted by Hindoos and

[1] 'Many wondrous things there be, and nothing to my thinking more wondrous.' Soph. *Antigone*, 332.

[2] His favourite word for the Magyars, suggested by 'Ouigour,' the name of a tribe of Huns.

Mahometans. Some say (as if it meant the same thing) a Federation of the English-speaking people. That, indeed, gets rid of the barbarians; but it implies the partnership of the United States, which will hardly be got for an 'Imperial' concern, though, to be sure, —— and —— believe the United States themselves to be an 'Empire.'

In either case, the kingdom of Great Britain and its Parliament will have to sink to the level of the State of Rhode Island and its Legislature.

When it comes to that, I say, take up the axe and sing 'Rule Britannia'; you must now say something different.

I have said all these things in my little book[1], which nobody will take the trouble to answer or notice. But I do say them again personally to you, as it has puzzled and bothered me more than anything for a long time to see your name mixed up with such stuff. I don't expect —— to understand; but you must see all this as clearly as I do. If you have any way out of this, pray tell it me.

To Count Ugo Balzani.

Palermo, January 18, 1887.

. . . I had no notion Amari had left Rome. I have half a mind to write to him, but I am pretty sure he does not understand English.

. . . I am reading the Arabs in his Italian crib. I can make it out; but I should do it quicker if it were in any of the other tongues. They are very interesting; but I curse myself for not knowing Arabic. I once knew the letters, and I have clean forgotten them. And it is the letters that I want to tell (Jan. 19) me what I want to know. For I know a little Hebrew, enough often to guide me to an Arabic word, if I could only read it. So I am not wholly at the mercy of the translator with Benjamin of Tudela[2], and I should not be with Ebn Hankal[3] if he were only printed in Roman letters. E.g. In one place of an Arabic writer Amari makes him talk of 'il re di Sicilia' and

[1] *Greater Greece and Greater Britain.*

[2] A Jewish Rabbi who wrote an account of his travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa in the twelfth century.

[3] An Arabic writer on Oriental geography.

'il re di Rûm'—and he calls the city of Rome, *Roma*. Now I want to know, and the translation does not tell me, does the Arabic writer use the same word, *melek* or any other, for the Ῥωμαίων βασιλεύς and the Σικελίας ῥήξ? and does he use the same form or different for *Rûm* the Roman Empire, and Rome the city? I shall easily get an Arabic man to explain to me, but I gnash my teeth at myself for not knowing without.

To Professor Torrey.

Palermo, January 23, 1887.

. . . So the pen is to you as heavy as a crowbar; 'tis almost the same to me when 'tis loaded with (January 24) Sicilian ink, which is heavy and clogs, while somehow I cannot make a pen to my mind!

And you have become Emeritus. Well, you are eight years older than I, and have been professing a great deal longer. I suppose there was something grotesque in my taking to a new line of life at sixty-one. If you followed me through all I published last year, you followed me through a good deal, as I published three books, mainly lectures, *Methods of Historical Study, Greater Greece and Greater Britain* (which I could not get anybody to take any notice of; but they might answer it if they don't like it), and *Chief Periods of European History*. I printed the two introductory courses of lectures, as being introductory, and standing in a manner by themselves; the lectures that I have given since I mean to use for other purposes. I have been mainly working at Gaul, but not without a view to Britain. I want people to take in what the Frankish conquest of Gaul was, and thereby, by the power of contrast, to teach them what the English conquest of Britain was. I should rather like to develop the early chapters of vol. i of *Norman Conquest* into a *History of the Teutonic Settlements in Gaul and Britain*. *Federal Government* I don't suppose I shall ever go on with, except so far as I should like to develop the Achaian part into something like *The Last Age of the Greek Commonwealth*. For the other parts of the scheme I have heirs; for your continent J. A. Doyle of All Souls—for Switzerland W. A. B. Coolidge of Magdalen. He is a native of New York, but left

your hemisphere at the age of twelve years, and got into Britain in some mysterious way through the Norman islands. I call him the Converted Climber, because his first interest in Switzerland was just going to the top of Alps, and then he found that there was something to study at the bottom also. He has a wonderful collection of Swiss books, and knows more about it than anybody else. This Sicily, too, I must do myself, and I am making (it has grown out of the *General Sketch*) a something of European History from B. C. 776 to A. D. 800. So you see I am planning as if I were safe to live as long as Ranke or even Isokratês. And all this, though I am reported of the 'littery gents' to write the worst English of any man. One affirms that I have written a *History of England in three volumes* (Did you ever see it? I never did) which shows great lack of culture. Another says I have written this and that, the whole *Norman Conquest*, I guess, 'without the semblance of a living actor.' Yet I fancied both my Williams and both my Harolds were fairly lively. And the New York *Nation* complains that in my *Methods*, addressed to people who are supposed to have some sense and knowledge, I did not put notes to explain every allusion as if I were lecturing to babes. And he specially complains of the 'sheer pedantry' of talking of 'the Emperor Jovius.' Now I am quite sure that I never spoke of 'the Emperor Jovius' any more than I ever said 'Perish India.'

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Lilybaion, February 7, 1887.

You have perhaps not seen this, or perhaps you have forgotten it (*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 27): but it strikes me as the first attempt of an Imperial Federationer to tell us what Imperial Federation means, and it means, as I said it meant, the degradation, if not the destruction, of England and its institutions. Exactly as I said in the little book that I could get nobody to look at, the Parliament of Great Britain is either to be abolished or to sink into the Legislature of a Canton. Is that the kind of thing that you wish to encourage? With me the effect is to make me turn Jingo and sing Rule Britannia.

I would fain οὔτε ἄρχειν οὔτε ἄρχεσθαι[1]; but when the alternative of ἄρχεσθαι is offered, I prefer that of ἄρχειν.

But mark the same confusions which I have so often pointed out, only nobody would look at the pointing out. An 'English world' from which the greater part of the English folk is shut out—a Greek world, say, without Syracuse or Akragas—and when the thing is made, how is it 'Imperial'? unless as I have so often said, the Empire of India is to rule over the mere kingdom of Great Britain. One feels these things here among Greeks and Phoenicians. What Imperial Federation could equal the answer of the men of Tyre and Sidon, when they would not sail against their children of Carthage—children as independent as U. S. A. now? And what place for Timoleôn unless Syracuse is independent?

To Professor Dawkins.

Succursale Vittoria, Siracusa, February 24, 1887.

I wonder what you are going to do this Easter Vacation. Could you by any possibility come out here and join us? It would be mighty pleasant if you could. Margaret and Arthur will be leaving us soon, and we shall need some ablebodied and understanding person to look after us. I need not tell you that there are all manner of things to see, some in your special line; there be primaeval things on the hill here, as well as in other places, and the *dated strata*[2] at Catania. Do come if you can—and if you do come, *bring some tea.*

... Arthur is wonderfully helpful, because he knows everything all round, and, moreover, knows the tongue so well—that is, the queer Latin tongue that has crept in. If they would talk their natural Doric one might understand them better. We have good quarters and windows looking over the Great

[1] 'Neither rule nor be ruled.'

[2] Referring to the lava flood from the eruption of Aetna, in 1669, which forms the black crown of the cliffs at Catania. He made the following impromptu verses on it:—

'For all the other strata
There are no certain data;
But this one may be reckoned
Of the time of Charles the Second.'

Harbour; so I read my Thucydides and look out at the points where everything happened[1]—a wonderful process. There be palms here, but they grow no dates that man can eat; there is papyrus, but no man writes thereon. As for the chimaeras, I have not met any. I thought they lived in Lykia, perhaps they dwelled in the hole in Monte Grifone[2] where were elephants and other things that concern you. The prickly pear is said to have come from America, yet the Mosaics at Monreale show Abraham's ram caught in a thicket of it—very awkward for the ram, I should think, at least it would be for a mouflon or a mousmon who has not a thick armour of wool.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Succursale Vittoria, Siracusa, February 26, 1887.

I have before me your letter of January 9. We were then at Palermo and for a good while after. We are now here in quarters overlooking the Great Harbour, where I sit and read my Thucydides at the window, turn my head this way for that chapter and the other way for the other. Here the Greeks do almost displace Saracens and Normans, and even George Maniakes, most likely with Harold Hardrada in his company. The moon, a young creature, so she can't be eclipsed just yet, is shining not quite over the Athenian camp, quite over the Olympieion. Well, but you ask after the weather and my bodily state. Of weather we have had better and worse, but I fancy the worst of Sicily has been nothing like the worst elsewhere. We have had no snow save on hill-tops, though in the case of Aetna the word *top* must be construed freely. There he rises, one huge mass of snow, save just the black chimney at tip-top. When we were here before in May, he had only a little *torc* of snow, like a Welsh king.

(February 27.) We stayed at Palermo from December 14 to February 2. Arthur and Margaret joined us on January 23. February 2 we started on a western journey to Segesta, Eryx,

[1] In the Athenian siege of Syracuse, B.C. 415–413.

[2] One of the mountains overhanging Palermo on the south-east, in which are some caves called Grotte de' Giganti, where some bones of extinct animals have been found.

Drepanon, Lilybaion, and Selinous, all new to me. The fallen columns at Selinous I think impressed me more with the feeling of bigness than anything I ever saw—those vast drums lying there, often in regular heaps, clearly by an earthquake and not by Hannibal, son of Giskon[1]. But the grandeur of scenery is (till you come to Aetna) in the north-west corner. When we got back to Palermo, Arthur and Margaret presently set out and took Helen to go to Syracuse by land, by way of Akragas and some wilder places. We old folk went by sea to see the coast. From Palermo to Eryx nothing can be grander; on the west and south-west sides it falls off, the coast being flat and the hills seldom coming near the sea. About here, too, the hills are nothing like those about Palermo—but there is Aetna all by himself. I don't actually see him from my window, but I do by going out on the balcony.

To Professor Dawkins.

Syracuse, March 28, 1887.

I had no notion you had such short holidays; the tendency at Oxford is to make the Easter vacation longer and longer (at the expense of Christmas), for the benefit of Jerusalem-gazers, and other such. But I must manage to get you to Sicily one day, and, if possible, next year. I want you for many things, and I have taken a little fancy to the geology, which I want explained. The strata here are not like those at Catania; they have no written data and cannot be reckoned even to the time of the Sikel migration. (That is far enough for me; Sayce may go earlier and you earlier still.) The surface is limestone, very like Somerset, Greece, or Dalmatia; only 'tis far more rocky on the sides than Somerset, but no combes so good as Cheddar. But in the geological view, the limestone is only a jacket on a volcanic body, and going in a boat round the end of Achradina I saw the under-strata very plain, higher and lower—black stuff. Ever and anon, both here and still more at Palazzolo (which was Akrai), one sees among the many stones a few that might be at Clermont or

[1] For a description of the site and remains of Selinous see *History of Sicily*, i. 420-429, and of the siege of Giskon, iii. 456-467.

Catania. They say Aetna spat them out, which doubtless might be; but could they not also be scraps from the older bottom? The hills are vastly like Somerset and Gloucestershire, long Mendip-like ranges, not only like the peaks of Panormos.

. . . Syracuse has done me a world of good, much more than Palermo. Helen says it makes her spracker also. I fancy the marshes are unhealthy at some times of the year (as is implied in the oracle of Archias[1]), but here in Ortygia 'tis a fine air, and on Epipolai something that lifts one up. We go to Messina to-morrow, thence to Palermo, and we hope to sail for Marseilles April 12th, and to be at Oxford before the beginning of term.

To the Rev. C. W. Boase.

Palermo, April 7, 1887.

We came back hither last night from Syracuse, Messina, Taormina, and *Castle Johnny*[2], late Henna of Dêmêtêr and the Korê—a noble place to sleep in, but bad for the cooking of beef, and which profanely sets aside a text of the New Testament, being a city set so high on a hill that it is often hid by the clouds. I see that your rector is dead[3]; I remember him an established parish priest when I was a little boy.

. . . Your proofs in sheets came[4] to-day, April 8. You have somehow made it much clearer than it was on the slips. The beginning is admirable, the real early story of Oxford could not be better put; the only question is, whether, when a mythical story has taken such root, it should not be formally denied very early. You let the University creep in rather unawares; should not something be said the first time you have to mention it? or would it be possible to put off all

[1] Referring to the legend that Archias, a Corinthian, and Myskellos an Achaian, being about to seek settlements west of Greece, consulted the Delphian Apollôn, who gave them a choice between wealth and health. Archias chose wealth and founded Syracuse, Myskellos chose health and founded Crotôn. See *History of Sicily*, i. 338.

[2] Castro Giovanni.

[3] The Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, Dr. Lightfoot.

[4] Of the History of *Oxford* for the series of 'Historic Towns.'

mention of it till the point when you bring it in formally? But I am beginning to understand the great difficulty of writing an Oxford or Cambridge book, as distinguished from any other. We do not want a history of the University, but a history of the city as affected by the University. In theory this should be treated in the same way as the history of a city affected by a castle, bishopric, abbey, anything else. But in practice the two things are very different. The earl or bishop may influence the city and even oppress it, but he does not take its place. But the University largely does take the place of the city; it becomes a second πόλις and a more powerful one within the same walls. Here is your difficulty.

To Sir E. Strachey, Bart.

Palermo, April 8, 1887.

I almost dread getting back to home politics, we have lived so comfortably here with the merest scraps of them. And I shall come in for all the unutterable folly of the 'Jubilee.' Every man that has a dodge, good or bad, seems to think his dodge ought to be the more attended to because the Queen has reigned fifty years. I cannot see the connexion of ideas. If the scheme is good, let it be encouraged though she have reigned only forty-nine years: if it be bad, let it not be encouraged, though she have reigned fifty-one. I can make nothing out of the whole thing; the train of thought, if there be any, is beyond me. And, when it comes to an 'Imperial Institute,' I have no notion what an 'Imperial Institute' is—something of a great shop, I rather fancy. Only I won't have anything to do with 'imperium' in any shape; I cleave to 'libertas,' which, in the late jew's teeth, is inconsistent.

Yes, ——— is turning Tory; but so it must be. It is the same thing that Macaulay tells of Harley and Foley. By habitually acting with the Tories on certain points, they gradually came to be Tories altogether. And I suppose this must be where there are organized parties. Where there are no organized parties, but each man votes quite independently, A may vote with B on one question and with C on another.

On your subject of Church Reform I have been much struck

with Martineau's article in *Contemporary Review*. I never before knew any Nonconformist so thoroughly take in the historic position of the English Church. I am sure many of them believe that the bishops are paid out of the taxes, and those who know a little better than that, fancy that the State at some particular time 'established and endowed' a particular religious body, when it might, I suppose, have 'established and endowed' some other. He sees through all this, and puts the facts just as I should, though his deductions may be different. And he sees the importance of 1662, the time when the supposed process did not happen, but when something more like it did happen than happened at any other time[1]. It is so pleasant to hear the thing discussed without having the horrible figment of 'National Property,' and stuff about the 'Blessed Reformation.' But I don't believe in his 'Federation,' any more than Comprehension. I suppose Disestablishment must come; but I certainly don't want to hasten it.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

(Between Naples and Leghorn, April 12.)

Here we are again in the bosom of the Mediterranean. We started from Palermo yesterday, reached Naples this morning, and after a few hours in the Museum and elsewhere, started again in another steamer (more crowded than the former, by an incursion from the English lands beyond ocean) which is expected to deliver us at Genova la Superba some time on Thursday. 'Twas wonderfully grand leaving Palermo, and not despicable coming on to Naples, with the island of Tiberius and Johnny[2] (where Church the ἀρχιστρατηγός[3] did a wonderful exploit) on one side, and on the other that Ischia where (by a vile cockney rime) somebody grew friskier and friskier. But

[1] See on these points Freeman's small book on *Disestablishment and Disendowment, what are they?*

[2] Capri, a favourite resort of the Emperor Tiberius—also of J. R. Green.

[3] 'Commander in-chief,' General Sir Richard Church, who displayed great skill and valour in the defence of Capri when it was besieged by Murat in 1807.

to the Sikeliot mind the young and upstart spitfire (started in Pliny's day) seems such a toy beside our old established concern, which has spat from a time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. The young thing is ever smoking to remind people of his existence: Aetna needs no advertisement.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

16 St. Giles, Oxford, May 22, 1887.

. . . I hope you take some interest in our doings. We have both the Modern Language statute and the Bodleian lending question. As far as I can see, everybody who uses books wishes to have them out. The power of so doing is the one advantage that I find in working here above working at home. The other side are those who seem to think that a book is made to sit on a shelf and be looked at and do no good. As for the Language statute, do you know anything about these 'literary' folk, what they mean and what they want? How is it a 'fraud upon letters' that a Language statute should be a Language statute? And what do they mean by 'letters' and 'literature' apart from language? I suppose, as I said, they want 'chatter about Shelley.' I told them that we did not want to discuss 'the Harriet problem,' having enough to do with Helen, Theodora, and Mary Stewart. And there are people who think that the position of Latin in the world is due to 'Horace and Virgil,' having seemingly never heard of the Code, the Vulgate, or the Mass-book.

. . . I suppose you are still obliged to attend to public affairs. I am very glad I am not. I cannot read through it all. I read your *Contemporary* article[1], an instructive account of the process by which I have no doubt that many besides yourself took to Home Rule. But it does not touch me who believed in it a good while before. So to me, whatever Parnell or anybody does, it is simply promoting a good cause by bad means, a thing which one has heard of in other times and places, and which really proves nothing against the good cause, though it is sure practically to discredit it. Since I came here, I have

[1] 'How we became Home Rulers.' May, 1887.

read Dicey—he does not seem to me so strong as usual. I generally admire him most when I most go against him, he is so wonderfully clever in putting his case. But I really do not think this is up to his usual mark. Still it has made an impression and should be answered. At any rate he may teach people what a Federation is, which so few know. I am more and more amazed at people who profess Home Rule wanting to keep on Irish members over here. Surely the deliverance from them was one of the best practical features of Gladstone's bill, besides being implied in the very notion of it. I tried to show that what Gladstone did was, starting from the fact that Ireland is really a dependency, to treat it as such. ('Tis really a good deal like Diocletian, both in polity and art.) But I could get nobody to listen. It seems to me that all the scribbling people hoot at a thing if I say it, while they would accept it if another scribbler said it. Yet I have influence all the same.

. . . What about the Queen's new title? 'Queen of . . . colonies and dependencies. Empress (*δότε μοι λεκάνην*[1]) of India—therefore *India not a dependency*. Therefore Great Britain a dependency of India, as is directly implied in giving the higher title to the barbaric territory. Say this in the House.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Somerleaze, September 4, 1887.

I have two letters of your's by me, July 15 and May 6, but I think that the latter implies that I wrote one since the former. There you ask after feet *ὁρᾷς τὸν πόδα τοῦτον; ὁρῶ*[2]. They are all well, thank you, and I was in mighty good case (I, but not my fields), till the rain came. Since then I have done a little coughing and sneezing. Moreover I am cutting a tooth, now at the age of sixty-four. That is my bodily case. (Sept. 14.) I don't know why I have kept this letter so long about, except that I was rather laid up on Sunday, my usual day

[1] 'Give me a basin,' said by one wanting to be sick. Aristoph. *Nub.* 907. Freeman's favourite expression of disgust.

[2] 'Dost thou see this foot? I do see it.'

for such things. I am certainly not so bright as I was before the rain, and Margaret, who is here, is muttering all kinds of dreadful things, that I ought to leave Somerleaze and what not, which sounds to me rather like 'propter vitam vivĕndi perdere causas,' as I delight in this place more and more since I have been able to be here so little. Or they want me to give up going to Abergwili and other places, and go to Buxton for baths. Now I don't particularly want to go to Abergwili or anywhither, but I still less want to go to Buxton. If I want baths, I have offered to go to the θερμὰ ὕδατα of Selinous[1], now called Sciacca; but they say that won't do.

. . . I have been in Sicily in the spirit all the Long. I wanted to get back for a bit to the older times, but somehow I have kept so far almost wholly with Robert and Roger, save that I think I have worked out the joint expedition of George, Harold, and William[2] in 1038 as it has not been worked out before. And I have been doing a bit of revising at the book which has no George, but which has another Harold and another William, those whom the 'littery gent' said were 'without the semblance of a living actor.'

. . . I don't know where I am in politics—because I stick tight to Gladstone's best proposal, to clear the Irishry out of Westminster. And now all sides all round seem to want to keep them, a desire which I can only set down as θηριότης[3], along with ὀνύχων τρώξεις ἔτι δ' ἀνθράκων καὶ γῆς[4]. I won't carry on the question further, as I am writing to Ellis.

[1] Hot springs of Selinous in Sicily.

[2] George Maniakes, the Byzantine general, Harold Hardrada, the Norwegian, and William Iron-Arm, the Norman, son of Tancred of Hauteville, defeated the Saracens in Sicily and recovered the greater part of the Island.

[3] 'Brutishness.'

[4] 'Gnawing of nails, yea, also of coals and earth,' specimens of 'brutishness' mentioned by Aristotle, *Eth.* vii. 5, § 3.

To the Rev. Professor Sayce.

Somerleaze, September 18, 1887.

I read you at Manchester[1]. You did not directly refer to me, but people have, as usual, dragged in my name as representative of doctrines which I never maintained or thought of. It is very odd that people will not get their notions of what I say from my own writings, but from a kind of species of evidence which once came before me in this shape:

A. Have you any evidence that it was my dog that worried your sheep?

B. No, I have not any evidence; but it's the general opinion that it's likely to have been your dog.

You doubtless know what I said in *N. C.* vol. i, perhaps even in *The English People in their Three Homes*, written after controversies and misrepresentations had begun, and you in any case have read the essay (September 25) on Race and Language. That meets the unchangeable-skull-hair-and-eyes argument as far as I am concerned. I am not concerned either to accept it or to deny it. It leaves the facts of history the same. I need only put a note something like this:

'By Greeks, Franks, Saxons, any other gentile name, I mean that company of people to which that name historically belongs; never mind by what means they came together. I never said or thought that any of them were of pure blood of any kind; it may be (I don't say it is) shown that they are yet less pure than I thought; but, as long as there is a dominant kernel into which all the other elements are mere infusion, it makes no difference to me.'

Some of your particular arguments I can easily answer. Coote and Seebohm I shall see to some day, and I am getting to that day by way of the Franks. S. thinks that we came out of Thuringia, Bavaria, perhaps Austria, and met somebody on the road who persuaded us that we were Angles and Saxons (and seemingly talked in those dialects); and so we came into Britain by those names, ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐ πιστὰ λέγει[2].

[1] The address delivered by Mr. Sayce as president of the anthropological section of the British Association.

[2] 'To me indeed he saith things which are incredible.'

Anderida is not mentioned because the slaughter was exceptional. Mauger Liebermann and Tom Arnold, there was a song—I have set it up again—which Hen. Hunt.[1] worked in whole in a crib, while the Chronicler preserved a bit in the original. So he did in other places, as when he says that 'the Welsh fled from the English like fire.' You won't tell me that that was exceptional; I guess it happened more than once. But that time it happened to be in a song. Moreover, if only Anderida was sung in a song and written in a book, Deva, Calleva, Uriconium stood to speak for themselves, and over Aquae Solis a certain man mused, on whom Earle has commented. (As A. J. E. reminds me that a Bret did on Uriconium also.)

As for the birch which certain men are fighting about, it toucheth me not[2]. I had not fancied that the primitive Aryans had gone far enough in the 'tutorial profession' to need it. If they did, I should think the worse of them. I have another shot at the profession and at some other things too in the next *Contemporary Review*, by the style and title of 'Literature and Language.' I think you will approve.

Why is it funny to hear Strabo talking of Nebuchadnezzar? I guess it's because Strabo isn't a Sunday book, while Nebuchadnezzar and Mesopotamia seem specially to belong to that day.

. . . Pity to kill the Amorites off if they were like what you say. But get me either an Elymian or a Sikan, and tell me who he was. That counts for much more.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Somerleaze, September 25, 1887.

. . . *Guardian* has set me to write about bishoprics this week; indeed, I am taking an English week before starting for South Wales, chiefly revising some parts of *Norman Conquest*. Arthur and Margaret left us this morning. Rhŷs

[1] Henry of Huntingdon.

[2] Mr. Sayce had maintained in his address at Manchester the European origin of the Aryans. This gave rise to a controversy in the *Times* on the subject of the 'birch' and the 'beech.'

was here last week; Sayce was to have come, but did not, staying to look after an aged father, a virtuous act which I have pleaded in his behalf with Jebb. We had some jolly talk as it was, and should have had more if the Ealdorman of Hittites had come. He has found out that they were very ugly, which may account for the misbehaviour of Bathsheba. The Amorites, on the other hand, looked exactly like Goths or any of the right sort. I can't understand the birch controversy, save that it suggests the schoolmasters, whom I should like to feel in the passive voice (or whatever you call vapulo); I always think that that one at Falerii[1] was the only one that ever got his deserts. They are such a lot, ever saying, 'We are they that ought to speak,' &c., &c. I can conceive life without Greek, just because you can do without it, while you can't do (September 30) without Latin; that is to say, Latin is a matter of business—Greek is the ἐγκαλλώπισμα[2] that distinguishes the man of—what shall I say? *culture* means rather pots and *letters*, and making bad jokes for one's dinner. But you know what I mean. But the schoolmasters I take to be the trade hindrance to anybody learning anything in the subjects which they profess to teach, and in Greek more than any other. I once talked to ——— and I found that he seriously believed that the jargon he made the boys talk for Greek, *Sockrateaze* and *tow taw* and all that, was reading by *quantity* (*Milti-a-deaze* and *owlommeneen* to wit). He had no notion that he read it by Latin accent instead of Greek, and paid no more regard to *quantity* than I did.

[1] When Falerii was besieged by the Romans, B.C. 391, a schoolmaster who had the care of the sons of the chief citizens led some of the boys to the Roman camp: Camillus the Roman general, indignant at his treachery, armed the boys with rods and bade them drive their master into the town, flogging him all the way. See the story in Livy, v. 27.

[2] 'Decoration.'

To Thos. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

St. David's, October 11, 1887.

Please blow Ammianus his trumpet as loud as you can, forwhy he needs a trumpeter[1]. Arthur Evans told me the other day that his mere name awakens laughter in a whole common-room. There is no ignorance so dense or so self-satisfied as that in which the smaller 'classical' people think it fine to abide of the Greek and Latin tongues as wholes.

. . . We are going about here to see men and things, largely old friends, as the Bishop and the Dean. But into Staffordshire I am going purely for filthy lucre. I want to pay for new pigsties, and I don't keep a bank[2]. So an invitation of the same kind further north might have drawn me further north. I wonder if anybody thinks—somebody may—they think such odd things—that I got richer by the Eternal Eastern Question; *you* know that I am £700 a year poorer by it, which my professorship, nominally of the same value, is far from making up. Sure I don't write much in periodicals. What I have written in *Law Quarterly* (gratis) and *Historical Review* (£12) is surely as solid as Count Roger himself. And I can't be at him all day. I do want a little change, and a skit at the 'littery gents' supplies it and also brings in something for the pigsties, besides, one may hope, doing some trifle of good.

. . . But about Julian. As you say, to understand Julian, who had a belief, a man must have some belief of his own. I never tracked out those bits of Gibbon, and I can't here; but I will bear them in mind; 'tis quite what I should expect. But I have tried much to point out the different relations to Christianity of Ammianus, Zosimus, and Claudian. Only when people never heard of those writers, and think it grand and classical not to have heard, what is one to do? You have

[1] Ammianus Marcellinus (died about A.D. 390) wrote a history of the Empire from A.D. 96 to A.D. 378 in thirty-one books, of which the first thirteen are lost. For a tribute to his accuracy and impartiality, see Gibbon, ch. xxvi. (vol. iv. p. 406, Milman's ed.); nevertheless, the author of the *Decline and Fall* did not make such good use of Ammianus as might have been expected from the praise which he bestows upon him.

[2] Alluding to Mr. Hodgkin's profession of a banker.

a great work before you, to open one of the great turning-periods of the world's history, and I may haply do something to help you.

To the Rev. W. Hunt.

Abergwili Palace, Carmarthen, October 13, 1887.

. . . I don't wonder at the littery gents making a *tu quoque* on me about 'allusiveness,' but you ought to see through them. As the prophet Solomon saith[1], there is a time to allude and a time to refrain from alluding. The former is in *Methods of Historical Study*, 'Toulouse and Narbonne,' which are not written for littery gents, but for you and others who are supposed to understand something. The latter is in *Primer of European History*, which the littery gents might perhaps understand. In the latter they might reasonably complain if I spake of a *bride-ale* or anything else without explaining it. In the *Methods*, &c. the case is different. In that case, to judge from my own frame of mind in reading Palgrave and others, the process is—either 'A,' you at once understand the allusion, in which case it is a very great pleasure of a very refined kind, or 'B,' you don't understand it, and therefore at once set forth to find out what it means, a wholesome, yea, and a pleasant discipline. I have gone through both processes 1001 times, and I think I may fairly set reasonable people on the same; not, of course, Little Tom Tucker, who sings for his supper, and whose song must consist of a bad joke or he would be supperless.

Quae quum ita sint, my so-called allusiveness does not at all 'come from the fact that I do not realize that other people do not know as much as I do.' I go on a principle, Solomon's principle. You can explain it, if you like, to the next caviller.

The following letter and the remarks which follow it were addressed to Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who was one of the Boundary Commissioners, and had consulted Freeman about the historical portion of their Report, which appeared in 1888.

[1] See *Eccles.* iii. 4.

March 22, 1888.

DEAR LORD EDMOND,

I took the time before breakfast this morning, which properly belongs to revising the *Norman Conquest*, for your paper on the divisions of the counties, as a kindred subject. Here is the result.

There was, when I was young, a part on the borders of Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Shropshire, and Warwickshire, where one never knew what county one was in. All overlapped in the most wonderful way; but I fancy that has all been changed.

Believe me very truly yours,

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

1. I would distinguish the shires which still represent whole kingdoms (Kent, Sussex, Essex) from those which rather represent under-kingdoms, as those of Wessex, or kingdoms sometimes united, sometimes parted, as those of Northumberland and most likely East-Anglia. East-Anglia is a whole, of which its *North* and *South Folk* are parts, but it would be hard to trace their relations to one another. *In* Northumberland again, Yorkshire represents Deira, and the narrower Northumberland represents Bernicia, less the ecclesiastical principality which grew up at Durham.

Would it not be better, instead of 'Saxon,' to say 'Saxon and Anglian,' or else generally 'Teutonic' or 'English.' You cannot talk of 'Saxon settlers' out of the three Saxon lands.

2. It is safer not to mention Alfred. It is possible that the new mapping out of the Mercian shires with reference to a central town in each, which was clearly carried out by Edward the Elder, was begun by Alfred in that part of Mercia which was under his rule, and that the legend which connects him with the formation of shires has thus much of foundation. But it is just as likely that the legend attributes shires to Alfred simply as it attributes everything to him.

N.B. I think I may fairly call the new mapping out of the Mercian shires a discovery of mine. And I came to it in the most practical way. I was used to Northamptonshire and Gloucestershire before I settled in Somerset. I saw that the

questions about places of meeting, and the like, which were always turning up in Somerset could not turn up in the other shires. I thought about it, and found the reason to be that the West-Saxon shires were real ancient *gaus* with no reference to a town, while the Mercian shires are much later *departments*, mapped out with reference to a town. I said something about this in the first volume of *Norman Conquest*, and worked it out more fully in 'The *Shire* and the *Gá*,' in *Historical Essays*; but I got my start in discussions in Somerset Quarter Sessions.

3. Yes; indirectly caused; but surely it was Edward who made the new divisions after the recovery of the land from the Danes. He and his sister found and strengthen towns, and surely it was then that they allotted shires to them. You will remember Kemble's list of the older Mercian divisions answering to those which still remain in Wessex.

4. This is true only of the Welsh counties, reckoning Monmouth as one. The new English shires are Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, but surely those were all fixed by the end of the twelfth century.

Rutland abides in its puzzledom.

5. You can hardly say that Domesday 'knows nothing' of Northumberland and Durham. It leaves them out, that is, it does not survey them, just as it leaves out the cities of London and Winchester, and takes only the most casual notice of Bristol. Northumberland (modern Northumberland) and Durham (the patrimony of Saint Cuthberht) were *certainly existing divisions*. We have only to find out why they were not surveyed. I have always thought it was because, after the great harrying, they were not worth surveying.

(The practical result of those lands not being surveyed is that people there can invent pedigrees without the same certainty of being found out which awaits them in other parts.)

Domesday 'knows nothing' of *Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*, for another reason, namely, that those three are divisions later than Domesday. And parts of them, so much of modern Cumberland and Westmoreland as formed the Earldom (answering to the old diocese) of Carlisle, were no part of the kingdom of England. The shires of Cumberland

and Westmoreland were made out of the earldom of Carlisle with the addition of pieces of Yorkshire. Lancashire was made out of a piece of Yorkshire and that piece of Cheshire which was somehow separate from the rest, Roger of Poitou's land between Mersey and Ripple[1]. The boundaries of the dioceses of Coventry and Lichfield, York, and Carlisle, as they stood before Henry VIII confused things by his new diocese of Chester, will show the civil divisions of William Rufus and Henry I, allowing for any small shiftings on the border.

It is important to distinguish the position of Domesday towards Northumberland and Durham from its position towards Cumberland and Westmoreland, because the two get constantly confused. I have tried to explain it all in the note on the Earldom of Carlisle in the Appendix to *William Rufus*. And I made one man understand; I don't know of more.

6. You cannot say that 'Lancashire is *divided between*' anything. It was not in being to be divided; it was made up out of those two pieces.

7. *All* the shires on the Welsh border are greater in Domesday than they are now. That is, the separate jurisdiction of the Lords Marchers had not been set up. (Was not Robert of Rhuddlan, called *Marchio*, the beginning of them?) Remember that Monmouthshire, though included in an English circuit, must reckon for all these purposes as a Welsh county.

8. There are, I suppose, instances of the small border shiftings of which I spoke. I have never looked at them in detail, but I know there are a great many. One of the oddest things is that Buckingham, a shire town bearing the name of a *gens*, was, till I forget when—some time, I think, in the seventeenth century—not a parish, but in the parish of King's Sutton in Northamptonshire, a long way off. Further, Henry VIII, when he made the diocese of Peterborough, left King's Sutton in Lincoln, clearly to keep company with Buckingham.

9. I do not understand about the 'final settlement with Scotland.' I suppose there were always small border questions, 'debatable land,' and the like, and the town of Berwick shifted to and fro, as it happened to be conquered. But the general

[1] Sic in MS.

boundary of Northumberland is as old as the cession of Lothian, and that of Cumberland as old as the conquest of Carlisle.

10. You cannot say that 'the general distribution and shape' dates from the Tudor kings. The 'general distribution and shape' of the English shires is in Wessex immemorial, in Mercia as old as Edward the Elder. In the north-west it is as old as the creation of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire. It is only on the Welsh border that Henry VIII made any visible change on the map of England.

11. Note another curious case for reconsideration, where, as between Oxfordshire and Berkshire, a border river has shifted its bed, and left a stray bit of Wessex north of Thames and a stray bit of Mercia south.

Generally one might say that the divisions of Wessex, East-Anglia, and Northumberland are immemorial; those of Mercia date from the ninth century, those of the north-west from the twelfth, those of the Welsh border from the sixteenth.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Oxford, March 26, 1888.

. . . I can't prove that Pippin was made patrician by Constantine, but there is nothing against it (except superstitions about the effete Greek Empire), and much likelihood for it. The Paip is acting as Imperial envoy at Pavia, John the Silentiary and the Frankish envoys, Bishop Chrodegang and Duke Autchar, all working together up to the last moment. When they can do nothing with Aistulf, the Paip goes off into Gaul, gets Pippin to promise help to the Republic and makes Pippin Patrician. Then he goes and upsets Aistulf, and the Emperor sends again to ask for the Exarchate, clearly wondering (or professing to wonder) that Pippin had not given it to him, that is, to the Republic. Surely Stephen went by the Emperor's authority, and bamboozled him and the king by the ambiguous word *Respublica*, which was getting a new meaning.

. . . I conceive that Constantine meant to use Pippin against Aistulf much like Theodoric against Odovakar. He might gain something, and he could hardly lose.

I find that the older scholars understand these things far better than the new. One thing is that the very old ones had not read that fatal chapter in Gibbon. Montfaucon found a bit of what he thinks (and I think) is Constantine's letter to Pippin.

TO THE SAME. Trier, April 6, 1888.

I am not sorry to be again in Augusta Treverorum, where I have most fittingly received a letter from Hodgkin in praise of Valentinian. He had a fine house anyhow. They have further just dug up some baths, but I never can get excited over baths; digging out *Porta Nigra* more thoroughly is another business.

. . . . I don't quite understand some things about Luxemburg. It seems to be in the *Zollverein* without being in the Empire. Morfill said it would part, like Great Britain and Hanover, at the death of the present King-Duke, and that then it would be in the Empire. But the whole thing is puzzling; why in 1831 it was cut in two, and part left to Netherlands—quite away—and part to Belgium. All to Belgium would have seemed more natural. There seems to have been so much needless fuss about the little place. I want to know what they really talk. French is clearly the high-polite language, but things are written up both in it and *High*-Dutch. Florence, who talked to some, said that, as one would look for, they talked more like *Low*. But I should rather have looked for *Walloon* (as at Leodium[1]) than any of them. But I think I saw in my guide-book that part of the duchy did speak Walloon, but that that was the part given to Belgium.

I have just read Dicey in *Contemporary Review*. I don't see that what he says touches me. I believe in Home Rule for Ireland, as I believe in it for Jersey, Croatia, and Finland. But I don't feel that that makes me in any way responsible for the doings of certain people in Ireland. If one never supported a cause till all its supporters were as Wayte or the blameless Aethiopians, one would never do anything. But I do like his picture of Bright. I wish he would go with us in this matter, but nothing shall part me from the admiration of him.

[1] Liége.

To Goldwin Smith, Esq.

Amiens, April 25, 1888.

. . . I have been out of the way of seeing or hearing very much these three weeks, except to notice this wonderful cry for Boulanger. There seems a chance of a tyrant growing out of absolutely nothing, without so much as an uncle to build on. I have only seen the end of Lowell's address on Democracy. I think I have seen somewhere that you do not fancy the County Government bill. I am a little afraid of it. I have said a hundred times, 'set up democracy, if you can, but don't upset a better oligarchy to set up a worse.' Now an oligarchy of squires is better than an oligarchy of farmers or business men. Then there should be some independent area less than the county, though I don't see exactly what it should be. There is a cry for the parish in several quarters; but can it ever be made alive? The poor-law union is pure oligarchy of the worst kind. Anyhow the 'selected' members should be got rid of, the elective body should be purely elective; *ex officio* guardians and highwaymen I count for a mistake. Let the present magistrates stand like other people, and those who deserve support will get it, perhaps not from the oligarchy of farmers, but from a real democratic election, if you can set one up.

. . . But I find Sicily and the Franks much more pleasant than all this. As I get older, I seem to be planning greater schemes of work than I ever did, and in truth the mere power of work is constantly strengthening. Where I feel age —besides my legs—is in a certain weakening of memory. I forget things that I read or wrote a few months back. That is, I fail to carry them in my head as I used to; I remember them perfectly when I come to them. And the professorship has been useful in this way, that it has set me on a more minute study of some things, and I further find that writing and lecturing help and influence one another. What I lecture about I write about, and the other way. So I am doing Franks and Sicily side by side, besides revising *Norman Conquest* and other things.

The reading of German books is prodigious, and one gains

something, some fact or reference, from every one; but I less and less share the worship of German books as such. We can do some things much better than they can. I do not see why people have run so after Gneist, who is very unintelligent and very inaccurate, when they have Hallam and Stubbs. I have greatly offended a German writer—Schultze, I think his name is—by saying, what is perfectly true, that Ihne, though nothing like such a genius as Mommsen, understands some things better than Mommsen through his sojourn in England. I have been doing a great deal at Pippin. The Germans don't understand the story, any of them, but Luden[1] long ago, because they do not take in the position which the Emperors still kept in Italy and the world. The older scholars really understood all that time much better than the later. They followed formulas a good deal, but they were authentic contemporary formulae, while people now follow modern formulae of their own making—'effete Byzantine Empire,' 'Greek of the Lower Empire,' and what *not*; phrases which have some meaning in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, but which have none whatever when applied to the sole Roman Emperors of the eighth. Gibbon has a good deal to answer for. You can find nearly every fact in him, but he began by making the subject ridiculous, by trotting out some absurd, and, if possible, indecent anecdote, as if it were a summary of the whole reign. It is that chapter which gives the impression, and those which follow never take it away. I believe that Pippin was made patrician by authority of Constantine Kopronymos, but that Pope Stephen bamboozled them all round.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, June 24, 1888.

. . . I think you must have read your account of my bodily case in a Cambridge paper, for I saw something quoted from one from which you might infer that I had been going through things like the late Emperor. I simply had my uvula snipped off, and I find that so many people have had the same done,

[1] *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes* (Gotha, 1825).

that I feel something singular in being a whole and perfect creature. Perhaps if I had lived in the days of the Lion of Justice, or of his fellow in Sicily, more of me might have gone. Sure Balfour would have put out Dillon's eyes in those days. The snipping was naught, but I did not like the *gagging* the moment before it, and it left slight wounds which made (June 27) gulping and such like acts more or less grievous for a good many days. But that is now pretty well gone; only I have just been coughing more than enough. The snipping, its causes and its results, kept me from Trinity Monday and other feasts, as also from going to talk Home Rule at Cambridge.

I do very much ask whether I have been of any use. I have influenced some doubtless. But do you not see that all casual references to things that I have dealt with, either stay as they were before I wrote a word, or what I have said—or what they choose to say that I have said—is brought in as a matter of jeering. Now I do not see that any other man in a position at all like mine in my own subject or any other is treated in this way. (Yes, perhaps Max Müller is now and then.)

To Professor Dawkins.

Somerleaze, June 28, 1888.

I rejoice that we may count upon you for August 28—as long before as you please.

Meanwhile I want to know a geological matter. Do you think that Italy and Sicily were ever joined in decent times? I don't mean in your Eskimo time, when one could walk into Africa, but at any time since one could not walk from Lilybaion to Carthage, and one could sail from Cyprus to Sardinia. Was there ever a time, after things had put on anything like their present shape, when Sicily was joined to Italy much as Peloponnesus is joined to the rest of Greece? All the old people seem to have thought so, at least from Aeschylus onwards, and called Ῥήγιον[1] or the Breach from that supposed fact. But I fancy modern geologists think otherwise. I want to know more certainly.

If it was so, you will try to make up for the change by joining the other island[2], which Pomponius Mela compares with

[1] Rhegium, the modern Reggio. [2] Britain.

Sicily, by the common name of Triquetra (not strictly applicable in either case), to its neighbouring mainland[1]. And it seems as if Gladstone had joined you. And others are profanely trying to cut off Peloponnesus itself. Ζεὺς γάρ κ' ἔθηκε νῆσον εἰ γ' ἐβούλετο. In short, there is a general spirit of King Alfonso going about reconstructing the world, which offends old-fashioned bodies like me. Of them have ware also, even if they bring in many dollars.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

2 Royal Crescent, Weymouth, August 2, 1888.

. . . I am just now doing nothing, because they have brought me here for my throat. About July 21 I was pulled down a good deal, but I think the weather has taken occasion of my birthday to mend a bit and I with it. I am yearning to get home again to my Sikels, and I hope to do so next week. I don't think I have seen any notices of your *Hildebrand*—but they often are very small. How queer the little local notices are. Who can write them, and (August 3) why do the publishers care to get them? Do they sell a single copy? I believe that some who have been noticing the little *William the Conqueror* did not know that I had ever written the *Norman Conquest*.

Speier, yes, poor thing[2]—but remember how Louis-le-Grand tried to blow it up[3], and they had to set it up again somehow. You will mind much more wanton Γριμθορπισμός[4] at Würzburg and Hildesheim.

To the Rev. W. Hunt.

Somerleaze, Wells, August 19, 1888.

I should specially like to have the writing about these American books[5] taken off my hands. I cannot give in, if you have only two, to have it Boston and New York, and not Boston and

[1] Referring to the proposed Channel Tunnel.

[2] Referring to some remarks which I had made in a letter on the bad effect of some modern work in the Cathedral at Speier.

[3] A.D. 1689.

[4] 'Grimthorpism,' a word suggested by the operations of Lord Grimthorpe on the Minster at St. Albans.

[5] For the series of 'Historic Towns.'

Philadelphia. Those are the two *English* cities in America which stand out with a distinct character from the beginning, and have kept a distinct character till now. They are distinctly English cities in America, and they have not lost that character; they therefore follow most naturally on the English cities in Britain. New York is hardly English at all. It is Hollandish by foundation, and has Hollandish elements still, the only ones of any interest. It is English only by conquest, and is now just nohow, an uninteresting mass of houses, inhabited by a *colluvies gentium*[1]. At the turning-point of all, while Philadelphia was acting as the cradle of Independence, New York was just a British garrison. I do not see why such a mere overgrown shop should displace a real historical πόλις with a distinctive story like Philadelphia.

. . . Well, if you must do it, why, do it; don't set me to do it; and I shall run to the gate with a burning pot, like M. Ateius against Crassus[2], and invoke strange and terrible deities from Philadelphia and against New York.

(August 20).—I am very weak to-day, perhaps because it is raining. Do spare me this New York worry.

To Goldwin Smith, Esq.

Somerleaze, Wells, August 19, 1888.

You hardly know what delight it gives me to come across any writing of yours which I can read with the old feeling of fellowship and fighting in the same cause. Such an one I find in *Macmillan's Magazine* of this month. All the more it stands out because they have put a brace of Jingoes to perform

[1] 'Confused medley of races.'

[2] C. (not M.) Ateius Capito, tribune of the people B.C. 55, was a strong opponent of Pompey and Crassus, the consuls of that year. Crassus, consumed with a vain longing for military glory, was bent upon an expedition against the Parthians, and was actually setting out from Rome, without the sanction of the Senate, when he was confronted at the gate (Porta Capena) by C. Ateius, who had kindled a fire there, and with fumigations and invocations of strange and fearful deities invoked terrific curses upon Crassus. The latter, however, persisted in the expedition, which ended in the total defeat of his army and in his own death.

alongside, one ——, about Gibraltar, whom I should guess to be a manslayer of some kind by trade, and another man to bring out the Jingoism of the late Doyle. Now I know him by a piece which is not Jingo. The late Hannah More, who petted Macaulay, and twenty-two years later petted me—though I never offered her a glass of old spirits, as he did—gave me—what, as you were at Eton, would have been more fittingly given to you—a volume of the *Eton Miscellany*, containing what I suppose were the first writings of Gladstone and various others. Doyle was one, (August 26) and I admired and learned by heart then, and I admire and remember now, his lines on Manlius over the body of his son, in which there was no Jingo taint, though there is a decidedly Jingo sound in Manlius' answer to T. Annius of Setia.

. . . I rather guess the colonists (dependent) are beginning to see through the Imperial Federation nonsense everywhere. I see you fancy some kind of relation might some day be made with the United States. I have sometimes thought that there might be some kind of *συμπολιτεία*[1]—taking up of citizenship at pleasure—between Great Britain, United States of America, United States of Australia, and so on. Could there be any hope of anything nearer?

. . . If any papers on either side of Ocean speak of me as in a desperately bad way bodily, don't believe them, that's all. I was wonderfully well all through the winter and through a little foreign tour in April. Since May I have not been quite the thing, coughing, &c., more than enough; so I am still forbidden all public speaking; and I suppose the newspapers think that a man who cannot do that must be at the point of death. But I can still get on very well with Sikels and Sikeliots, and I hope to get out to them again in December. But before that I have to endure another Oxford term, which I would gladly be dispensed from.

. . . There is a movement, of which you may see something next month, against the fashion of over-examination. I know nothing about it except in the University; but I see enough of it there. It is perfect madness. They seem to think there is an *opus operatum* virtue in examinations, and, like Queen Mary

[1] 'Fellowship in civic rights.'

with the sacrament of marriage, they cannot be repeated too often. I hold, the fewer the better—all that has been done for the last forty years and more seems to be to issue in the answer I got when I asked a man at my lecture if he had a book. 'He had a notebook.' 'Notebooks' instead of 'books,' 'tips' instead of texts—that is the *summum bonum* of the combined crammer. He does not shirk work, such work as it is; in 'labor improbus'[1] he does not fail; but it is so very 'improbus;' 'teach, teach, teach,' 'get a man through,' 'teach' for ever, but not a thought of learning on the part of teachers or taught. I have hit the division between 'ancient' and 'modern' at last. They be *moderns*, who have gone in for 'Mods.' So in Oxford, Owen is the youngest ancient and Brodrick the oldest modern. Thank God, I'm an ancient. So says Stubbs, so Gardiner. J. F. Bright and A. H. Johnson most likely say differently.

ἀλλ' οὖν ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνα
ἐξ ὧν ἄνδρας Μαραθωνομάχας ἡ 'μὴ παίδευσις ἔθρεψε[2].

But I believe the moderns don't read Aristophanes; it would be hard to do him with tips and a notebook.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, August 19, 1888.

. . . The *Pall Mall Gazette* saith the thing that is not, by saying that I am laid up with a severe attack of bronchitis. Now I am not laid up, which I take to mean lying in bed or at least shut up in the house, and I am neither. I am sitting in the library, and I have this day walked over the hillside. But I am not so strong as I should like to be, and I have occasional coughing-fits, which, though not painful, are very wearisome. But you know all (August 26) my ways in this matter. They have their changes; the report of this last week would not be quite the same as the report of a week before; but they lie which say that I am 'laid up' or 'confined to my house.' I can't do much walking, but I go about in a whirlicot. Is not that the oldest name for a coach or landau?

[1] 'Dogged labour,' Virg. *Georg.* 1. 145.

[2] 'Yet these be the materials out of which my training nurtured men who fought at Marathon,' i. e. hardy veterans. Aristoph. *Clouds*, 985, 6.

The worst is that I am forbidden all open speaking, political and otherwise. I specially wanted to go to the local archaeological meeting this week. I have eschewed such things for several years, but I could not pass by this of the local body held at Wells. But I mayn't do anything. Dawkins is coming to me to-morrow, but he must go in and do his Cheddar without me. And I can't take my own part. 'Tis a great bore. I was also to have met the British Ass.[1] from Bath at Glastonbury, and I must write to put them off too. We *tea* the local body on Wednesday.

. . . I wish you could be here this week to meet *Aunt Charlotte*[2], who is due on Wednesday. I have been most unlucky in guests. Some that were coming I had to put off when I went to Weymouth, and some have put off themselves. Themselves or their wives or their step-daughters—that last comes of the mischievous practice of marrying widows, which ought to be made felony—will fall sick just when they are not wanted to. (But I shall surely see you some time before I go to Sicily, either here or at Oxford.) I have got Aunt Charlotte to come for some Hannah More work. I am glad she is bringing up the dear old body again.

. . . (September 12.) This morning Eleanor has gone over to meet Aunt Charlotte at Wrington, go with her to Barley Wood, and bring her back here. I should have liked to go too, as I don't believe that I have been at Barley Wood since Hannah More's own time, certainly not for forty years and more. But *they* (Helen and Florence are called in the Rum-Welsh tongue *loro*) said I was not up to it, and the question was settled by a puffy fit in the night, which has cut into my day as usual—that's the worst thing about it; I lose time. 10.9 a.m.—I am still writing upstairs, in a gown scarlet but not doctorly.

. . . I don't know exactly how those things got into *Galignani*. They were written for American papers; but the man who settled it lives in Paris, and *Galignani* is almost an American paper. They may do the continentals of Europe some good, specially if they reach the Duke of Austria or Herr von

[1] Association.

[2] Miss Yonge, the authoress.

Blowitz. As for the said Duke, King of Hungary, Count of Tyrol, Lord of Trieste, Tyrant of Bohemia, Dalmatia, *cum multis aliis quae nunc perscribere longum est*, you ask what his misdeeds are; you know what they *were*. Don't you see the difference is geographical? Oppress at Venice and Milan, and there is a shout, because people know where Venice and Milan are: but, like you, they don't know where Crivoscia, &c., are. Where Herzegovina is, perhaps you at least do know by this. The Crivoscian story is very simple. They were an old privileged district of Venice. St. Mark had promised, if at any time he could not defend them (September 15) to let them go free, and not hand them over to anybody else. The case came in 1797, only instead of being set free, they were bagged for the House of Austria like the rest of the lands round the Bocche. Then, in the confusion, they got free, and joined themselves to Montenegro. Those were the days when England, Russia, and Montenegro turned the French out of Cattaro, and the Vladika reigned there. Then, in 1814–5, ex-Emperor Francis, who had done nothing while England, Russia, and Montenegro were fighting, came saying, 'Give me again these people,' and England and Russia were base enough to do it, they all crying to Alexander I to help them. All that he did was to get some promise out of Francis. Then, in 1869, Francis Joseph that now is, thought he would upset their rights, invaded the land and got thoroughly whopped, a fact carefully concealed from Western Europe. In 1881, having got more advantages, he tried again, and succeeded so far as to bag the land and fill it with forts, the folk having all gone away to their brethren in Montenegro and their natural prince Nicolas. Will that do? You may have seen how the Archduke has been a-scolding at Bishop Strossmayer, just as he scolded at the Bulgarians. . . . I am for nations, great or small, as may happen. What have you been reading or singing about Poland? Mind there is this difference. The Tsar at least owes no particular gratitude to Poland: but F. J. owes to the Croats and Roumans that he has a crown on his head or a shirt to his back. Whereupon he tramples on them who brought him back and takes off his hat to the Germans and Ogres that kicked him out. There is a fable or two in *Aesop* about him.

To Miss Yonge.

16 St. Giles, Oxford, October 28, 1888.

You are the natural guardian of all 'original poems for infant minds.' We all want to know whether Mary of Massachusetts (whose portrait you see in the paper which I forward) is not an impostor[1]. My daughters and I both hold that it was not Mary, but *Sarah*, who had the little lamb that went to school against the (November 1) rule. So we are all inclined to look on the Massachusetts version as got up in the interest of this particular Mary. I am bound to say that I remember (though my daughters do not) a Mary who had a lamb about 1829 or 1830. She was in the *Child's Companion* or *Sunday Scholar's Reward*, and she fed her lamb with a spoon, and refused to sell it to the butcher; but there was nothing about the lamb going to school. The last feature has a suspicious likeness to a nanny-goat that I had between 1848 and 1855, who took a walk on Sunday and went into a Non-conformist tabernacle, which I should think must have been against the rule also. I remember being told that 'the minister ordered her out'; but I don't remember whether she obeyed the spiritual censure, or whether it had to be enforced by the secular arm.

I see you have signed Auberon Herbert's paper[2] as well as I. We are a funny lot altogether. Did you ever before join with Bradlaugh and Mrs. Lynn Linton? I have further borne testimony in *Nineteenth Century* in odd partnership with F. Harrison.

. . . Florence and Miss Macarthur affirm that my Mary was *Susan*, and I have a dim notion that she was. But then they go on to quote Simple Susan and Attorney Case out of Miss Edgeworth; but mine is much simpler than that, in the *Child's Companion*. Edith further affirms that it was Mary whose lamb went to school ἐμοὶ μὲν οὐ πιστὰ λέγουσα. And she further

[1] The American paper here referred to had a portrait of an old woman in Massachusetts, who professed to be the original Mary who 'had a little lamb' that 'went to school against the rule.'

[2] A protest against the sacrifice of education to examinations.

wishes to know whether either you or I ever before signed a paper about two-year-old horse-racing. I am quite in the dark.

To Bishop Patterson.

Luzern, November 12, 1888.

. . . You ask, Am I still a believer? Certainly. That is, I believe the Christian religion to be from God, in a sense beyond that in which all things are from God. One cannot study history without seeing this. The fact that there was a Holy Roman Empire, that is, the fact that the Roman Empire could ever come to be holy in a Christian sense, is enough. (Como, November 13.) Christianity, in its birth Semitic, when rejected by those to whom it was first offered, became the religion of the Roman Empire, and it abides such. It is the religion of all the countries that have come under Roman influence, that is, of Europe and European colonies; beyond that it has made very little way. I compare it with Islam, which is in the like sort the Arabian religion, the religion of all countries that have come under Arabian influences, and of none other. But mark the difference. Islam succeeds by the most obvious causes, by appealing to all that was good and bad in the Arab of the seventh century. Christianity, on the other hand, went right in the teeth of all that was good and bad in the Roman of the fourth century. Yet it succeeded; and I cannot account for its success by any ordinary cause. As I said in one of my published lectures, for Caesar Augustus to be led to worship a crucified Jew was a greater miracle than the cleaving of rocks or the raising of the dead.

Besides the conversion of the Empire, the main point, you may throw in the preservation of the Jews as a separate people —one is inclined to say, as an instrument of Satan to buffet all other people—as no small bit of evidence by the side.

Yes, further, I abide in my Ghibellinism; it is implied in my argument. Have you read my lecture in *Chief Periods of European History*, on *The World Romeless*?

. . . When you speak of belief and unbelief, it certainly seems to me that the chief cause of unbelief now lies in the unwillingness of people to admit that there is anything beyond their faculties. There are crowds of things beyond my faculties,

and I don't believe that the faculties of a natural science man are so overwhelmingly superior to mine that there are not also crowds of things beyond his faculties. Only they have not the honesty to confess this; and when they get to the end of their knowledge they cry out 'Force,' which sounds as if it meant something, but which really only means that they don't know. But what strikes me now is, what good people so many unbelievers are in their lives and conversations. That is, they keep Christian morality after they have given up Christian faith. What I should like to know is whether their grandchildren will do the same.

I see the difficulties both of theism in general and of Christianity in particular as much as they do, but then it seems to me that the difficulties the other way are at least equal. And it certainly does not seem to me that belief in Christianity at all binds one to the letter of the Old Testament, perhaps not of the New either. I fancy, somehow, that *you* are not nearly so tied to the letter as our people are—certainly the old people before the Council of Trent were not.

So you are bishop *in partibus*. Do you remember telling me a great many years ago a most wonderful story of the way in which bishops *in partibus* were made? I am most curious to know whether you went through all that experience yourself.

Your Cardinal[1] seems to thrive and to have a hand in everything. I have ever since mourned that I missed *our* Cardinal[2] the one Trinity Monday he came to. That was the day I was made Honorary Fellow. Being some time after in St. George in Velabro[3] on St. George's day, and the Cardinal not being there, I thought they ought to have put me, *the other* Honorary Fellow of Trinity, in his chair.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Palermo, Christmas Day, 1888.

I have been reading *Robert Elsmere*. What a fool he was! I should be sorry to believe or disbelieve anything without some better reason. And for this kind of thing the West-

[1] Cardinal Manning. [2] Cardinal Newman. [3] In Rome.

Gothic kings are left undone[1]. How baleful is that Wen[2] which leads astray all that go dwell in it. Then there are people in *Fortnightly* on the progress of women, all the school and college kind of bother. I said they had left out the three that did them most credit, Kate Norgate, *the neglected side of Mrs. Ward*, and another that shall be nameless, of whom I am often driven into a corner.

I am doing a bit of theology; you shall see one day.

What a bother about Salisbury and the 'black man[3].' I believe he is wrong, as the man is a Parsee, and Parsees are not black. But I can't quarrel with his general principle. I cannot see that we want barbarians[4] of any kind to represent us. Isaac[5] spake of a Mahometan writer who lamented the check given to the world's progress by the fights of Marathôn and Tours turning out as they did. I said the man showed a good grasp of history, and was quite right from his own side, but that I was writing *Sicily* and *Europe* from the other side. How Herodotus understood things. Read his opening chapters for the true view of the Eternal Question[6]. I should like to teach them to my Lord Derby.

To the Rev. R. E. Bartlett.

Albergo di Francia, Palermo, December 30, 1888.

. . . I suppose they would not admit a lay Bampton. For I have gone a bit into your department, and am meddling

[1] Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote some first-rate articles on some of the West-Gothic kings in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*. Freeman hoped she would have written some great historical work on this subject, and was grievously disappointed because she wasted (as he thought) her powers upon works of fiction.

[2] London, which Cobbett used to call 'the great Wen.'

[3] Lord Salisbury had spoken somewhat contemptuously of the Parsee candidate (on the Liberal side) for Central Finsbury, calling him the 'black man.'

[4] By barbarian he only means foreigner.

[5] Isaac Taylor.

[6] Whether Europeans or Asiatics should occupy the south-eastern parts of Europe.

with *θεῖα πρήγματα*[1], though from a very human point of view. 'Tis that nonsense of ———, Literary and Positive, who has found out that the Christian religion cannot be true, because this world is so little and goes round another. 'Tis odd if this were reserved for ——— (or his clerk) and did not strike Copernicus or Newton. I am answering him from the text[2] *πρὸς* Κορ. A. i. 26–8, which I take to explain the whole course of history better than anything else. I did not want to give it a partisan turn, or I might show how Derby (confessedly one of the wisest of the world) was put to shame by *τὰ μωρὰ τοῦ κόσμου*[3] in 1875–6, when the insurgents would not stay quiet or the Prince of Montenegro go into 'a prudent attitude,' even when Derby wrote letters to tell them to be good and not cause tensions, and complications, and difficulties, and rapprochements, and pourparlers, and all the rest of it. I can just fancy him writing it all word for word to Judas Maccabeus, and counselling Miltiades not to risk himself at Marathōn. The right finish might be for Derby to be made into a star, and to have a day dedicated to him in the *Positivist Kalendar*.

I want to get to Tunis, and at the other side to Malta, of which Bowen has wonderful things to say. He came to me to say that he had heard in Malta that there was in Plautus a scene in the present Maltese dialect.

I remember I once asked Strangford whether Maltese was Phoenician or only Arabic, and he said, not only Arabic but the Arabic dialect of a particular part of Africa which he pointed out. He was also inclined to believe that Hannibal's acetum[4] was in plain words a *hatchet*, some word very like that surviving in the local dialect, which, according to Bowen, must have been Romance when Hannibal crossed. He says that the Maltese believe that Hannibal was born in their island.

[1] 'Divine matters.' Referring to his article on 'Christianity and the Geocentric System,' which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1889.

[2] 1 Cor. i. 26–8.

[3] 'The foolish things of the world.'

[4] 'Vinegar,' with which Hannibal is said to have split rocks to open a passage for his army over the Alps.

I don't quite see why—I am much more anxious to know who his mother and grandmother were. I want to believe they were Greeks, and they easily might have been.

To Professor Dawkins.

Albergo di Francia, Palermo, December 31, 1888.

. . . I want to know a thing in natural history. Does an ape ever clench his fists to fight? (I don't count if a man teaches him.) Does he at all use his nails or claws to scratch withal? It greatly concerns me to know as soon as may be. Write it on a card, if you don't mind.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Albergo Vittoria, Siracusa, January 15, 1889.

. . . What strikes me in Gardiner is that I read him, not only with instruction, but with pleasure, but that I do not remember him as I do Macaulay. That may not be Gardiner's fault; it may be simply that I was younger when I read Macaulay. Those who call him *dull*, I suppose want him to rave like Carlyle, or talk namby-pamby like Froude. That he won't, or I either. But I see what you mean; he is a little afraid of a modern standard[1]. I am better off, nobody will expect either Hermokratês or Count Roger to be a correct modern politician of any school. But Nikias, 'so respectable and religious a man[2]'—why, forty-five years back the Bishop of St. David's that now is, said he would be a nice man for a small tea-party—your quotation about Sir John Moore is quite to the point as far as it goes; but add, please, that Nikias with a reputation—perfectly just—as a brave, skilful, and lucky commander in the kind of service that he had hitherto seen, was set to command on an expedition which he not only thoroughly disapproved of, but which was on such a scale

[1] The original here is very doubtful; but I think standard is the word. He means afraid of applying a modern standard too much to the men of the time about which he wrote.

[2] Quoted from Grote, vol. v. 308.

as nobody had ever seen, and which wanted Hannibal or Belisarius to look after. Dear old boy, he made a great mess of it. Bother—one could see the place from Succursale, but not from the Via Mirabella.

To Professor Dawkins.

Albergo Vittoria, Siracusa, January 20, 1889.

Thank you for relieving me from all fear of seeing an ape win the Isthmian prize for boxing—Isthmian, because here we be settlers from Corinth, and things Isthmian come more nearly home to us than things Olympian. Yet have we some respect for Zeus Olympios and his temple on the other side of the great harbour, to which I have been wanting to take Florence for two or three days, and hope to do so to-morrow. She and I are here, while my wife and Helen are left at Palermo. We are to meet again at Girgenti.

You will wonder what made me so curious about apes' fisticuffs[1]. 'Tis for a great and even divine reason, as you may see some day in *Contemporary Review*[2].

To Miss Florence Freeman.

Noto, March 15, 1889.

. . . We are staying here much longer than we meant, as there is much to be made out about the last stages of the Athenian retreat; of the first stages you have every reason to know something. But the march up the combe of the Kakyparis, as far as we made it, is quite another thing from the way to Ἀκραῖον λέπας, pleasant walking in truth, save that you have very often to cross the stream by stepping-stones—making a *Stamfordbridge* is not possible there, because there's never a pier.

. . . (Modica, March 17.) We slept at Noto four nights, much longer than we had counted on when we set out; our quarters were by no means bad, only Arthur had a bit of a fight about the bill when we came away. New Noto is all modern, but 'tis a striking town in its way.

[1] See last letter but one.

[2] See above, page 392, note 1.

Arthur settled for a landau and two horses to take us about, an arrangement which suits well in all things, save that my legs get strangely cramped for lack of means to thrust their feet under the seat. Arthur somehow never fails to catch barons or proprietors, or somebody or other—sometimes his room is crowded with a 'turba salutantum,' I am not sure that they do not sometimes bring earth and water. The baron that he caught at Noto was a useful baron, who fetched books from the library and acted as the Sikel guide. That is, he took us to the house of another baron, not a prince this time, and gave us δούλκια and a bottle of rosolia, that of which Mr. Chucks drank six bottles to keep himself quiet when —— went off with the captain. But better than this, he took us into a garden, or orchard, or field (where we had afore seen a raven), where is a tomb, as we think, of Greek work, with an apparent cupola, after the use of Mykênê. Well, yesterday we came away from Noto to this Modica. On the way I think we settled the site of Kasmenai at Spaccaforno, and to-day we went to Scicli. All these towns here have most wonderful sites, being built on the tops and on the bottoms of the hills and dales. That is, a town has most commonly sprung up where several deep combes in the limestone meet. Here at Modica the town must have begun at the top, and gone downstairs into the valley. Here the gorges are wide enough for the town to do this, but at Spaccaforno the town is all on the hill, and it is strange to see the wild gorge running in the middle of the town with houses on the top of each side. Arthur caught two proprietors here and a baron at Scicli, and five men came to greet us this afternoon when we came back. Some, I believe, came to see me, because the inn-keeper said I was exactly like his father. We are well quartered here also, much better than I expected, but I tremble for each place as we go on. To-morrow we are bound to the Vale of Ispica—Deadman's Combe—with its proprietor—next day to the Sicilian Ragusa, whence I design to write a letter to Tom. All this time we are without letters, almost without newspapers, save that we do now and then get an oldish *Giornale di Sicilia*; all the world, save this corner of Sicily, may be turned upside down before we get to Caltagirone to find anything.

To Miss Helen Freeman.

Mineo, March 27, 1889.

We seem here to have reached the top of things in general. Here in Mineo we have found the highest site, the grandest pieces of wall, the worst inn, and the oldest cock that we have come across in this journey—I mean since leaving Taormina and Catania. As for the cock, your mother saw him alive and pronounced him to be only two years old; but Margaret, who only tried to eat him dead, told the handmaidens that he was the 'nonno' of all cocks—pointing to me as a specimen of 'nonno'—aged 'cento anni.' We all strove in vain to gnaw at him, but gave it up, and fell back on the sardines and sausage that we had brought with us.

. . . I dare say that somebody has already told of the common life of the baby and the hens, of the extreme liberty enjoyed by all, of the attempts of the ass to join the company, of the beating of the beefsteak and the other details of that day. But the combe itself is a wonderful place all the same. Next day, March 19, we went on to Ragusa, whence Arthur dated a manifesto to the *Manchester Guardian*, which, however, he did not finish and send off till he got to Caltagirone. We hope that, when the Duke of Austria reads it, he will say, 'How has my prisoner dared to come again into my dominions and to write letters there against the League of Peace?' That Ragusa is about as unlike the other Ragusa as two towns well can be. I need not say that there is no sea. Ragusa Superiore and Inferiore are two distinct towns. Inf. on a nearly isolated hill, and Sup. on the end of a range 300 and odd steps atween the two, wearying to aged knees. But the site is most picturesque, all in the middle of deep stony ravines. Then on March 21 to Santa Croce for Kamarina, where you have been, but you got to it from the other side. Sta. C. was the smallest and dirtiest town we had been in yet, but we managed to get endurable quarters. Only they tried to swindle us in the bill, but Captain Arthur withstood them boldly, and cut them down, I think, 50 per cent. Thence, March 22, to Terranova[1], where you also

[1] Near the site of the ancient Gela.

have been. There we abode three nights at the sign of the Phoenix. Rooms better than I had looked for, that is because Arthur plucked those that his friends—he has friends there also—sent him to and chose out better by his own wits. We had also good food at a *trattoria*, but the staircase of the inn seemed open to all the dwellers in Gela and Katagela to run up and down at pleasure. Very ragged and beggarly most of them are, and the town very dirty, but I think we made out Gela and its story pretty well. Thence to Caltagirone on March 25. We had meant to come on here next day, but we had to abide all Tuesday because of rain. Very high up—fine views, but cold.

To Professor Dawkins.

Catania, April 7, 1889.

. . . I find that in this island one gets numismatic and geological. I have been looking diligently at mud-volcanos, bubbling lakes, and other such phenomena to which I have not hitherto paid very much heed. But they are all important, as I hold that the old Sikel religion was mainly a *cultus* of the powers of the nether-world, who bear such sway in this island. The big kettle sends up fire and lava, the smaller ones water, mud, gas—various things. I should like to take you to the Lake of Palikoi [1], where we were ten days back. That is just a crater, with bubbling pools in it; but Macuta, near Girgenti, has covered the country round with dry mud, as has Terra Pilata and Caltanisetta to a smaller degree, and Salinella near Paterno, which spat it out when I was here in 1878, without my knowing. At Mineo, just above the Palikoi, there has been an earthquake since we came away, and there are others going on at Athens and elsewhere; so the καταχθόνιοι [2] have not been altogether snuffed out by the advance of science.

I have not seen one free mammal in this island, not so much as a chipmunk or a mugwump—I always think the last must be a small rodent. There ought to be porcupines; but I have seen none. Of birds not many, but one raven near Assinaros,

[1] See *Hist. of Sicily*, i. 164–166, 517–530.

[2] 'Nether gods.'

clearly on the look-out for Athenian corpses[1]. Lizards many, of more kinds than one, and one dead snake. For want of free mammals, I have taken to study the enslaved ruminants, who, however, might get away if they pleased. When you get well inland, Sicily is far more πολύμαλος[2] than you think from the towns on the coast. There are many black sheep and pied. But I think the goats have everywhere the majority, and I think I clearly distinguish several kinds. Some have horns much like a British goat, others twisted like an antelope, others with small or no horns, but with hanging ears like the Syrian goat in Bewick; I dare say you have changed him.

To Mrs. A. J. Evans.

Cefalu, April 22, 1889.

. . . I did not walk up Eryx, save a bit of the high road. I went τέταρτος αὐτός[3] with your mother, Macdonald, and R. Cossins, all upon wheels. Indeed, we had more than enough of wheels before the day was out. We were just too late for the train at Trapani to take us back to Marsala. Were we to sleep at Trapani without nightshirts or toothbrushes, or to drive twenty-three miles in the moonlight? All save the lad Richard or Rex (who thought choice A would be 'fun') chose choice B, so we had four hours of moonshine, which was overmuch; one I should have liked.

At Mazzara, φρούριον and ἐμπόριον[4] of the Selinuntines, I was more mobbed than I was anywhere else. I stopped between trains to turn round the place; but a dirty dog would come with me. I could not get rid of him anyhow, I asked several decent people if they could help me; but he stuck on, and drove me nearly wild. At last I went to the English consulate, where I could not find a soul that could speak English or even French; only a lad that bothered me even more than the first, as he brought up various savages who professed to speak English, who were no better than Pela[s]gians or Anabaptists in their vain talk and false boasting. Why he brought them

[1] Referring to the slaughter of the retreating Athenians by the Syracusans at the stream Assinaros. *Hist. of Sicily*, iii. 393-395.

[2] 'Rich in sheep.'

[3] 'As one of four.'

[4] 'Fortress and trading-port'

I could not guess; I told him a dozen times that I only wanted to be set free from my first tormentor, but all that he did was to let loose on me a whole mob worse than the first. I have written my tale to Stigand.

To THE SAME.

Milan, April 29, 1889.

. . . We went to Cefalu April 22. You have not been there, but Arthur has. We all went up to the Sikelhouse[1], and I tried to get to the castle above, the latter part of the road was so steep that I gave it up. But I saw pretty well the shape of things, and the next morning I walked round the bottom of the hill. I want to know whether Arthur will think with me that there are four dates in the Sikelhouse. 1. Primitive Sikel, polygonal stones, what Stillman calls Pelasgian. 2. Hellenized Sikel, two doorways, and the lintel of a third. Two doorways have cut jambs matching the lintel; the third has a cut lintel on rough jambs. And there is some rectangular masonry that seems to fit with this. I guess Duketios or Archônidês or somebody touched up the old place. 3. Roman brick vault. 4. Little church with apse. The thing is quite as wonderful as I expected, but quite different. I had no idea that it was one piece of building—a building which I take to be quite unique—I expected to see lots of things hewn in rocks, &c. Then, down below, there are early walls, with masonry both polygonal and rectangular, plain to be seen on two sides of the town, and Salinas says that there is more, only so plastered that you would not know it was ancient. 'Twas a kind of μακρὰ σκέλη[2], joining the town on the hill to the sea.

To ——

MY DEAR —— Basel, May 1, 1889.

I have taken care not to mention your large scheme of a *History of England* to anybody. I think those who tell you that it would be well to have such an one something on the scale and plan of Lingard, but working in all that has been

[1] On the mountainous rocky height which overhangs the town.

[2] Literally, 'long legs,' a term applied by Strabo to the long walls which connected Athens with the Peiraieus.

made out since Lingard, are quite right in their fact. 'But I am not quite sure about setting you to do it.' Surely such a work must be dull—Diódôros rather than Thucydides. Any man who did it must be satisfied to be very often far under his best, if indeed he could ever be at his best at all. He would have to check himself in the parts which he really cared for, and to screw himself up artfully (May 2) in the parts which he did not care for—I assume that nobody will care for all equally. For he must not give any predominance to his own parts, but give them their right proportion. That is to say, in trying to avoid making too much of them, he will most likely make too little. Lingard on the whole succeeded very well; but did he not succeed because he was rather dull? 'Tis like being a banker, according to Horner. I rate you higher than this, and believe that you are capable of doing some period or some branch of the subject in a higher and more thorough way. And I should rather like you to take something on the ecclesiastical side. You say the tone of your mind is not *clerical*, in which you say true. But that is a merit, as long as its tone is not mocking or unbelieving. In fact, that is just the evil with all ecclesiastical and religious history. 'Tis a fight between men who feel professionally bound to defend everything—everything, I mean, in the branch they take up, it may be the divinity of Solomon's Song, or it may be the virtue of Pope Alexander VI—and men who take a malicious pleasure in disbelieving and running down everything. Some years back, at any rate, you would not have been open to either temptation, and would have been able to treat the subject with combined respect and freedom. I hope you are still. I venture to think that I am much in the same case myself. I am sure I have treated Anselm with reverence and even personal affection, but you know that my treatment of him does not please wild Papishes. Johnny Green could, like Stanley, enter into the mere beauty of an ecclesiastical story or character, but he had ever a mocking vein, which did not do.

There are surely several ecclesiastical parts, earlier and later, which you might well take up. Nobody has really got to the bottom of Henry VIII. I at least am many parasangs from understanding the man who refused all prayers for the preservation of Coventry minster, and sat down and wrote the

statutes of Canterbury with his own hand as devoutly as if he had been St. Lewis. Yet I am on the whole inclined to his religion, which I take not to have been very different from Lanfranc's, or from Anselm's before the Papishes caught him at Bari. I only wish he had carried it out better in practice; but we all fail, more or less.

* Then neither friends nor enemies have ever done justice to Laud and his objects, and the results of them.

And, after all, there is nothing on which people's notions need more clearing up than at the very beginning. If you could dispel the dreams about the 'early British Church,' while bringing out the existence and importance of the real British Church, you would do a great work.

Mind, I prefer this kind of subject for you to the general history of England, not because I think that beyond your powers, but rather the other way. If I set you on it, it would be on the same principle on which I have always admired the mixture of dignified and petty functions in the case of proctors and justices of the peace. It makes good men take the place. Remember, both I and York Powell rate you higher than you do yourself, and laugh at your looking up to your *smallers*.

. . . *Riches* always mean the kind of income next above your own, whatever that is, whether you have £100 a-year or £100,000 you are not rich yourself—the man who has £200 or £300, or £200,000 or £300,000, is rich. I should like about £5000 a-year certain. I understand such an income—I should know what to do with it, and could do several things that I cannot do now. Only, if I had £5000, I should no doubt begin to want several things that would need £10,000. But I gather that you have now enough to get all you want without working—that is, that any work that you now do will not be done *for money*, though you will not object (as the richest man does not object) to some money dropping in as well.

To Bishop Patterson.

16 St. Giles, Oxford, June 9, 1889.

I am sorry you don't come to us, I should have been delighted to see you again after so many years, and I heartily hope you will come another year. Or come and see us at home, whither

we go next week. I can't stay for Commemoration, as I am turned out by the coming of the Judge. I forget whether I told you that, when here, I occupy the Judge's lodgings. 'Tis a balance of evils. As it is, I have a really good house, but have to turn out at certain seasons. The other choice would be a house out of which I need not turn out, but in which there is no room to turn round.

When I said we were not so bad as we seemed, I meant chiefly that I do not think that unbelief is so prevalent in Oxford as you seem to think. I can't give you any statistics, because I never ask people about such things unless they volunteer. But chapels, though not filled as they used to be, are certainly not neglected. The Fellows of Oriel make a good show, Trinity not so good. And weekly Communion, and Communion on Ascension-day, have been set up lately at the request of the undergraduates. And I know in other ways that there are plenty of believers here, even among men who do not profess any special ecclesiastical zeal. One thing is much to be noticed, that a great many who do not believe Christian dogmas do most thoroughly practise Christian morals; only I should like to know, what I can't know, whether their grandchildren, brought up without dogmas, would keep the morals.

To C. S. Roundell, Esq.

Woolbeding, June 21, 1889.

. . . 'Tis very lovely here: Sicily, with all its merits, has no grass or trees such as there are below this window and opposite to it.

I don't know how you feel towards public affairs. I am as strong for Home Rule as ever. But I want Gladstone's Bill or something on the same lines. It seems to be madness to want to keep the Irish members at Westminster, and I cannot go in for splitting up this island into Cantons. It must be Cantons. Balfour is right when he says—to be sure I said it two or three years ago—that there cannot be a Confederation of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales. England would be worse than Thebes or Prussia. There may be a Confederation of Wessex—Lothian, Munster, and Gwynedd. But I don't want that: do you?

To Count Ugo Balzani.

Somerleaze, July 21, 1889.

I had heard nothing of Amari's death. Not a word in *Times*, *Spectator*, or *Pall Mall*. . . . In my old *Saturday Review* and *P. M. G.* days I should at once have written off some scrap of λόγος ἐπιτάφιος[1]. But there is now no place for such things. And I really know nothing about him out of his works, beyond a vague notion that he did something in 1848, or perhaps earlier.

I have seen him only two or three times, at Rome in 1881. But I shall not lightly forget the first time, when he came straight up and said at once that I was right in what I had said about what he had said about Constans' policy (if he had any) at Syracuse. I said in my heart, That is a real man: it is not everybody who would do that.

Selfishly I want to know how his new edition of *Musulmani*[2] has got on, though I dare say the old one is quite good enough for me. I do wish they would print the cribs to all those Arabic charters. I can make out the Italian somehow, though I had rather have English, Latin, French, or German. . . .

To the Rev. E. R. Bartlett.

Somerleaze, Wells, July 21, 1889.

What Creighton says is perfectly possible. I assume that Pershore was a divided church, and you imply it in what you say about the nave. The case is like Boxgrove, where the western limb clearly was the parish church, as you see the place of the parish high altar. But all that part is now ruinous, and the monks' choir makes the present parish church. The parishioners must in both cases have got possession of the monks' church; as that was (at Boxgrove certainly) bigger and finer, they forsook and neglected their own. Remember that, as to legal occupation, the fact that the two churches formed one architectural whole made no difference. The case was just the same as when, at Selby and Malvern, the parishioners got the monastic church, and forsook their own perfectly distinct parish

[1] 'Funeral eulogy.'

[2] *Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia.*

church. At Tewkesbury the parishioners bought the monastic church; at Dorchester Beauforest gave it them. There they kept up the old parish church; at Pershore and Boxgrove they seem to have *slighted* it, if that is a proper word for a church.

As far as I can see, the point between you and Creighton is whether the Pershore people bought the monastic church and paid for it, or whether they got it for nothing. At Tewkesbury they certainly bought it of Henry VIII for money. At Dorchester it was left to them by Beauforest, who had bought it—of Henry VIII that must be, or of some intermediate grantee. I certainly can't fancy Henry VIII giving it them for nothing. Does Creighton mean that? or does he mean that nothing was actually given without *consideration*. I fancy the lawyers always put in some *consideration*, if it be only 'natural affection.' There is Henry, Earl of Arundel, to whom Henry VIII grants the property of the college of Arundel (see more in *English Towns and Districts*) in consideration of good service and of the sum of £1000, I wonder if that was at all the full value; it sounds a good bit in those days. I should fancy that in every grant there was some payment made, or payment or service reserved; but was it the *full value*? That is what the modern mind understands by buying.

To J. A. Doyle, Esq.

Somerleaze, August 4, 1889.

Don't be very angry if I tell you that I never really read your *English in America*. I have even found out that I have not got all the volumes, or at least that I do not know where they all are. American matters are ever getting more and more interesting to me, and largely because I cannot read, write, or think about Sicily without having them brought home to me. I am ever contrasting the foundation of Chersikrates[1], with its war of independence, with the foundation of Archias[2], which never needed any. Well, I said I would begin to read you through, and I took down the first volume I could find, *Puritan*

[1] The founder of Korkyra. See *Hist. of Sicily*, i. 335, 574, 575.

[2] The founder of Syracuse. *Ibid.*

Colonies, vol. i, and found many references to an earlier one of *Virginia*, which I seem not to have. But I can't help sitting down to tell you how much I admire what I am reading. The introduction is one of the best and strongest things that I have seen for a long time. I do well remember how I read your little book that you did for me out in America[1], and wondered at its impartiality, or rather its something more than impartiality, the way in which you brought out the best points of both sides. You *are* an historian of the right sort indeed.

To the Same.

Somerleaze, Wells, August 19, 1889.

I have found your Virginian book. Somebody had gone and put it in on another shelf in another room, as if it and the Puritan books would not agree. But, as I have begun with the Puritans, I shall go on with them for the present. It is a very good work of yours to show that *nobody* was tolerant in those days, and that one side was not worse than another. I am sometimes tempted to think that Laud was the only Broad Churchman. I wonder that (August 22), instead of being beheaded for strictness of discipline, he was not burned for laxity of dogma. Your people in Massachusetts would not have endured him in either character.

The feeling which you speak of, of being 'a preacher without congregation,' is what I constantly feel. I am always tempted to think that I have done no good whatever.

. . . But ever and anon signs turn up, sometimes in very odd quarters. And when I come to such a bit as yours about 'citizen soldiers from Harold to Washington,' I am comforted a bit. And I think I have influenced Fiske, whose books have pleased. But to the general English 'literary' class I seem to be either unknown or a subject for mockery. To many, I believe, it seems something funny that a man should be in earnest about anything, past or present.

I hope to be here—I don't the least want to go away—till the end of September; I may stay—if I am allowed—till I have

[1] *History of America*, in the Historical Course edited by Mr. Freeman.

to go back to Oxford in October. But the latter days of September are pretty certain—so if you will look in then we shall be well pleased. Two days is not enough to compass what I am fond of calling our *Sicilian* scenery. Our bluffs and combes are really like things in Sicily; but Sicily has nowhere such wide flats, not even by Lentini.

Hunter I know now in Oxford; but Indian things are commonly beyond me. I am parochially minded; but my parish is a big one, taking in all civilized Europe and America.

To T. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

Somerleaze, August 25, 1889.

. . . I am glad you liked my attempt at *quasi*-theology in the *Contemporary Review*. I wrote it all at Palermo, as you might see, as I did some other things.

. . . As for the Old Testament, I have never read any German books, but I have thought a good bit, as you may perhaps have found out. It seems to be generally dealt with by two sets of people, those who take a malicious pleasure in picking holes, and those who make it a point of honour to defend everything. You know, perhaps, that there is also a class springing up who are rigid High Churchmen in dogma and ceremony, while they allow themselves no little licence in O. T. interpretation. And these don't quite please me either, because they sometimes seem to me to be trying how far they can go on one side without giving up their position on the other. One wants somebody who would look at the thing quite fairly, and give Moses and the Prophets the same prescription which we (at least I) give to Thucydides, and no more. I sometimes think I could do it, but I have other things to do; and though I have, I suspect, a wider range and practice of historical criticism than any of them, I have the great drawback of knowing only just Hebrew enough to hammer it out with the crib. Remember that that amount is by no means useless; but it does not do when anything turns on points of language, date of language, and the like.

I heard one sermon of Cheyne's—very dull, I thought. I said that it was as if I should read out by way of a lecture, not so

many pages of the *Norman Conquest*, but the footnotes and marginal analysis of so many pages. He said that Psalm lxii was written in honour of Ptolemy Philadelphos, which sounded odd. Some wicked wag went and said that he supposed by that rule the Song of Songs was written for Anthony and Cleopatra. I told that to Cheyne as a joke, and he answered with the utmost gravity that he would not venture to say that, but that he was ready to weigh any arguments on behalf of such a view. What could one say after that?

On the other hand, my wrath was stirred this day week by a *locum tenens* (whom some call a *local daemon*), who praught away at Jeroboam and the old prophet at Bethel as though they had been Ahab and the 450 prophets of Baal that Elias slew this morning. Now really Jeroboam was (*a*) a king of France setting up his anti-pope at Avignon; (*b*) the Lords of the Congregation setting up a Scots presbytery; (*c*) Roger Williams departing from Massachusetts into Rhode Island. Take which illustration you choose; the first and third are mine; the second is Cardinal Newman's when Vicar of St. Mary's. But he is nothing worse; he sets up opposition cherubim to those at Jerusalem; but he does not set up Baalim and Ashtaroth, as people seem to fancy. There is a psalm which, with Cheyne's leave, I take to belong to the days of Jeroboam *the Second*, in which, as I hold, the 'golden calves'—scornfully so called by the *Jewish* writers, as an anti-pope is idolum and what not—are distinctly called *cherubim*. 'Tis Psalm lxxx. Psalm lx, on the other hand, no Cheyne shall persuade me to be of any date but T. R. D. It fits to David and nobody else. If not, it must be a very clever forgery; and forgeries, either Phalaris and Ingulf, do not fit in so beautifully as that.

To Professor Ihne.

Somerleaze, October 6, 1889.

. . . I am in transitu from Somerleaze to Oxford, where I hope to be on Monday. I have had a very fine time at home, very fine for work and for hill-climbing, and I have been putting together a great piece of my Sicilian History. You know 'tis all in scraps, written whenever possible, at or near

the places spoken of; so now I have to revise, correct, fill up gaps, add notes, and generally lick into shape. In this way I have set Gelôn up at Syracuse, but the Carthaginian invasion has still to be gone through. I don't come much across your work till a good bit later. But your volume of first (from your point of view, half-a-dozenth or so from mine) Punic War is gone or a-going (forwhy it may be now on the road) to Oxford, ready for that time. You don't half take in the greatness of Hamilkar till you have tracked him up Heirktê and Eryx. And the ditch of Lilybaion is there, though one side of it is getting filled up with houses.

. . . A man the other day blessed me in this form, 'May you sit down on your lees (or perhaps leaze or leys) and rest from your labours.' That last is the last thing I wish to do, but I did not well make out whether the *leaze* were Somer*leaze*, or whether the *lees* were those wherewith Aristophanes daubed himself to act the Paphlagonian[1]. When you have done vol. vii, haply you will sit down in a corner of the rocks, but shall you rest from your labours? I am not sure that I know how far you mean to go. Do you come across one Schiller, who says that in my *Methods of Historical Study* there is nichts neues? Very likely not. I did not say there was. I am sure this wonderful craving after something new does your scholars a great deal of harm. Every man must guess something, which *may* be so, but which he cannot in the least prove, and then he is as cocksure about it as if he had heard Thucydides say that he had seen it. I don't suppose you care about King Pippin so much as about some other people; but do just look at my article in the October *English Historical Review*, where I have ventured to go at some of your guessers, and to maintain that 'the best German book' is not always better than an older German book or than an English one! Think of that.

[1] The Athenian demagogue Kleon was represented under this name in the *Knights* of Aristophanes. He was such a favourite with the people at that time that no one could be found bold enough to make a mask representing his features. Aristophanes therefore enacted the part himself, smearing his face with wine-lees.

To Mrs. A. J. Evans.

Dale Lodge, October 17, 1889.

My dear Margot that ought to have been Awdry—is not this the proper day? But haply 'tis just as well that it is not so, as I fear that, if it had been so then, I should have written you Etheldreda, with no beginning and a carl ending, and not good English Æðelðryðа. Anyhow, all blessings on the best child in this hemisphere.

. . . I don't feel specially bad; only stupid with being shut up and left and idle. But they say I must stay here at least till Monday. I dare say Helen will have reported everything scientifically. I can't; I don't know a congestion from the Unconditioned itself, and the other Green to hold forth about it. . . . I'm a-puffing and blowing—I believe that 's the congestion or something, and Helen says I must go to bed soon.

ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὸ χρῆμα τῶν νυκτῶν ὅσον· ἀπέραντον[1]. To me the night seems a time of toil, not of rest.

To Miss F. Freeman.

Dale Lodge, near Ascott, October 23, 1889.

I thought you might like to hear something. I am writing in bed, but I might just as well be up; only I write better in bed than screwing round at a table. I dare say Helen will send some account with harder words; but I can put the right foot to the ground and wag the toes of it, so the gout at least is clearly better. The doctor here is puzzled that I don't have headaches, but I haven't; I can't get them up to please him.

I believe it is pretty well settled that either on Saturday or Monday I am to be put in swathing-bands as a sucking-child, and taken in a whirlicote to Slough, thence by railway to Oxford, by Maidenhead, Thame, Littlemore, &c., a way I don't know, but it avoids changing. The other way would have been to go to Reading, a much longer drive. This, I think, is better than either to *take on this house*, as has been proposed, or to go off to some third place, which I don't at all fancy.

[1] 'O King Zeus, how monstrous is the length of the nights! interminable.' Aristoph. *Nub.* 2, 3.

. . . I am reading *Emma*[1]—Macaulay thought all those tales wonderful. I find there is a feeble kind of interest if you try hard, but it is not like *Adam Bede.*

To Hannis Taylor, Esq.[2].

16 St. Giles, Oxford, November 8, 1889.

I must just write a line—I have to-day hardly time to do more—to thank you for your book, which I found on coming down to breakfast this morning[3]. I do indeed feel lifted up, or rather set down, by the way you speak of me in the Preface. Anyhow, it is pleasant to be so comfortably bracketted with Bishop Stubbs. He looked in here the other day, and did not seem altogether pulled down by his cares.

I am supposed to be, among ten thousand other things, revising the *Norman Conquest,* but as yet I shirk the first volume. I shall have to look to you and to some others on your side when I come to it, as to M. M. Bigelow, whom I see you quote, and to whom also I have an unfinished letter in front of me—in some of the later times.

The conception of your book, taking American history as part of English, and English as part of general Teutonic, is indeed just what it should be. I was delighted the other day with two little books of Fiske of Harvard just in the same spirit.

I am going to lecture next Thursday on the Centenaries of 1889, meaning specially to trot out your general one of 1789 (which I think most people here have thought less of than of the French one) and the special New England Revolution in 1689, which concerns Bigelow at Boston more than it does you in Alabama.

[1] By Miss Austen.

[2] The present Minister of Legation at Madrid for the United States of America.

[3] *The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution.*

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Oxford, November 11, 1889.

. . . I should say to a Canadian, if he asked me what to do, 'Choose you of three *possible* things':

1. Stay as you are.
2. Become wholly independent.
3. Join the States.

I don't counsel one or the other, but choose whichever suits you best, for all be possible; but don't ask for

4. Imperial Federation. Forwhy it is like Constitutional Despotism or Regulated Anarchy, or anything else that is contradictory on the face of it.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Oxford, December 15, 1889.

You did say something about coming to see us some time before very long. My times are now about fixed. I don't call myself exactly sick, as I can eat, sleep, and work. But they shut me up in the house and make me drink all manner of things. And I had to give up my lectures last term, and to set York Powell to finish about the Tapestry; and I shall be away next term, with him to my deputy. I am to start about January 10, with Margaret and Helen, for some point in Provence; thence after a while go on to Sicily, and come back, I suppose, some time in April.

I have been largely telling the story of Dante and the chaplain[1], specially to Moore. I had one to tell you back again, but I cannot remember it, so I must tell you one not so good. Stubbs was examining in viva voce, and asked who were the chief *original* authorities for early English. The man blushed and pulled up, and needed some encouragement to speak, and at last came out, 'Yourself and Mr. Freeman.' That man had

[1] A story which I heard in Italy of an English chaplain, who inquired who Dante was, to whom he heard some people constantly referring. On being informed that he was a mediaeval poet of some renown who had written a poem called *The Divine Comedy*, he replied, 'Indeed! I hope it was not a skit upon religion.'

not so fine a perception of things as he that answered to the same question, 'There are only two original authorities, Bright (J. F., I take it, not W.) and Green.'

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

December 15, 1889.

. . . I see there is a strong pull for Welsh Disestablishment, apart from English. When I met G. O. Morgan at Syracuse this spring, and told him to go down to the bottom of the theatre and make us a speech for the disestablishment of the Olympieion, I told him that, if Wales were an island, I should be strongly inclined to go with him,

1. Provided some means were found to keep the churches of St. David's, Llandaff, and Brecon safe from raging Welsh Methodists; but that

2. Wales was not an island, but a peninsula with a very broad isthmus.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Oxford, December 29, 1889.

. . . I don't know what Gore and his comrades have been saying; but I have noticed for years that the Church of England uses the word *inspiration* only twice, and that in a sense applicable to all Christians. I suppose any theist would say that any good thing that one says or does one does by God's prompting; but that does not necessarily imply security against all error. I feel as if I must some time go in for those things rather more than I ever have done. It seems to me that the O. T. history, for instance, falls into the hands of two sets of people. There is one that thinks itself bound to defend everything at all hazards—or, what is worse, *to put something out of their own heads instead of what is really in the book.* And there is another set who take a nasty pleasure in picking every hole they can; the small German critic, or rather *guesser*, grown smaller and nastier because he thinks it fine. From neither of them will you ever get truth. Why can't one treat it as one does another book? I read Thucydides and Polybios with the strongest presumption in favour of belief; but I can

see that they are hard on Kleon and Kleomenes severally. Where I do get puzzled is the Fourth Gospel. I cannot reconcile it with the others, yet it has such wonderful signs of truth.

One must be satisfied *not to know* a great many things. I don't know where Diodorus and Livy get everything that they say. Your clever German does. Oh, for the lost books of Philistos!

To Mrs. A. J. Evans.

Tunis, February 11, 1890.

'Place me on Afric's burning coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white.'

So I learned when I was little, but here I am, not at all on a burning coast, as it is nothing like so hot as Bordighera, Oh dear no. The swarthy sons are about, many of them actual niggers, but if they feel their scorn to Europe, they can't boast of it; the Gal-Welsh see to that. H. H. the Bug himself cannot be called a leading Bug, seeing he is led by the nose of a French resident. He has gone away, and lives as a Carthaginian country gentleman, like those whose houses and lands Agathoklês plundered, and comes in only every Saturday to hold a reception and to take a Saturday Review of things in general. Florence asked if I would like to go. I said, nay, as I would not go to the Paip. I asked what I should say to the Bug, save that they have found an inscription of ΕΥΦΗΜΙΟC ΡΩΜΑΙΩΝ ΒΑCΙΛΕΥC, 'and he,' one might add, 'was just about as much Emperor as you are Bug.'

. . . We went about a little yesterday, and much more to-day. Florence is enraptured with the barbarians. I don't see what they want here in Cyprian's province and Gaiseric's kingdom. Just fancy a Dutch-speaking king at Carthage. But I am much taken with the buildings, of which I shall have something to say. The bazaar and all the native streets are very wonderful. I studied the columns. H. and F. bought stuffs and baubles. Such a cackle of every kind of barbarian. The queerest are the she-jews. The she-Mussulmans veil or rather mask themselves right carefully, with black masks hideous to look upon.

But the she-jews, *αὗται δὲ ῥῖνας ἔχουσι, καὶ ὄμματα καὶ στόματα, καὶ σκέλη*[1]—they seem to go far beyond a *divided skirt*. Camels go about, not very big, and 'tis queer to see them kneel down to be loaded in a narrow street. We first saw them, like C. Marius, browsing about the ruins of Carthage. We saw two Bug-palaces to-day in and out of the town. In the former we had the privilege of seeing all his domestic arrangements, which are rather like a steamer. H. H. in the middle and the others with cabins all round—a *salon* also, where they might meet and scratch one another. I am most struck with the so-called minarets, which are here steady sensible Romanesque towers. I fancy they are really of no great age, but styles don't seem to alter here as in Europe. You may not go into the mosques, but one can sometimes get a glimpse inside. One looked very like a Sicilian church. Indeed, everything here seems made up of scraps of columns, as if you built a whole town out of Ravenna basilicas.

To T. Hodgkin, Esq., D.C.L.

Kairouan, February 14, 1890.

I must write off and tell you that I have this morning seen the sponge that Gelimer wished for[2] (do they not somewhere show the sword that Balaam wished for to kill the ass?). I am sure it must be the right one, it is so big; only it is so very big, fitter rather for a *βασιλεύς* than for a mere *ῥίῳξ*. I never saw or heard of such a thing. I like a pretty big sponge, but all I ever had were Tom Thumbs to this. It was in a small gathering at the Vice-Consulate at Susa, not Shushan the Palace, nor yet Pippin's Secusia, but Susa here, *née* Hadrumetum, which the Gal-Welsh have cut down into *Sousse*.

[1] 'Now these have noses, and eyes, and mouths, and legs.'

[2] Gelimer, King of the Vandals, having been defeated in battle by Belisarius, A.D. 533, fled to a mountain on the borders of Numidia, where he lived in great hardship for three months, eluding his pursuers. In reply to a letter urging him to surrender himself, he refused, but asked for a loaf (not having tasted bread for many weeks), a lyre to accompany the ode which he had composed on his misfortunes, and a sponge to bathe his inflamed eyes. Procop. ii. 6.

I have been to Carthage once, and mean to go again twice. As becomes a Nether-Dutchman, I have been trying to look at things from the purely Wandal (not *v*andal) point of view. But 'tis rather hard, Phoenicians, Romans, Saracens will creep in unawares. And the Saracens are there bodily and the Romans have left plenty of scraps; so also the Canaanites in the shape of Baalite inscriptions and their own skeletons. Wandals have no trace, unless there be something in a basilica of Thrasamund of which the books talk. I must try and make it out next week.

You have seen so much more of such things than I that I need not enlarge on the general effect of camels and barbarians —specially she-jews. But have you seen what I saw this evening? Mussulman families playing (February 15) their antics. It really is too bad of men who profess to worship the same God as ourselves to go cutting themselves after their manner, if not with knives and lancets, yet with swords and spikes and prickly pears, as if Baal still went on. N.B.—Did Hannibal ever play any of those tricks? They don't leap on the altar that they had made, forwhy they have made none, but they leap just as well without it. About the men in mosques prostrating and roaring I have nothing to say—but really Mahomet never taught them this mumbo jumbo kind of worship.

What a funny substitute for Count Roger these Frenchmen are. But they keep the barbarians in thorough good order, and Tunis, Susa, and this Kairouan and the coasts thereof seem all as well looked after as anywhere in Europe. I had rather the Rum-Welsh had come than the Gal-, but I don't grudge the Gal-, a great piece of Romania is practically won back. But what a strange feeling it is that we cannot say of the people here, as we do of the Turk, that they are oppressors of native Christians. Forwhy there are none; but how come there to be none? How came the Saracens to destroy more utterly than the Turk?

To J. F. Horner, Esq.

Off Susa. February 16, 1890.

'Tis a great pity that you have not been with us; but I must thank you for sending us to Kairouan at all, as it would not have come into my mind if you had not spoken of it.

I knew the name, πῶς γὰρ οὔ; but I had no very clear notion where it was, and I certainly had no notion that it was so easy to get at. There is no difficulty whatever, though part of the way of going is droll, and the quarters, though not good, are not so bad as some in Sicily. You will remember that saving our trudge to Trebinje, and a mild sail from Corfu to Butrinto, 'tis my first experience of barbarians. All through the Regency, if they don't show you any particular kindness, they don't show you any particular unkindness. They don't stare or follow at all, still less throw stones, all which things have I tholed[1] in divers parts of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant. That is to say, the French keep them in wonderfully good order. I wish it had been the Italians; but it does quite as well as it is; the province of Africa is practically won back for Romania. The mixture of East and West is very wonderful. 'Tis odd to see a camel close under a telegraph post, to see the names of the streets in French and Arabic, and to see the general jumble of nations. The she-jews are the most wonderful to look at, but I dare say you have seen them in Morocco.

We stopped at Cagliari on our voyage, so I had my first glimpse of Sardinia. 'Tis not a very striking city; but it stands well, and I learned one or two things. Going from Cagliari to Tunis and thence to Palermo is going in the footsteps of 'Carolus V. Aug. Orbis Pater et Monarcha,' as I find him called in an inscription at Cagliari. I don't object, for there is 'alter orbis' where Ἀγγιλοι καὶ Φρίσσονες [= Σάξονες] καὶ οἱ τῇ νήσῳ ὁμώνυμοι Βρίττονες[2] βασιλέως οὐδὲν φροντίζουσι. Excuse me for beginning with Procopius and ending with Herodotus, but they fit quite as neatly as many of the columns and capitals in the great mosque of Kairouan and elsewhere. That Emperor is not a person with whom one has very much sympathy (saving that he is at least better than Francis of France), but when the King of Sicily and Sardinia goes and takes Tunis, setting out from Cagliari and going back to Palermo, one does melt a little towards him.

... I am much taken with the Saracen things. I see that the Rogers picked out the best forms, chose the pointed arch and

[1] Old English for 'endured.'

[2] Procopius, *Bell. Goth.* iv. 20, where in the original we find *βρίττωνες*.

eschewed the horseshoe. I have had two trots about Susa, late Hadrumetum, which has a good deal to show, but nothing to remind one of Agathoklês or Hannibal. Kairouan is, of course, the wonderful thing of all. But the way to it is something to be endured. You go thirty-six miles in an open horse-tram with curtains, very much crowded, *καὶ τοῦθ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων*, as to-day by a very broad Arab, broader than the philosopher whose name was changed to *Πλάτων* because of his breadth[1]. . . . Moreover, I saw a curious application of the law of distress. A shepherd let his sheep stray on the line, which is finable. As a shepherd in that wild country—for from Susa to Kairouan is wild and open and nearly uninhabited—might be hard to catch, the driver got down and carried off one of his sheep. Moreover he whipped the shepherd, which we don't do. All Kairouan seems built of Roman columns. It seems so strange that bits of arcading and vaulting, such as in France and England are not to be seen, such as in Italy and Dalmatia you notice as something special to mark, here out among the Saracens become almost a drug—you see something of the kind in almost every hole you look into. The great mosque and its cloisters or cortili (like Parenzo and Salerno) are, of course, the great development of all. As I have not seen Cordova—you I feel sure have—I have never seen anything like the forest of columns stretching every way. 'Tis much broader than it is long if you count its length from the great door to the Keblah: mostly fine classical columns, some Byzantine, like St. Vital, which could not have been very old when the Saracens came. And how many camels must have been set to bring them? For as there was no Roman town at Kairouan as there was at Tunis and Susa, they must have been brought from somewhere else. We went up to the top of the great minaret for the view. I was surprised, though I ought not to have been, as I know the picture of the Giralda at Seville, to find that, here at least, minarets are for the most part not slender things, but substantial towers of *quasi*-Romanesque. Many, I fancy, are late, but

[1] Said to have been originally named Aristokles after his grandfather, but afterwards called Plato, from *πλατύς* (platus = broad), on account of the breadth of his chest.

not all; but none that I have seen have mid-walls. There is a great deal of vaulting, cross and barrel, in the smaller things, but not in the great Mosque. I did not care for its roofs; it wanted King Roger[1] to cover it with dripping honeycomb. And it also wants William the Bad[2] to mosaic the walls. It was a fine thing to be King of Sicily, with Saracens to build your places and Greeks to adorn them. . . . But I was talking of the big minaret—a broad tower like my Saracen in the tram at Kairouan. There we heard the Muezzin a-crying to prayer, and I could make out 'Mahomet el Resoul'—he spoke very clearly. Then our guide Assim, official interpreter, gave us a little '*summa theologiae*,' how Christ was a great prophet, but Mahomet the greatest of prophets and the last. On Friday evening we were taken to see *fanatics*. Haply you have seen them. It must be some heathen thing lingering on; for I learned in my book when I was little,

> 'The Turk, to various errors bred,
> Yet learns the living God to dread.'

And I am sure all this leaping, and drumming, and Baalite cutting of themselves, is fit only for Mumbo jumbo. . . .

I fancy your brother would like *Lux Mundi*. I have not seen it, but I must when I get back; but fancy Gore and Aubrey Moore not being orthodox for some.

Well! this is a long story; it takes two stamps. You may give them to some bairn that gathers them.

I should like you to be here very much—I mean on land, as you would not like to be just here on the sea.

To Professor Dawkins.

Syracuse, March 18, 1890.

I was in a boat under the cliffs of Achradina to-day, and a horrible thought came into my head. You geologists say that our limestone here is built on a volcanic basement, and I have always thought and said that one could see the volcanic base-

[1] Norman King of Sicily, 1130–1154.

[2] Son of King Roger, King of Sicily, 1154–1166, covered the walls of the Cappella Palatina (Royal Chapel) at Palermo with mosaic.

ment underneath. I have even likened it to the great wall of Civitas Senonum [1], with its masonry of two dates. But to-day it came into my head, Is the volcanic look anything more than the effect of the waves? I should like to know for certain, as I don't want to say anything absurd. Have you not a geological friend at Messina who would tell me? Could you ask him to let me know? Or does Admiral Smyth say anything?

To A. J. EVANS, ESQ.

Taormina, March 30, 1890.

You have never said that you share Margaret's dislike to a big sheet, so I venture on one.

I am kept here longer than I like; but I have been looking at things here again, and revising all that I had written about Tauromenion. I have altered a good deal in order to bring in your view that the μία ἀκρόπολις that Dionysios took was, not the Castle hill, as I thought at first and as Holm thinks, but the hill of the theatre, and that the two *akropoleis* are the hill of the theatre and the Castle hill, not the Castle hill and Mola. I have looked at it several times, from all points, and I think it must be so. The theatre hill must have been fortified as an akropolis, specially when the town was large, as the piece of surely Sikel wall below St. Pancras (March 31) proves to my mind. Holm wants to get rid of the μία ἀκρόπολις by reading τῆς for μιᾶς. But that kind of trick won't do. Construe your book, if you can—you generally can, if you understand the facts; if you can't, say you can't; but don't make a thing of your own instead.

Yesterday we went to Naxos, and, by the help of your plan, found Sayce's wall. 'Tis very odd; but I was close by it last year. You won't remember my saying to you, 'I think they have pulled down Sayce's wall, and set up the pieces on the top of a new wall.' Well, that is literally true to some extent. A good many pieces are set up on the new wall between the orchard and the fiumara, and those I saw last year. Only it did not come into my head to look in the orchard for the real wall

[1] Sens in France.

a few yards off. 'Tis a mighty piece, but less strictly polygonal than I expected to find it. 'Tis much finer than what I take to be a bit of Sikel wall here close to a Greek bit. Did Theoklês build it, or did he find it ready made?

I am most grateful to you for all the things that you have taught me on the margin of my proofs and elsewhere. Most of your remarks have been worked into the text.

To W. Stillman, Esq.

Marsala, April 18, 1890.

'Tis you, I fancy, that I have to thank for a copy of the *Contemporary Review*, which found me at Taormina, with you on 'Crete,' and Dicey on 'Referendum.' You don't seem so philhellenic as you were in times past; but your facts are very valuable, specially as touching your own stay in Crete in past times. I have no very burning desire for the annexation of Crete to the Greek kingdom, and, if I were a Cretan, I would refuse it (Castelvetrano, April 20) unless it was accompanied by a strong dose of Home Rule. Nor do I object to your notion of a European power taking the island in hand for a time, if it be fully understood that it is only for a time. I don't want Crete to be at once eaten up by people from Athens. But I am sorry you don't so fully insist as I should like on the absolute necessity of getting rid of the Turk in every shape, root and branch, bag and baggage. He can't reform, and he would not if he could. But I am glad you don't look for anything from the Grand Turk personally, whom it is the fashion to worship.

To Mrs. A. J. Evans.

Somerleaze, July 10, 1890.

So you are back again. I want one of you to explain to me the *idée*, the tendency, or whatever it is, of your journey. I don't exactly see what you went for, unless to play about in a wood in Bavaria, and to be able to say that you have gone through the archduchy[1] under a false name! I looked for greater

[1] Austria.

things than these when you set out. But Arthur may have had some mysterious numismatic and gemmistic ends which are too high for me. And I don't forget that he was in Sicily and you in Liguria earlier in the year. Still the net result seems chiefly to be that you have seen certain free mammals, to wit black squirrels, whereas I saw none in Sicily, and one yellow rodent in Africa, even at Carthage, between the Kôthôn and the merchant.

Now as I am going to ask a thing of you, I shall begin by correcting you on certain points, to put you into a good humour. First, I am sure Arthur will tell you, as well as I, not to talk of the 'dual *Empire*.' Dual *Monarchy*, if you please. The *Empire* (so-called) is one part of the *Monarchy*. Secondly, don't call the child of a roe a *kid*; roe being a deer, its child is surely a *fawn* *. In Greys' park I saw some does standing up valiantly for their fawns when Pinder's little dog looked at them.

And now for my petition. I meant to write July 7, St. Thomas himself and not his eve. That reminded me, and I began to sing as followeth:

(July 11.) I cumber you, good Margaret, much;
But there is not another such,
So light of foot and swift of eye,
The books upon the shelves to spy;
And eke within the cupboard deep,
In all the darkest holes to peep.

There, let it be a fragment, like certain of Pindar—I have got a rime or two more in my head; but the lines don't fit on so well.

* Yet is he *Cervus Capreolus*, marking, one might suppose, goatish tendencies.

To Dr. Turner.

Somerleaze, September 1, 1890.

I have by me a letter of yours of October 19 last year, which I believe I have carried about into Sicily, Africa, and various parts of the world. Is it possible that I have never written to you since? There are many things in your part of the world that I want to know something more about. You or somebody has been good enough to send me *Politik* almost daily. But

I really have not time to read that regularly. I have handed it over to Morfill, who represents Slavonic interests in Oxford. He is always glad of it. It has been a very good move making him Slavonic Reader in the University, or more truly making the post of Slavonic Reader for him. He has just been to Russia, and has come back, *having found nobody there.*

There has been a good deal lately in the English papers about Bohemian affairs; but I do not very well understand it. An agreement has taken place between the Germans and the *Old* Czechs; but the *Young* Czechs are dissatisfied. The English papers, of course, call the Young Czechs names. And it seems that the effect of all this is to put off the coronation, that is, to escape from admitting the independence of the kingdom. Of course, it is well for Germans and Czechs, as for English and Welsh, or for any other sets of people, to dwell together in unity if they can; but not at the cost of giving up the lawful independence of the country. I am rather wanting to say something again about these matters in connexion with South-Eastern affairs generally; but I don't very well understand the case, as complicated by this agreement of Old Czechs and Germans. A short and clear account would be a great kindness. But I cannot go through the *Politik* daily, unless I were to give up Sicily and everything else. Indeed it has not followed me since I have been at home. I shall have to go back to Oxford in October, which I do not at all like.

I see also that there is a good deal of stir about the Italian 'Irredentists.' This I am glad to see, as everything that weakens the so-called *League of Peace* must be good. I wish them all good luck in Trentino. Trieste is another thing. When Garibaldi said, 'Men of Trieste, to your mountains,' he hardly knew that they would find the mountains inhabited by Slaves. There is the great difficulty in all your lands, the neighbourhood and rivalry of different nations, which gives the advantage to the enemies of both. I see my way with Trent and Cattaro; I don't see it at Trieste, and the *Lord of Trieste* has a better claim than in some other places. My son-in-law passed the other day through the archduchy of Austria under another name, and came out in the kingdom of Hungary under his own. You know, I suppose, that his presence is forbidden

in the one and allowed in the other. I always tell this to people who are puzzled about the dual monarchy, as the best illustration of its nature.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Oxford, October 26, 1890.

. . . I had been wanting to hear from you a long time, and wanting you to come and see us, either at Somerleaze or here. As you did not come to Somerleaze, you must come here. I should say after the Assizes. That will be some time in November, I do not yet know when. As you know, we are turned out, and shall take refuge with Margaret and others. When we get in again, I hope you will come and abide a long time, and dispute and drive me into corners. And you may come to my Widerkind lecture, and add a comment *de illustribus Edithabus necnon et Edgivabus*[1]; for we have got, by way of Otto the Great[2], Hugh the Great[3], and Karolus ille Simplex[4], into the deepest mysteries about Æthelstan's sisters. Stubbs has somewhat to say about them in the preface to the new *William of Malmesbury*.

I am quite another creature from what I was this time last year. I have good hopes of keeping in England through the winter. *Sicily*, vols. i and ii, will, I hope, be out before Christmas.

Clements Markham has got a dodge that Henry VII and not Richard III killed those two boys, sons of Edward IV. James Gairdner won't hear of it[5]. My Lord of Oxford declines to give an opinion *gratis*.

I expect the Bishop of Emmaus[6] on Tuesday.

Get well and tell me something more, and I will write you a longer letter.

[1] 'Concerning illustrious Ediths, likewise also Edgivas.'

[2] Emperor 962–973, married Edith, sister of the English King Æthelstan.

[3] Hugh, Duke of the French, 923–956, married a sister of Otto the Great.

[4] Charles the Simple, King of the West-Franks, 893–929, married a sister of King Æthelstan.

[5] See articles in *Historical Review*, April and July, 1891.

[6] Patterson, an old college friend. See above, vol. i. p. 45.

To the Same.

Oxford, November 23, 1890.

What has become of you? I have had only a card for a huge time. I hope you have not gone very sick and unable to do anything. And specially, when are you coming here? We shall rejoice to see you any time from December 1 to—I want to be able to say till April 13—that is, as there really seems a good hope of my being able to stay in England through the winter, I have a dream of taking out my residence here at a pull, and going home early to see the apple-blossom. But Helen and Florence don't seem to fancy that. Then I would stay at home from April to September, and then go and take a very mild turn beyond sea, just in Normandy and thereabouts. I am going some time or other to do the rest of Henry I—to fill up the gap between me and Kate Norgate. That is to be in a final edition of *Norman Conquest* and *William Rufus. Sicily*, vols. i and ii, are in the wretched stage of Preface, Index, Contents, Map—as much bother as any other, and much less interest. But I have been somewhat called off by a lecture on Otto the Great and those times, into which I have thrown a good deal of heart, and have written some things. And, as perhaps you know, I have been at Birmingham Midland-presiding[1], and finding out that Thomas Attwood[2] is nearly forgotten at Birmingham.

[1] On October 7, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, he distributed the prizes to the students, and made a long address about Birmingham, specially with reference to its having recently been made a city.

[2] On Thomas Attwood, see above, vol. i. pp. 13, 14.

CHAPTER XI.

FAILING HEALTH. DISSATISFACTION WITH LIFE AT OXFORD. OPPOSES THE PROPOSAL TO ABOLISH COMPULSORY GREEK. TOUR IN NORMANDY. CORRESPONDENCE. JOURNEY TO SPAIN. DEATH AT ALICANTE.

A. D. 1891–1892.

IT is impossible to read the letters written during the last two years of Freeman's life without a sense of sadness, filled as they are with references to literary projects and plans for foreign travel, which were so soon to be frustrated by the hand of death. He was now in his sixty-eighth year, his health had been broken for some time past, and his physical strength was diminished, but his mental vigour remained unimpaired, and his enthusiasm for work was unabated. 'My head,' he would often say, 'is as good as ever, but I want a new pair of legs.'

The only mental faculty in which he was conscious of any degree of weakness was his memory, not so much with reference to past history, as to the incidents of his own work from day to day.

Writing to Canon Venables of Lincoln in January, 1891, he says:

'Rash,' do you say, to be doing *Sicily*? Why I am doing that and a dozen other things, πῶς γὰρ οὔ; I do things better and quicker than I ever did: every faculty strengthens except mere memory. That weakens. I very often am struck by a thing as

if it were new to me. I say, 'I must go and work this thing out.' I look back and find that I have done it all some time back, and then clean forgotten that I had ever heard of it.

In February he was induced to go to Eastbourne, in the hope of escaping from fog, and enjoying more sunshine than is commonly to be seen at Oxford at that time of year; but he did not gain so much in these respects as had been hoped, and, as usual, by the sea-side he felt the loss of congenial society.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

19, Grand Parade, Eastbourne, February 8, 1891.

One or two cards and letters have passed between you and this, but I have said nothing (an American printer would divide that *noth-ing*, as if it were the son of Noth). I do wish you were here, or somebody to say something to, though I can't say that Eastbourne is rich for subjects for talk. Specially it gives very little chance of *περιφρονεῖν τὸν ἥλιον*[1]. They say that greater light dances on Easter-day; so he just put out his nose for a bit to-day on Quinquagesima; for some days I had thought he was clean put out. 'Twas mighty foggy yesterday over this muddy arm of Ocean; the whole thing is muddy, just like the bit that there is at the mouth of a river in Sicily. I am beginning to like Mediterranean best; Ocean does leave such an ugly lot of mud about when he goes down. I got down-in-the-mouth yesterday, asking whether it was because there was no fog in Oxford that I was brought hither; but the sunlight to-day has cheered me somewhat. For some days I have not felt much amiss except great weakness, which makes me easily tired; but I think the sun to-day has strengthened me, and I have walked farther along the shore than I have any other day. And my wits are all right again, which I know by the best test, that I am up to reading High-Dutch. To be sure Giesebrecht's *Kaiserzeit* is very clear High-Dutch. And I have just read Liudprand's *Legatio* and *Vita Oddonis*, which I had not read for years. You see what all this is for. I was always mightily

[1] 'Observing the sun.' Aristoph. *Clouds*, 225.

struck with the bit about 'duo parvuli imperatores'—the Βουλγαροκτόνος as a little Basil, like ours at Wookey[1], almost equals Burgon's sermon on baby Methuselah[2]. But I most want you to talk to about this—I am sure I don't know whether that is grammar. Have you seen this month's *Fortnightly*? Perhaps you might just have seen it at Oxford. Do read—I will send it you, if you like—Oscar Wilde's article on the 'Soul under Socialism,' and tell me if you know what it means. You say that I say ['I say, I say,' they say you say 'I say, I say'][3] that I don't understand things, and I'm sure I don't understand a word of this. How are you to do with *no government*? Oscar is bigger than I; I must have some king or president or something to keep him from punching my head. They confess that E. B. Lanin[4] is a lying name: so haply what he [they] say [s] is lies—if it be true, the Russians must be the greatest fools in the world not to rise and make a bigger revolution than ever the French did. Still 'tis no affair of ours; we are not answerable as we are for Cretans, Armenians, and Macedonians, and the object of the whole thing is plain, to throw dust in our eyes, and say, 'If the Turk is bad, the Russian is as bad.' May be; but to whom? And the Lord Mayor and the Archbishop and the Cardinal did not care a bit as long as it was only Russian, but, when they heard the blessed word JEW, then they jumped up and said, We must protest. Well, I do rejoice

[1] His grandchild.

[2] The late Dean Burgon preached a sermon at Chichester on the text, Gen. v. 21, 22, in which, enlarging on the blessings of marriage, he said that the words, 'and Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah,' clearly signified that he was a much better man 'after that darling little Methuselah was born to him,' than he had been before.

[3] Dr. Thomas Terry, of Christ Church, Oxford, had a trick of beginning all his remarks with 'I say, I say.' Having heard that one of the young men made a mock of this habit, he complained to the Dean, who sent for the offender, and desired the doctor to state his complaint in his presence. The doctor accordingly began, 'I say, I say, they say you say "I say, I say."' See *Anonymiana, or Ten Centuries of Observations, &c.*, 2nd edition, 1818, Cent. III, § xv, pp. 63, 64.

[4] E. B. Lanin, the signature appended to some very bitter articles against Russia in the *Fortnightly* and other journals, supposed by some to be the production of three men, hence the 'he [they] say[s].'

in the snub the Tzar gave them. As I said aforetime, Let every nation wallop its own jews; but I can't have Fins and Bulgarians walloped; that 's quite another thing.

In another letter referring to this latter subject, the public indignation in England at the expulsion of Jews from Russia, he writes:

I am fuming at all this jew humbug. It is simply got up to call off our thoughts from Armenia and Crete. If I were to say that every nation has a right to wallop its own jews I might be misunderstood, for I don't want to wallop anybody, even jews. The best thing is to kick them out altogether, like King Edward Longshanks of famous memory. But I do say that if any nation chooses to wallop its own jews 'tis no business of any other nation. Whereas if the Turk wallops Cretans and Armenians it is our business, because we have promised to make them do otherwise. And, besides, if you simply want to abuse Russia there is Bulgaria bullied and Finland threatened. What can jews matter beside either of these?

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Oxford, February 15, 1891.

You will be glad to hear that we have come back safe and fairly sound. I am a better creature by a good bit than when you saw me in the little room here, but I envy the new member for Northampton, of whom it was said that his admirers 'lifted him,' perhaps, '*literally* lifted him'—'off his legs.' That is just what I want somebody to do to me: that is, if they can but let me down again on a new pair.

. . . As you are not here, I am trying to get Mea Bernard to come. She belongs to the same class as you, those whom I like to talk to, and who do not put one out of the way. Now all carl-bodies put one more or less out of the way, though some, as Dawkins, very little. Dawkins has been sick of a 'bronchial catarrh'; as Bishop Lewis Beaumont[1] said, it is

[1] Bishop of Durham, 1318-1333, who was so illiterate that he had great difficulty in learning his part of the service before his consecration, and stumbling over a hard word exclaimed, 'By St. Louis, the man who wrote that word had no courtesy in him.'

not courteous to use such hard words; but the leeches will use them. Anyhow, he is mended now, and is going about as usual. Markham[1] has been here again, to the satisfaction of many. 'Twas pleasant to see him and the Commander[2] sitting on the sofa, telling old sea-stories. One was tempted to address them as gods of the sea = ἄνδρες Τρίτωνες. You will find that story in *Sicily*, vol. ii.

The first and second volumes of his *History of Sicily* were published in 1891, and by the end of that year nearly the whole of the third volume was in the press. His interest in this work, which deepened as it went on, was a relief and consolation to him amidst discouragement and annoyance in connexion with his professional duties. 'I am a-weary,' he writes, in February, 1891, 'of all this professing, and I shall be glad to give it up at the first moment I can.' And again in March, 'I am thoroughly tired of this place and everything in it. It is all so disappointing and disheartening. I have tried every kind of lecture I can think of, and put my best strength into all, but nobody comes. And all the petty things that turn up are just enough to disturb one's own steady work without awakening any interest.'

The last question connected with education at the University in which he took a keen interest was the proposal, originating from the Head Masters of some of the public schools, that Greek should cease to be required as a compulsory subject for passmen in the classical Schools. It was contended that the time of boys and of young men, who had no special aptitude for scholarship, might be more profitably employed in learning some modern language, or studying some special

[1] Clements Markham, Esq., C.B., F.R.S., &c.

[2] M. Burrows, R.N., Chichele Professor of Modern History.

science. That such a question should be seriously entertained at all excited in Freeman nothing but indignation and dismay[1]. He regarded it as a most glaring instance of the increasing tendency to sacrifice sound learning and mental training to utilitarian ends; to substitute technical and professional instruction for a liberal education, abandoning the ancient principle of the University, which had been that the first course of study should be something which had no reference to the probable future calling of any man, but something which was good for the mind of every man whatever his future calling might be. If Greek ceased to be compulsory, it meant that it should no longer be recognized as an essential part of sound learning; that it should become a voluntary study for a few who might have a special call that way. It meant that Greek at Oxford should sink to the position of Arabic. But he pleaded earnestly for the retention of compulsory Greek, not only because he believed it to be the purest and most perfect instrument of mental training, but also because it was the first of the Aryan tongues which played a part in European history. It was the tongue of the people with whom European political history began; it was the tongue of the earliest and greatest existing masterpieces of European literature, the oldest and most perfect tongue of poetry, history, and philosophy. Nor was this all. Through the Macedonian conquerors Greek became the common tongue of the East: it became the tongue of the Christian Scriptures, the distinctive tongue of Christian theology, as Latin became the distinctive tongue of

[1] See article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1891, 'Compulsory Greek,' and in *Contemporary Review*, November, 1891, 'Greek in the Universities'; and compare article in *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1879, 'Shall we give up Greek?'

Christian law. For two-and-twenty centuries the speech of Athens lived on as the all but unchanged written speech of Alexandria and Pergamos, of Thessalonica and Constantinople. 'And that tongue still abides as the living speech of one of the rising nations of modern Europe, the speech which breathes in the song of joy that goes up from liberated Larissa, and in the cry of wailing that goes up from twice betrayed Joânnina.'

But another reason for retaining the study of Greek alongside with the study of Latin was, that they both belonged to the Aryan stock of languages in common with the other languages of Western Europe, excepting only Basque and Maltese. And none of these modern languages could be thoroughly learned without some knowledge of their elder brethren. It might be possible indeed to acquire such a knowledge of French as would suffice for the purposes of the graceful diplomatist, or of the humbler commercial clerk, without knowing a word of Latin. But for a scholarly knowledge of languages, the only knowledge of languages that a University ought to recognize, French implied Latin, and Latin implied French. It was a very imperfect knowledge of Latin which did not carry on the Latin tongue to its later stages. It was no knowledge at all of French or of any Romance language, which did not trace out the steps by which the later stage, which we call French, arose out of the earlier stage which we call Latin.

'Greek and German, Greek and English, Latin and English, have not the same kind of connexion as exists between Latin and the Romance languages. But they have the connexion which exists between kindred tongues, and no one of them is taught as it should be unless that connexion is insisted on from the beginning.' The con-

nexion of the Aryan languages was the great discovery of the age: but the Universities and schools seemed to insist on putting it out of sight.

If it was objected that such a method of teaching as he advocated would increase the burden which was already heavier than the ordinary schoolboy or passman could bear, and which the abolition of compulsory Greek was intended to diminish, his reply was 'No! Such a method would make the study not harder but easier: it would make the study of Greek or any other language a living and interesting, instead of a dead and uninteresting, thing.' He maintained that in language and history, and indeed in all studies, the scientific method was easier than the unscientific — easier because more attractive, more interesting. From the first moment that the child began to learn Latin, Greek, or any foreign language, he should be taught the connexion between it and his own language. 'This could be done, if schoolmasters would only believe it, at a very early age. Greek taught in this intelligent way would not be such a frightful business, and even the passman's Greek might then become a valuable training for the mind of any man, whatever his future calling might be.' And one more advantage of this method would be that it would not be necessary to keep boys at school, as they were now, up to the age of nineteen. Many a parent would rejoice in this shortening of the school career.

'I hear,' he said, 'that it needs the wealth of Croesus or of Aaron of Lincoln to pay even the washing-bills of the many and strange garments which are called for by the toilsome sports of the public school, spread over so many years. If the lads were taught intelligently from the beginning, if, instead of time being wasted on Greek and Latin verses, they were taught

what the Greek and Latin tongues are, the boys might be taught the languages, as languages, at school. Then they might come to the University, to use the languages by study of some of the great works written in them; and they might do all this by the age at which Keble took his first class.'

Had the proposal to abolish compulsory Greek in the University been carried into effect, it would have put the finishing stroke to Freeman's dissatisfaction with the condition of education there, and would probably have hastened his resignation of the professorship and his departure from Oxford.

The following letter to Professor Sayce has a bearing on the same subject.

Somerleaze, July 5, 1891.

... I hope you saw something of my fight with the schoolmasters, first in 'Jupiter' and then in *Macm.* It is so strange that these people contentedly go on shutting their eyes to the great discovery, I won't say of this century, but of the last. For Sir William Jones took that step in *Comparative Philology* which implied all that came after it. I can't say that for Giraldus, though his feelings after it were very wonderful for twelfth century. Jones is like Edward I in politics. Since him there has been only to develop and improve in detail. (How far did Humphry Lloyd get?) Yet one hundred years and more these schoolmasters know nothing, at least they teach nothing. Their way of teaching Greek is not to show that Greek and English are one concern, which quite young children catch at as a game, but simply to make them learn something about βλώσκω and μέμβλωκα. No wonder their teaching is so useless.

So you are carrying some Pharaoh into decent islands. Too bad; I can just swallow a Phoenician; but Ramses is too bad[1]. Do you really *believe* these things? It seems to me that

[1] Mr. Sayce had told Freeman that among the populations of the Mediterranean who attacked Ramses III of the twentieth Egyptian dynasty were the Shakalsh, whom Egyptologists had identified with the

all of you, ὦ ἄνδρες Χερταῖοι καὶ ξύμμαχοι[1], are in too great a hurry. You are quite right to gather all the facts, or seeming facts, that you can catch, but has the time come to make theories about them? Witness the Sikels in Egypt. Make the same kind of theory that I do when I first look at a building: I believe you call it a working hypothesis. It is sure to be wrong; I expect it to be; but it helps me to group the facts together, and so often shows the way to the right one in the end. Have any of you got beyond this stage? Should not your theories come out as avowedly belonging to this stage? then they may be profitable. Now Teutonic matters have been thrashed out much longer, and Greek matters much longer again; so we have much firmer ground and much surer rules of evidence. Yet see how every year there are new fragen and new answers to old fragen. How much more with things first thought of only yesterday. Why, I am years older than any Hittite save Ephron and Uriah, most respectable specimens of the breed I most fully allow. All this struck me very much in that Sikeloi-in-Egypt business. I am used to very wild guessing in my own branches; but to none quite so wild as that. I specially want to know what you think of that note of mine.

After the short visit to Eastbourne in February, the whole of the year 1891 was spent at Oxford and Somerleaze, with the exception of four weeks in August and September which were occupied by a short tour in Normandy, on which he was accompanied by his daughter Helen and Miss Edith Thompson. The special object of this tour, as will be seen from the correspondence, was to visit places connected with the life of Henry I, of whose reign he was intending to write a history, so as

Siculi. Mr. Sayce, who had doubted the identification, was converted to it in 1891 by observing that in the casts taken by Flinders Petrie of the ethnological types represented on Egyptian monuments the facial type of the Shakalsh was identical with that of the Latins, while no other type depicted on the monuments at all resembled it.

[1] 'O ye Hittites and your allies.'

'to fill up the gap,' as he expressed it, between his former works, which ended with the reign of William Rufus, and the History of England under the Angevin Kings, by Miss Kate Norgate.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Oxford, April 14, 1891.

. . . I have seen some of your Irish places, and some others. In 1869 I had a talk with John Bright—I would have preferred Gladstone if I had had the chance—about those Irish churches. I said μάλιστα μέν[1] give them to the Papishes; εἰ δὲ μή[2], look after them in some way as antiquities—not leave them as they are. In other words, class them with Crom*lechs*, not with Crom*wells*, according to your story. But I could not make B. see that it mattered. I shall not think Disestablishment, &c., complete, till mass is said in St. Patrick's and on the Rock of Cashel. At the foot thereof in 1858 I made up my mind on that head.

To Sir E. Strachey, Bart.

16 St. Giles, Oxford, April 26, 1891.

. . . The Editor of the *Historical Review* is now S. R. Gardiner, and I will write to him about your matter. Guest taught me to believe in Arthur, and there is a notice of him which, if not history, is at least very early legend, in the life of Gildas. It proves a good bit anyhow. Then Rhŷs seemed to disbelieve in him, and now he seems to have taken to him again. I tell Rhŷs that I live much too near to Avalon which is Ynysvitrin to give him up altogether, and that I can't part with him to them of Strathclyde. The King of the *Aestiva Regio* quae vulgariter dicitur *on Sumorsætan* was lord of the tyrant of Cornwall, but he did not behave well to his man κλοπαῖσι γυναικός, so far I get; but your Mallory is beyond my reach, and Tennyson further out of it still. I have not even fathomed the meaning of the word idyl.

I see you want me to *sing* to you the Battle of Himera.

[1] 'By preference.' [2] 'Otherwise.'

I should not at all mind doing so. I believe the literary gents don't know that I can write English, just because they don't sing one; but I don't fancy they would have much notion of rhythm if they did.

I am getting old, though not so old as you. I find that mere memory weakens, but that all other powers strengthen, I mean of the mind—legs and arms certainly don't; and I envy the newts who can put out new ones.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Somerleaze, June 7, 1891.

I look back at your last letter and it does not start so much to think about as usual, perhaps because it was written in London.

Thanks for what you say about *Sicily*. The best reviews have been *Guardian* and *Scotsman*.

. . . No, I know nothing of Rudyard Kipling—has he anything to do with the Dean of Peterborough that built the turrets?—beyond the echo of young Stephen's wish that the littery gents generally should cease from Riding, Kipling, or other their particular form of 'litteriness[1].'

. . . I dare say you have been thinking much more of Baccarat—or whatever it is—I stumble between Bacharach and Ballarat—than I have. I don't know who any of the people are, bating the Prince of Wales.

I don't understand what all the row is about; *ce n'est que le premier pas*, &c. If a man takes to gambling at all, I should think he would naturally take to cheating, and, after all, it is not so bad as selling yourself to the Turk or several other things that are counted 'honourable.' I am far more interested in the Berkeley peerage, which connects itself with many things. They come of Eadnoth the Staller[2] and I don't believe they know it. I must print *Pedigrees and Pedigree Makers*[3] anyhow.

[1] The reference is to the lines—

'Where the Rudyards cease from Kipling,
And the Haggards ride no more.'

[2] See *Norman Conquest*, iv. 760.

[3] *Contemporary Review*, June, 1877.

To ——.

Somerleaze, June 7, 1891.

From October 13 to June 5 I was continuously at Oxford, save only eleven days at Eastbourne of the South-Saxons. That was for certain touches at the throat which, perhaps, I might not have had if I had been in Sicily. But the winter and spring seem to have been very wretched all over the world, in Sicily as elsewhere. Some time later in the Long Vacation, most likely in September, I hope to get into Normandy—my daughters despise that land after Sicily, but it has its merits, (June 9) and I must go and do some business there this year. In other words—I may have told you this before—I have settled to do Henry I. And therefore I must go to Tinchebrai[1] and some other places. I want you to tell me whether you know of any new lights on his time since my vol. v and *William Rufus*. I believe I have all the Angevin books, but the ——[2] French of Paris have been lately doing work so much better than they had ever done for some ages that there may be something else. I always fancy that in the war the Germans knocked some of their *Geist* into the Frenchmen's heads, and so lost some of their own. I'm sure some of them have got dull enough, as I have found in Sicily. The French have been editing Gerbert, R. Glaber, and others, in a way that is very useful, but somehow they can't get right about Emperors even now. Ought I to get—is it Prevost's or whose?—edition of Orderic? I have got on hitherto with the old one in the Norman Duchesne. Do tell me about everything of the kind and give me any hints.

Bayeux, September 4, 1891.

. . . 'Tis just a month since we sailed from Southampton, and we hope to sail from Cherbourg. *We* means myself, Helen, and Edith Thompson.

. . . We have been out of the way of capitals, no Paris nor even Rouen—all *La Basse Normandie*. We went first to

[1] Where Henry defeated his brother Robert, September 28, 1106, and so obtained possession of Normandy.

[2] The MS. here is almost illegible. The word looks like 'mere,' which does not make good sense.

Coutances, whence we went to Saint Lo, and to that Hauteville which bears the tempting surname of *La-Guichard*. But, unless Tancred and all his sons lived in a little plot of ground with a ditch round it, like a small moated house, we did not find the nursery of the Kings of Sicily. My companions went to St. Michael-in-peril-of-the-sea. I stayed at Avranches, fearing so many steps, and contented myself with a small Michael's Mount that looks over Mortain. That is a place I delight in: I had been there at least twice before: but we found out new things, as the Abbaye Blanche. The next object was Tinchebrai, which, the direct trains from Mortain having been stopped, we got at by way of Vire and Flers. At Vire I should like to have stayed longer: fine site, castle, town-gate, good church, but so full of people keeping *Lady Day in August* that we could see hardly anything. Tinchebrai I think I understand; a good site, but nothing left of the Castle. Flers to Argentan, where we abode six days, both for Argentan itself and for divers places from it. My comrades went to Séez, but would not let me come because of rain, but we did a great piece of work by going to Oximus, Exmes, Hiesmes, 1001 spellings, and also Almenéches, the Abbey and le Château d'Almenéches: just the site and a big burial-tump close by. I think I now understand the doings of Robert of Bellême in 1103. Poor Abbess Emma! she was set upon by four of them at once[1], and two Abbesses Louisa in later times have built such an ugly church. Thence to Laigle, seat of all that called themselves after ernes, but, most unlike the eyrie of such, not on the top of the hill, but the slope. Thence we went to St. Evroul in faith. I said I would see Orderic's home in any case, though we could get no account of what was there. And we were rewarded by the very good thirteenth century ruins of the church. Nought that Orderic could have seen, unless he burrowed under the foundations of the apse, for there is no crypt. Also from Laigle to Verneuil and Tillières. Tillières, a great border fortress, and not more, but at Verneuil many things—the round donjon which assuredly Henry I did not build, one church with an apse

[1] Emma was Abbess of Almenéches. Her abbey was seized by the forces of Duke Robert of Normandy, and soon afterwards burnt, A.D. 1103, by Robert of Bellême, a rebellious vassal of the Duke's. *Ord. Vit.* xi. 4.

that might have come out of Auvergne, and another with one of the grandest of late French Gothic towers—also some good houses. Then to Evreux. The Mickle Hart is not so good quarters as he used to be, and they seem to have messed the bit of the wall of Mediolanum in the Bishop's palace. But we had a fine run to Breteuil, and saw with the mind's eye Jill going down into the ditch that is still there[1]. From Evreux to Bernay, stopping at Beaumont-le-Roger which delighted me much. Oh! such a ditch that the old Roger made, and there I have no doubt that Robert of Meulan began by outwitting his mother and his nurse. Bernay, Judy's Bernay[2], is much as it was thirty years (ago), only they seem to have knocked away the one Corinthian capital to stick in a wooden beam. 'Twas one of the very few in these parts, fellow to those at Duclair of the ducks. Then to Caen. There said I that I had often before seen all the things in Caen, but that I had never seen Caen itself. Forwhy I stepped out the town after the art that I learned of Johnny, and yet more the castle. I had been inside in past times, but I had really never seen those grand ditches. Between Caen and Bayeux I meant to stop to show them Norrey and to see that tower of Secqueville where the Lord of Glamorgan[3] was caught in his old land. But rain hindered it. So here we are at Bayeux, where Owen held that he and I were made honorary Canons, and where I made Johnny swear before the Tapestry 'Ego Johanniculus, unus e viridibus pueris, devenio homo tuus per totum spatium hujus itineris.' I have yet to get a look at St. Vigor and the bishop's stool, and Saint Joire, explained to be *George*, where in 1105 were done the exploits of the valiant Brown. Also I want to stop at Carentan which I omitted on the way out. I was there in 1861. There will I hearken to Bishop Serlo and look on at

[1] Jill = Juliana, natural daughter of Henry I. She took part in a rebellion against her father, and was besieged in the castle of Breteuil. The castle was forced to surrender, the drawbridge was removed, and Juliana was compelled to go down into the moat, and wade through the water.

[2] Judith's, because the abbey there was founded by Judith of Brittany (in 1013), the wife of Duke Richard the Good.

[3] Robert Fitz Hamon.

the great shearing[1]. There is a story called *Shaving of Shagpat* which I never read; but I cannot believe that it outdid the Shaving of Carentan. That is to be the end, and I think we have done very well, and intelligently; having the proper parts of Wace and Orderic with us, and I have also bought one or two books and maps on the road.

To the Rev. N. Pinder.

Somerleaze, September 6, 1891.

. . . Surely members for Canada and Australia at Westminster would mean that Canada and Australia were incorporated with Great Britain; as Scotland with England. Remember all my notions of Irish Home Rule shut out Irish members at Westminster. If Canadians and Irish are to vote on British affairs, while we do not vote on their affairs, Britain becomes a dependency on them. Bryce (who wrote from Norway, or rather Lapland) was asking me about these things the other day, and I said, 'Let the still dependent colonies do as they please. If they like to stay as they are, let them; do anything in the way of postage, tariffs, anything but the impossible Imperial Federation. On the other hand, if they like to go, let them. What —— and such people cannot understand is that it is possible to be an Englishman and yet not to be a subject of the Queen of this particular Middle England in which we are just now. Oh dear, what a lot I have to say about that in *Sicily*.

To J. Bryce, Esq., M.P.

Somerleaze, October 18, 1891.

I had a letter from you about Wisby and the rest of Gotland, and I can't find it, but have fallen instead on an earlier one written from the North Cape. The second was in answer to one that I sent from Bayeux to Stockholm. Are you sure that *Got*land or *Got*land has anything to do with *Goths*? One used to think ages ago that both that and the mainland province had to do with them. Then we were told that neither had, and

[1] *Ord. Vit.* xi. 8. *Norm. Conq.* v. 844. See above, p. 188.

that *Geatas* had nothing to do with Goths, any more than Claudian's and Grimm's *Getæ*. And I ever used the illustration against all that stuff of Sikels going to Egypt—which Sayce, who taught us to despise it, has now gone back to, because he has got a supposed Sikel in an Egyptian thing with a nose like M. Porcius of Tusculum. Such arguments do the φιλοβάρβαροι[1] swallow. But now York Powell says that *Geatas* are *Goths*, but that the island has nothing to do with it. I suppose *Getæ* and *Daci* will turn up again some day. I first heard about Wisby from Pinder years ago. I wonder if I shall ever get to those parts. (I have been at Wis*mar*.) I should like to see something of Scandinavia before I die; but there is so much to do southwards, and I want to see something of Spain, for Pippin's sake at one end and the Saracens at the other.

. . . I am not happy about public affairs. There is a great talk of many things, but not a word about Macedonia and Armenia, and not a word to tell us whether the next Home Rule is to be the real one, or this federal nonsense. And I cannot believe in 'one man, one vote.' It seems to upset the whole notion of the House of *Communes*. And I am horribly afraid that I shall have to part company about Disestablishment. What does Chamberlain mean by saying that Gladstone goes in for Disestablishment in Wales, not because it is right, but because it is expedient? I suppose it is right, if it be expedient. I don't see what eternal right there can be either way. In Ireland I thought it expedient, and therefore right; I was zealous enough in 1868, and I shall be again. About Wales I told G. O. Morgan at Syracuse that I should be inclined to go with him, if Wales were an island; only it is not an island, but a peninsula with a very broad isthmus. Then what is Disestablishment? I really don't want to see Llandaff and St. David's either desecrated or turned into Little Bethels. And either in Wales or England, one is hindered from considering the case quietly by this horrible folly about 'National property,' putting the whole argument wrong. I may accept Disestablishment, if you can prove it to me that it will really be for the good of the country; I shall

[1] 'Lovers of barbarians.'

fight against it, if it is brought forward on the transparent falsehood of National Property. I should greatly like to get rid of tithes, whether paid to parsons or to lay rectors. The whole thing is a do. But I believe they tell you that we are to pay tithes still, only to some other end. If it comes to that, I had rather pay to the parson. But a bishop has as good a right to his lands as an earl, or rather better, as earls have shirked their duties more thoroughly than bishops. In the only (rather forced) sense in which either can be called National Property, one is as much so as the other. Strictly National Property, *folkland, ager publicus*, you know very well that there is none.

Whatever was *folkland* once ceased to be so when it was *booked* to A. or B., whether earl or bishop. You may make it anything by Act of Parliament; National Property if you like; only in that case National Property must be created and defined. But to the daring falsehood that Church property is National Property at this moment, and to the apparent inference that its present holders are in some sort intruders, I must give all the opposition I can. And if Gladstone goes in for such stuff, to what am I to turn?... I see you have been talking about Mid-Africa. I could only say, Have nothing to do with such places at all. But reasonable and intelligible Africa, why should it not be made European again? I always said about Egypt, Leave it alone, 'let the potsherds of the earth strive with the potsherds of the earth,' but, if you must meddle, make a province of it. I suppose we have done the poor Copts—and the poor Mussulmans too; for I fancy general oppression had reached that stage that the Mussulman was no better off than the Copts—some good, and have we a right to give them back to the oppressor?

To Miss Helen Freeman.

11 Waterloo Crescent, Dover, October 22, 1891.

... Yesterday was mighty fine and warm in rooms facing the east, as is this. We saw France clearly, and in the afternoon went to St. Margaret-at-Cliff. There is a Romanesque church, as good as any you will see in Normandy, which I have

known all my days out of Petit. Moreover the road thither took us nearly all round the castle, giving views that I had never seen before. The land here looks so different from either Somerset or the parts of Normandy that we were in, without trees, hedges, or grass. To me it looks dull; but it grows babies to keep up the stock of the Cantware; the landlady here has a twin pair, of which (like eagles) the little sister is the greater, and is so enclosed in her own fat that she cannot walk, while the carl-bairn toddles merrily. I thought twins would have eyes of the same colour, but these are different.

. . . I am glad you escaped the branch. That is a very bad trick of elm-branches. There is an ode of Horace on the subject[1], which, when you get to Oxford, you may name either of the representatives of the Latin tongue to expound to you.

To the Bishop of St. David's.

Somerleaze, Wells, October 25, 1891.

The heading just above is all false—I am not at Somerleaze, but at Dover, and I expect to be at Oxford to-morrow.

. . . My wife and I have come for six days with Margaret to get a whiff of air before I go to Oxford. It is ruled that I am never more to go straight from Oxford to Somerleaze, or from Somerleaze to Oxford. Possibly I may go somewhere in February—I don't know where; not Sicily again just yet. I want to see something of Spain. Florence is getting on with Spanish; but she too has been sick and sent up to Ilkley in Yorkshire—maybe you know about it. I am not sure whether it is not in Loidis or Elmet. But I know that *Ben Rhydding* is an imposture—I mean as far as the British-sounding name goes.

I have not been in Sicily since May, 1890, which seems a long time; but I don't want to go till I have the Saracen and Norman part ready to revise on the spot. The Norman *Conquest* is mainly written; the Saracen part not at all. I am just now printing away at the Athenian siege. I don't believe anybody since Philistos has written it from within.

[1] Odes, ii. 17.

Margaret here has got Archbishop Tait's Life, which I don't think I had looked at before. I found out his practical power when I was on the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission. I admired in his successor the other day an unusual piece of accuracy in this blundering age, when he spoke of 'our Lady the Queen's Empire of India.'

To Principal Geddes[1].

16 St. Giles, Oxford, November 1, 1891.

Your letter struck me with amazement; but I thank you all the same for it. It is very good indeed of you to think of me for the Gifford Lecture. But I don't quite see how I could accept it, even if it were offered unanimously, and if the subject were the history of Sicily. My strength—that is the word rather than *health*—is so uncertain that I don't think I ought to pledge myself to anything at any distance, all the more as I shall want one more winter sometime for Sicily, and I had thought of '92-3, if I live and prosper. Besides, I have very little notion what the Gifford Lectures are about. One word in what you say I cannot make out. It is 'Theism, or Philosophic *something*.' Please to remember that I am no metaphysician, but purely a creature of facts. What I wrote about Christianity and the Geocentric System was simply to show that a certain pretended argument proved nothing. It always seems to me that all these subjects are beyond our faculties. Theism and atheism are to me both philosophically inconceivable; that is, I cannot conceive the world without a Creator, and I cannot of myself form any conception of a Creator of the world. *Faith* must come in in some shape, and it seems to me that there is often just as much faith of a kind in the unbeliever as in the believer. Neither can prove his case mathematically. But *Unconditioned* and *Objective*, and all that, have no meaning for me; so I guess I am not quite the kind of man you want.

[1] Sir William Duguid Geddes, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen, Knighted in 1892.

To the Same.

16 St. Giles, Oxford, November 5, 1891.

I have been thinking over your offer of nominating me for the Gifford Lectures. It is very kind of you to think of it. My first feeling was that the thing would be too abstract for me; but from what you say about it, I am inclined to think that it does come within my range, and that I may not wholly break down. My line, you know, deals with facts, but I think there are some aspects of facts which will come within the provisions of the foundations which you send me. So I shall be very glad to be nominated as you propose, and, if your fellow-electors accept me, I will do my best to make something which may be of some use. You must, of course, take the chance of my being alive and in pretty good strength at the time you speak of. And I shall be very glad to see Aberdeen. I have never got so far north as yet. You say you wish to hear to-morrow; so I will not enlarge further to-day. If the choice of the electors should fall on me, I will ask the late lecturer about some points.

To Professor Goodwin[1].

16 St. Giles, Oxford, November 8, 1891.

You don't know how thankful I am for all that you have sent me, letters, and marks on slips. I only wish that you were not so far off, for they seldom come in time for me to do anything to the text; but they are carefully kept for the benefit of the Appendix, or in the last resort for the Additions and Corrections. I am delighted that you go with me about all that Nissen-dodging about the ten and the twenty ships that went to Korkyra. There is a most pleasant notice of vols. i and ii in *Classical Review*, by Holm himself, where he speaks well of me for not ever going after the last dodge. Mine may be a homely frame of mind; but I think it is a safe and useful one. It seems to me that the German guessers are rather like the British joke-makers. Both follow rather poor trades; but, when they have taken to them, they must go on with them, and make some guess and some joke, or they would get no breakfast or dinner.

[1] Professor of Greek in Harvard University, U.S.A.

I stop to tell a story. York Powell heard Ellis talk to me about the Hêrôndas thing before it was published. He reports that Ellis said to him, 'How odd it is that Freeman should not seem to care at all about the metre, but should want to know what it is about.' Then I said to him, 'How odd it is that Ellis should trouble himself about the metre when he does not even know what the thing is about.' I have looked at it since, there does not seem much in it, save something about *αὐτονομία* and *κῶς*—for *αὐτονομία* is good everywhere. And the metre is to my ear hobbling stuff, as perhaps scazons and choriambics ought to be. 'Tis as if you should sing or say of Judge Grey:

> He was the tallest man in Massachusetts;
> But now in Washington he metes out justice.

No—I'm the *scazon*, not Hêrôndas. That is quite right with a double rime or no-rime—I mean this—I had made it right for my own country, and got wrong by venturing into your state. Here is a good iambic:

> I tóok the tráin from Brístol tó Torquay.

But here be scazons:

> I tóok the tráin from Brístol tó Taúnton,
> And theré I mét a fámous Árchdeácon.

I see many be guessing away at Hêrôndas. Well, but Sicily, I can't go through all your points here, but pray send me as many as you can. They are all weighed and used, and you shall see the fruits.... I have hardly looked at the new Aristotle. It seemed to have nothing that concerned me, save a bit about Themistokles very faintly. Do you know that old Keightley whispered once that Aristotle was not always the best authority for matters of fact? It has sometimes struck me that this is true. He is wonderfully keen to observe things and class things and put them under their causes, but to that end it did not always matter about minute accuracy—of fact. Of course in the *Politics* he is more careful than elsewhere, as the Stesichoros-story in the *Rhetoric*[1]; and he ought to be more careful in the Πολιτεῖαι

[1] ii. 20, § 5.

than in the *Politics*. But I wish he would not make that strange use of *πολιτεία* and *δημοκρατία*, which leads to such confusion.

Πολιτεία and *δημοκρατία*—it has struck me this very moment how they verbally translate your two great parties. I certainly want Cleveland to come in again, though his very last end was not worthy of his beginning. And it would be a good move in this, to re-elect, but not immediately. I learned that in Achaia thirty years back. But I do not forget the difference between one year and four. Still I hold immediate re-election; yet, when you have a good man, 'tis pity not to have him another time. Will there be many Mugwumps next time?

To Principal Geddes.

16 St. Giles, Oxford, December 8, 1891.

Pray don't afflict yourself, as I certainly don't afflict myself. Save that it would be speaking against your judgement in proposing me, I should say that the electors have done much more wisely in choosing Fairbairn[1]. It is his line and it is not mine. I certainly should not object to earning £1000 in any honest way; but to make anything worth your having would have made sad holes in Sicilian and other work, and most likely it would not have been worth having after all. And I am sure your people would want something about the Objective and the Unconditioned, of which I fancy Fairbairn has a good stock, but of which I have none at all. I could only have given you something about Zeus and Woden and such like.

To the Rev. Canon Meyrick.

16 St. Giles, Oxford, December 20, 1891.

You date from Blickling; that is in England; I am glad you are able to abide in this island in the winter. But is there any chance of your going to Spain in February? I have some notion of it; but I could not go without somebody to take care of me and speak the tongue. My daughter Florence is learning it fast; (December 23) but she seemingly has some other plan. I went to see Cordova after seeing Kairouan.

[1] For Gifford Lecturer.

History of the Church of Spain! That's a large undertaking. My *Sicily* is longer at one end, as I do a good bit in B.C., but you are longer at the other end, as I shut up when I have buried *Stupor Mundi*[1]. I guess 'twas your Spaniards that taught my Sicilians to burn people, as they did at Palermo in 1720. There is a picture of the procession in the Museum. I don't know much about your subject, bating an Arian council, which made a canon how to treat those who came over 'de Romana religione ad nostram Catholicam fidem.' Please to beat into people's heads that the Gothic and Vandal Arians (and I am not responsible for Romans) were not Nonconformists or Free-thinkers, or any such thing, but men who stuck stiff to their old mumpsimus, the first thing they had been taught. Then I know how J. M. Neale sang:

> 'Upon them Braga's prelate,
> Primate of all the Spains,
> Upon them with the crucifix,'

I can't remember the last line, so I supply it:

> 'And dash out all their brains.'

Anyhow a good rime, but anyhow a strange combatant and a stranger weapon.

. . . I see you have been signing a Manifesto. You say that the Scriptures are what they profess to be. Only what do they profess to be? It has always struck me as one main difference between New Testament and Koran, that Koran is always talking about itself and saying how good it is, while N.T. (bating a few passages towards the end of the Fourth Gospel) hardly ever talks about itself.

The following letters refer to his intended journey into Spain, and contain a record of it down to the very day when he began to feel the first symptoms of his fatal illness. Several articles written for the *Guardian* upon the places which he visited in Spain appeared in that

[1] 'The wonder of the world,' i. e. the Emperor Frederick II, who died A.D. 1250, and was buried at Palermo.

journal after his death. He was accompanied on his Spanish tour by his wife and his two youngest daughters. They left England on February 19, and stopped for a few days on their way through France at Limoges, Cahors, and Perpignan. Their first halting-place in Spain was Gerona, their second Barcelona, where they remained three or four days. On March the 1st they proceeded to Tarragona, and on the 5th to Valencia, from which his last letter was written.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Oxford, January 10, 1892.

. . . I have kept wonderfully clear of cough, and such like; but I seem less and less able to walk; so we hope that for that, too, Grenada may prove a remedy, as Syracuse and Bordighera. Just now Kate is here with her two bairns. Little Agnes (born December, 1890) is a very jolly little thing, trying very hard to walk and talk. We have had Hodgkin and Dawkins here, and Pinder, Stephens, and Markham are all due before we start. Only nobody knows when that will be. We should like to start when the judge comes, so as not (January 17) to have two turnings out; but I don't yet know whether that can be. I must get big *Sicily*, vol. iii, and little *Sicily*, and *Essays*, vol. iv, all clear off my hands before we can start. All are getting near the end, but none has reached it. Vol. iii has been a wonderful piece of work; but I hope I have made something of it. I wonder what you will say to poor old Nik.[1] when you read it. I have been shut up for two or three days, though I don't feel that there is much amiss. I had lost my voice a day or two back, but I have got it again now. Kate brings Agnes in, and that is a very pleasant plaything. 'Tis so odd about babes. One is so taken with the reigning babe that one cannot remember whether those that went before it did the same or not.

[1] Nikias the commander of the Athenian forces in the expedition to Sicily. See *Hist. Sicily*, iii.

. . . I have finished Gardiner's vol. iii. He makes out a vast number of things that one never before heard of, and he leaves out a vast number that one had well in one's head. There was a great cake of wax by way of a night-light before Charles was beheaded, and all about the soldiers spitting on him, and Bishop Juxon talking about *stages*[1]. If he had found out that these were not so, I think he should say so, as one knows them so well. But what a time Cromwell always took to make up his mind, and how often he changed it. It is very hard work to think that he was always sincere. Altogether the whole time is bothering, at least to me, as I can't go in heartily for any party. 'Tis a relief to fly to the thirteenth century, and shout for the Sword of the Lord and Earl Simon without any misgiving any way. Does not he unite all that is good on any side? Anyhow seventeenth century men are better than fifteenth; they did fight about something.

. . . (January 17.) I read a bit of *Blanche Lady Falaise*[2], as she lay on the table, but I could make nothing of it. How c uld anybody be 'Lady Falaise'? And of George Gissing and *New Grub Street*[3] I know nought. But I have for the first time been reading a Greek novel. I don't mean a new one, but perhaps A.D. 600, *more or less*. The Loves of Chaireas and Kallirhoê, by Charitôn of Aphrodisias[4]. I read it because Kallirhoê is daughter of Hermokrates of Syracuse. Like a Homeric or a modern story, it turns on marriage. But it suggests one or two curious questions for canonists. If a woman is dead and buried and comes to life again, is she any longer bound to her first husband? Then, if she takes a second and afterwards meets the first, should she go back to the first? Setting aside motives and details, some very curious, that is pretty well the story of Kallirhoê. All the characters, save

[1] The reference is to some of Juxon's last words to the king on the scaffold, 'There is but one stage more: it is a short one, but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way. It will carry you from earth to heaven.' See 'Life of Juxon' in Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops*, vol. vi. p. 413.

[2] By J. H. Shorthouse.

[3] A novel in three vols., by G. G. Gissing.

[4] See *Hist. of Sicily*, iii. 730–732.

one or two pirates and tyrants, are as respectable as Quakers. The great king Artaxerxes is a very decent kind of person, and his queen Stateira admirable.

To C. S. ROUNDELL, ESQ., M.P.

Oxford, January 16, 1892.

I am afraid I can't do much to help you about Albert University, save to curse the name of it. Victoria University was very low; Albert University is lower still. V. U. did at least express a date. A. U. may mislead people as to a date. How queer is that love of cringing for its own sake, when you get nothing by it. It was intelligible when there was the chance of getting the forfeited estate of the next beheaded duke.

But you may first enlarge on the fact that the present London University is no university at all. A mere examining board is not a university.

Then, secondly, I hate London and all that is in it (save some of its inhabitants, whom I would gladly see elsewhere); still I cannot deny that the planting of universities in big towns has all precedent for it. Therefore I rejoice over Manchester, if only it would call itself Manchester, and not that silly Victoria. I do not doubt that there be many in both Houses of Parliament who still believe (as they did at the last University debate) that Oxford and Cambridge Universities were planted (like some monasteries) under green trees, and that the towns grew up round them.

What is the matter about religious tests? Surely they are, in the year 1892, wholly out of place in a university, a thing essentially public. But what is the harm of them in a college or hall, a thing essentially domestic? I have no evil will to Keble, save that it should not call itself a college; only in that matter I have somewhat clipped its wings. And I told Fairbairn that I would like to see Mansfield incorporated as a real college. Its present position leads to all manner of confusions.

But perhaps I should not say *tests*. For *tests*, in the strict sense, I loathe in all cases. I mean that the University should not enforce conformity to any particular religious worship, while I see no reason why a particular college or hall should not.

To the Rev. W. Hunt.

Oxford, January 24, 1892.

. . . I don't know now when we shall be off for Spain, perhaps no sooner than you; it depends on several things, and I leave it to Helen and Florence. It is F. who will have to talk for us. I wish I could talk something, and the stupid thing is that I could talk better twenty or thirty years back than I can now. Before I go I must get three things done. *Sicily*, vol. iii, *Essays*, iv, little *Sicily*, i. *Essays* does not want much more doing. I have been looking at Street's *Gothic Architecture in Spain*. It is so odd how architectural writers never know the simplest facts of history. Petit years ago noticed that Strassburg and all Elsass were German in buildings, language, and everything else; but he seems to think it odd that it was so. So Street goes on about French influence in Spanish architecture. This is a very real thing in some places, answering to Köln in Germany and Westminster here. But he mixes up with this the fact that Southern Gaul and Catalonia naturally have the same architecture as they have the same language. And so he gets puzzled and puzzled, till at last, at the moment of leaving Spain, he finds out that Roussillon once was Spanish; but he still does not know that, in the sense in which he calls Toulouse 'French,' Gerona was 'French' too, and that Arles was not 'French' at all.

To Professor Dawkins.

Oxford, February 14, 1892.

I start for Spain on Friday τέταρτος αὐτός[1]; that is, we are all going in a body. We expect to be away about two months, and, while we are away, *Somerleaze* is a better address than this, as things are safer to go on regularly. We get in by Perpignan and Gerona, and so creep along the east coast till we can strike south for the Saracen places.

How are you all? We have kept on pretty well; but I am still bad on the legs, as you saw me last. I feel sure that if I were at Syracuse I could track out Dionysius' wall as usual;

[1] 'I and three others.'

and I dare say I shall find something in Spain to set me a-going equally. Murviedro, that was Saguntum, would, I dare say, serve the turn, and I hope to get there.

. . . Kate has been here with Basil and Agnes. The bonniest little bairn she is, and specially to see her sit on the floor and look up at Bayne[1] with mute wonder.

. . . I have done with proofs of *Essays*, and I have the last of the Contents of *Sicily*. But I have fear that little *Sicily* may follow me into Spain.

To J. B. Bury, Esq.

Cahors, February 22, 1892.

I did not see your *Scottish Review* of me till a few days before I left Oxford. . . . I don't know how to thank you enough for it. It is absurd to say that it is the best that has appeared: for there has been no other of the same class—nothing but newspapers. . . . You understand me as nobody else does. I specially thank you for what you say about my supposed diffuseness, and repetition. They just say it because it is the regular thing to say. A. said that my little *William the Conqueror* was 'diffuse' because it is the rule for every penny-a-liner to say that anything I write is 'diffuse.' But you say as well as I that there is a time to *diffude*, and a time to refrain from *diffuding*. Well, big *Sicily* is the time to diffude, and little *Sicily* is the time to refrain, but of course all the 'littery gents' will say that *little* is diffuse, because they *must* say it: they have nothing else to say. Of course they have not read big or little. The dilemma always is this. One has said a thing, A, 1001 times, and is tired of saying it. Shall one say it the 1002nd time or not? If one says it, one lot cry out 'wearisome repetition.' If from weariness one leaves it unsaid, up starts some chap who heard of it for the first time the week before, 'Mr. Freeman has forgotten A.' 'He has omitted to notice A.' &c. Remember that I have been charged with *neglecting the Eastern Empire*. Such be the 'littery gents.' . . .

We are four of us crawling towards Spain, and expect to be back in Oxford some time in April.

[1] The Rev. T. V. Bayne, Student of Christ Church.

To Miss Edith Thompson.

Perpignan, February 24, 1892.

We left Oxford on Friday, Helen and Florence by Dover, Eleanor and I by Southampton, meeting at Paris. I believe we ought to have gone on that night for Toulouse; but I was too utterly tired. You know that, though I have not really been sick for many months, I have been as much shut up and coddled as if I had been sick, and I had got very bad on the legs, but I have begun to mend just as I did in Normandy. Anyhow it is a blessing to see something else than the Woodstock and Banbury Road and now and then the park. I really have not been further than that since October 26. And till to-day I had not been in a carriage to go anywhither since a few days before that, when I was with Margaret at Dover. I believe all this is to explain why I was so tired at Paris. Anyhow we did not go on, and found that there were no good trains by day. So we stopped at Limoges, where I did not even get to see how they had hooked on the new nave to the old tower, and at Cahors, where I did trot out a little bit, and found that I could already walk much better than I could at Oxford. Thence hither yesterday, 23rd; to-day we looked about here, and took carriage out to Elne = Castra Helene = Illiberis, the old city which is this Perpignan[1]—when I was little and read it in the map, I used to call it 'Nanny pigs.' To-morrow we hope to cross the border and get to Gerona. So I don't suppose that this letter will be finished in Gaul, but it is more likely to be stamped with the head of the little king on the other side—it is so like the Merwings. The Goths would never have done so.

'Tis a wonderful change coming here as regards sun and air —'Tis merrily bright and warm. Quite another thing when we left Oxford in the snow. There was rain here yesterday just as we came in the train, the first for a long time; but it was quite clear all to-day. Indeed the snow showed itself a very fair respecter of boundaries; there was a great deal north of Loire and very little south. This country is quite new to me, and I should like to stay a little longer.

[1] The meaning of the writer is doubtful here. Possibly 'near' is omitted before 'this Perpignan.'

I guess you have got my fourth volume of *Essays* some days back, as I heard this morning that it had reached Wookey; *Law of Honour* comes in Miscellaneous. I told Oman to seek about Peter[1] and the lanzknechts: he did not seem to know more about it than other people. *The House of Lords* was frightful hard work putting together. *Sicily*, vol. iii, is done as far as I am concerned. I don't know how long it will be before it comes out. And I have done all the proving of little *Sicily*; but it will have to follow me for some purposes.

. . . (Barcelona, February 26.) I have not seen about Sayce and Melchizedek. The best dodge of his I know of was that he had gone back (I will not quote the Apostle James; Compostella is a long way from here, and which James is it that is there?) to believing in the Sikel invasion of Egypt. 'Tis on the strength of a man's nose, which he says is just like that of M. Cato of Tusculum[2]. Now how much might one prove about the folk of Orange, Holland, and England, if William, Prince, stadholder, and king, had had his nose painted in some out-of-the-way time and place? Some Sayce might argue that the men of all three lands had all of them noses to match.

I suppose בעל=Dominus, is in itself perfectly harmless.

Nobody asked me to say or do anything for or against the image—shall I say of Baal-newman? That was a gain, (February 27) as I should have had to tell both sides that they were fools. I did not want any images at all, and I saw no particular reason for one of Newman. All such things are in our British climate ugly and ridiculous, and as yet Oxford has been happily free from them. And if we began, I would set up Earl Simon and the Provisions: only —— would think that the Provisions were something to eat, as he clearly thought that Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were all done at one stake. His Protestant ravings sent me somewhat the other way. I don't think we want the idol in Trinity or Oriel.

[1] Pierre du Terrail, better known as the Chevalier Bayard. Miss Thompson had asked Mr. Freeman to reconsider a passage in which she thought that he (following Sismondi) had not put Bayard's side of the question quite fairly.

[2] See Sayce in *Newbery House Mag.*, December, 1891.

To the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens.

Barcelona, February 28, 1892.

Thanks for your notes on the *Athenaeum* paper about Trapani and Scheria[1]. I got a copy before I came away. I had no time to think much about it, but I must see when I get back. It did not strike me as anything more than the kind of vague identification that one might make of a hundred places. Besides, the coast has clearly changed, not only since Odysseus, but since much later times; forwhy Count Roger carried away cows from a point which is now covered by sea. And he must further account for Odysseus getting (or the poet sending him) so far west, to a coast which one cannot fancy that the Greeks of his day knew anything of. I know that way of proving things very well; I dare say, if one were clever enough, one could prove the place to be Barcelona.

I sent you a packet the day we started, sheets, maps, and this and that, I don't know when the volume will be actually out. It is to come out by itself without waiting for vol. iv. Thanks for your suggestion. I at once restored Ναζιάνζους—is my accent right or is it Ναζιανζός?—I am not so well used to that Greg. as to two others, one of whom is the main authority for Sicily in his day. 'Olentia stagna[2]' *is* a reading, and makes much better sense, as the lake certainly stinks and there is no reason to think that the Palici themselves (not being Jews) did. But Ellis won't hear of it, because of the metre.

. . . I am always writing *east* for *west* and back again[3]. San Vito should have been the northern point of *that part of Sicily*, which it certainly is.

One of the first things which struck me on getting into the Aragonese dominions in Roussillon was the likeness of the late

[1] A letter in the *Athenaeum* suggesting some reasons for identifying the Scheria of Homer's *Odyssey* with the site of Trapani.

[2] In *Hist. of Sicily*, i. 525, Ovid, *Pont.* ii. 10. 25, is quoted: 'Hennaeosque lacus et *olentia stagna Palici*,' which I had suggested must be a wrong reading for 'olen*tis* stagna Palici.'

[3] I had mentioned some passages in the *History of Sicily* in which slips of this kind occurred; also that San Vito was not the most northern point of all Sicily.

work, chiefly in houses, to what I was used to in Sicily. I had always set the style in Sicily down as Spanish in some shape, and now I find it in these Catalan places, all that I have seen yet, Perpignan, Gerona, and this Barcino. Here it even gets into great churches. The cathedral (more rightly the *see*) here has very tall pillars with very flat arches, such as one sees in all manner of places in Sicily, but hardly inside churches. The triforium and clerestory are utterly dwarfed, but there is something effective in the height, and the gloom of the great church is wonderful. You know of course the strange fashion of making the choir all apart from the altar, down in what should naturally be the nave—(we have some approach to it at Norwich, Westminster, and St. Albans). At Gerona, where there is a hugely wide nave without pillars, it looks like a big box in a room. Here the stalls and canopies are very fine. Charles I of Castile, &c., (not yet Charles V. Augustus) held a chapter of the Golden Fleece in them.

To the Rev. J. T. Fowler.

Tarragona, March 1, 1892.

You are wanted here in Spain to teach people to call episcopal churches by their right name. That name here, and sometimes in Aquitaine, is seo=sedes; but, just as at Lincoln they think it fine to say something other than *Minster*, and at Durham something other than *abbey*, so here *catedral* seems to be a-driving out *seo*, perhaps has already ydriven it out.

Things are done here in the name of the Epispo, Dean, y Cabildo[1].' Is not the last word a funny corruption of *capitulum*? And it is queer that *Decanus* should have come to the same letters, though not to the same sound, in Spanish and in English. I am now getting used to the queer Spanish use of putting the Dean y Cabildo in a choir some way down the nave, with a bay or two between it and the high altar (*capilla major*). It is the arrangement of Norwich, Westminster, and St. Albans carried out a little further. But at Gerona, where there are no pillars in the western part, but one huge wide

[1] Bishop, Dean, and Chapter.

body, it looks like a big pew or box thrown down in the middle of the nave (Sketch Plan).

Both this town and Barcelona have gone mad after carnival; but I suppose they will be quiet to-morrow.

To Mrs. A. J. Evans.

Valencia, March 6, 1892.

. . . We kept St. David's Day by going from Barcelona to Tarragona. That is not a very long journey, and allowed seeing something at Barcelona before and at Tarragona after. Florence was specially charmed with the *seo* at Barcelona. It was wonderfully striking, but I found more to study in the *metropolis* at Tarragona. At Barcelona I fully learned, what I began to learn at Perpignan and Gerona—what indeed I had become sure of at Palermo, Syracuse, and Taormina—namely, that all that late Sicilian Gothic running on into *Renaissance* with flat arches, traceried windows, &c. &c., is Aragonese. Barcelona is full of it, some very fine. The *see* even has flat pier-arches. Is there another living city, haven, head of a province, seat of an Archbishop, with primaeval walls round it? So it is at Tarragona. I won't say that they run all round; but there they are on two sides, forming the lower part of walls of all dates, from early Roman till now. And two posterns—they hardly amount to gateways—what they call Cyclopean, what Stillman would doubtless call Pelasgian. On them stands a Roman building called Palace of Augustus, Tower of Pilate, what not. What brought Pilate here? he is surely due at Vienna Allobrogum?

. . . We are always thinking of Sicily—limestone, olives, oranges, are always suggesting it; but we miss Aetna, and I miss the *bluffs*, common to Syracuse, Somerset, and the Hwiccas. But what strikes me most is that Spain differs so little from other places. We have got good quarters and good food hitherto; to be sure we have only been in considerable towns (Barcelona may rank as a capital), but Gerona has a much less population than many Sicilian towns where you fare worse.

. . . We had one rainy day at Tarragona. But we have had more bright ones. But I found at Tarragona that the sun could

shine; hot days with a cold wind. Tarragona has a reputation for such winds. I wanted Arthur there at the primaeval work. We have seen no coins but modern ones, very modern, ranging only from the *parvolus* back to Grandmother Isabel (Elizabeth II, she is on the tomb of James the Conqueror, lately set up afresh at Tarragona). But they are instructive in modern revolutions, as they used to be in France.

George of Greece seems to be acting rather powerfully. I am glad Trikoupês does not come in under such circumstances. Both Greece and France have got Prime Ministers that I never heard of. Who is Mayor of the Palace here to the *parvolus*' mamma I don't know either. It is all so like Merwings.

The following letter from a native of Finland, refers to Freeman's article on Finland in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1892. There was great fear at that time that the Grand Duchy of Finland would be deprived of the large measure of political and religious independence which it had hitherto enjoyed. Freeman died on March 16, before this letter reached him.

Helsingfors, Finland, March 12, 1892.

DEAR SIR,

Some days ago I had the pleasure of receiving the March number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Not only on my own behalf, but on behalf of my countrymen, I beg to thank you most heartily for your splendid article on Finland. It has caused general delight and gratitude in this country. I translated it for one of our daily papers, so far as it could be translated and published here. I suppose you know that the Finlanders have no liberty of the press. I do not know which has caused more admiration, the vigour with which you stand up in defence of our cause, or your wonderful grasp of the present situation of our own country and the opinions prevalent amongst ourselves. Your article is without doubt the most important contribution to the subject which has as yet appeared in the European press, and will, I hope, have a considerable effect on the opinions abroad. Surely, our obligation to you is very great.

I have also to thank you for your information about the Oxford libraries and the number of *Forum* which you were so kind as to send me.

It will be very interesting to see whether the Russian papers will notice your article.

If you would feel inclined some day to make a holiday trip to this country in the summer, you could be sure of the heartiest welcome.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
EDWARD WESTERMARCK.

Freeman's last letter was written to his daughter, Mrs. Evans, from Valencia, on Sunday, March the 6th. The wind had been bitterly cold at Tarragona, and at Valencia the weather was wet and disagreeable. On Monday the 7th, after walking about the muddy streets, he complained of feeling tired and unwell, but his diary for that day records that he finished writing his articles for the *Guardian* on Tarragona and Valencia. On Tuesday the 8th he felt more unwell, and expressed a strong desire to leave Valencia, as he thought the place did not agree with him. The only entry in his journal for this day, 'Very weak, letter from Kate,' is written in an extremely shaky hand. The last entry written on the following day, 'Very weak, rail to La Encina and Alicante,' is scarcely legible. The next day, Thursday the 10th, as he was no better, the intention which had been entertained of proceeding to Carthagena was abandoned. Symptoms of bronchitis began to appear on the 11th, and these were followed the day after by signs of smallpox, which at first the doctor thought would be a very mild attack. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed. The combination of disorders was too much for the strength of the patient; and after Sunday it was obvious

that the end could not be long delayed. He sank peacefully to rest on the morning of Wednesday, March the 16th. It was mercifully ordered for him that, although he died in a foreign land, and owing to the malignant character of the disease it was impossible that his wife and daughters should undertake all the duties of nursing, yet they were near him to the end. He had been married forty-five years, and in a copy of verses addressed to his future wife during their engagement, it is touching to read a forecast of their inevitable separation one day in this world, only to be followed, as he trusted, by a lasting union in another.

'And though one dim and awful hour
Must snap e'en wedlock's holy tie,
Yet, armed by faith against its power,
To meet we part, to live we die.'

His remains were laid to rest in the Protestant cemetery at Alicante, on the day after his decease. A marble cross which has been placed at the head of the grave bears the following inscription, composed by his son-in-law, Mr. A. J. Evans.

Piae memoriae
Edwardi Augusti Freeman
qui
Origines Angliae
Normannorum dicionem
Fata Siciliae
Literis illustravit perpetuis,
Ac studio impulsus loca pernoscendi,
Hispanico in itinere,
Morte correptus inopina,
Hic inter Lucentinos occubuit.
Die xvi. Martii
Anno salutis MDCCCXCII.
Requiescat in pace.

CHAPTER XII.

Concluding Survey.

No one who has studied Mr. Freeman's writings, or who has followed the story of his life, more especially in his correspondence, can fail to perceive that his merits as an historian depended upon certain moral qualities almost as much as upon his intellectual gifts. Devotion to truth, which counts no pains too great to ascertain it, courage in speaking it at all hazards, a deep sense of duty, and that power of appreciating whatever is truly noble in human character and action, which comes from keeping a high moral standard steadily in view—these qualities, which were most conspicuous in him, are indeed essential elements in the character of a really great historian. In one of the lectures of the late Dean Church upon the influence of Christianity on national character, he sums up the virtues that in his judgement were specially distinctive of Teutonic races, and arranges them in groups. In the first two groups he places the virtues connected with *Truth* and the virtues of *Manliness*; and these he describes in the following remarkable and beautiful passage.

'I mean by the virtues connected with *Truth*, not only the search after what is true, and the speaking of what is known or believed to be true, but the regard generally for what is real, substantial, genuine, solid, which is shown in some portions of the race by a distrust, sometimes extreme, of theories, of intellectual subtleties: . . . the taste for plainness and simplicity

of life and manners and speech: the strong sense of justice, large, unflinching, consistent; the power and will to be fair to a strong opponent:—the impatience of affectation and pretence; not merely the disgust or amusement, but the deep moral indignation at shams and imposture:—the dislike of over-statement and exaggeration; the fear of professing too much; the shame and horror of seeming to act a part; the sacrifice of form to substance; the expectation and demand that a man should say what he really means—say it well, forcibly, elegantly if he can, but anyhow, rather say it clumsily and awkwardly than say anything *but* what he means, or sacrifice his real thought to his rhetoric. I mean, too, that unforced and honest modesty both of intellect and conduct which comes naturally to any man who takes a true measure of himself and his doings. Under the virtues of *Manliness* I mean those that belong to a serious estimate of the uses, the capacities, the call of human life; the duty of hard work; the value and jealousy for true liberty; independence of soul, deep sense of responsibility, and strength not to shrink from it, steadiness, endurance, perseverance; the power of sustaining cheerfully disappointment and defeat; the temper not to make much of trifles, whether vexations or pleasures. I include that great self-commanding power, to which we give the name of moral courage, which makes a man who knows and measures all that his decision involves not afraid to be alone against numbers; not afraid, when he knows that he is right, of the consciousness of the disapprobation of his fellows, of the face, the voice, the frown, the laugh, of those against him; moral courage, by which a man holds his own judgement, if reason and conscience bid him, against his own friends, against his own side, and of which, perhaps, the highest form is that by which he is able to resist, not the sneers and opposition of the bad, but the opinion and authority of the good.'

There is hardly a sentence in this passage which is not more or less applicable to Freeman, and the greater part of it might stand without alteration for a description of the moral side of his character. He might be regarded indeed

as a representative specimen of the Teutonic type. He was essentially Teutonic in his whole personality, physical, as well as moral and mental; in his square, sturdy frame, his ruddy hair, his fair complexion, his plain and simple habits of life, no less than in his love of truth, and straightforwardness in deed and word. For the pure Celt he entertained a kind of natural antipathy, mingled with something like contempt, which often manifested itself in odd and amusing ways, suggestive of Dr. Johnson's attitude towards the Scotch.

His intense dislike of unreality and pretence extended even to theatrical performances, and he could sympathize with the saying of good old Mrs. Blower in *St. Ronan's Well*, 'in my mind, Dr. Cacklehen, it 's a mere blasphemy for folk to gar themselves look otherwise than their Maker made them.' The occasional roughness and rudeness also of his manner, although sometimes the effect of shyness and mere awkwardness in the presence of strangers, was in the main due to that abhorrence of seeming to be what he was not, which made it impossible for him to acquiesce in conventional insincerities. For the same reason he was unable to write or speak politely of any one who pretended to more knowledge than he really had, or who enjoyed a reputation for learning which was undeserved. Nay more, he considered it to be a positive duty to expose such persons. In doing this he was no doubt often too indifferent to their feelings, and employed language of unwarrantable severity which provoked angry retaliation, and really weakened the effect of his criticism, by diverting public sympathy from himself to the object of his attack. But it was quite a mistake to suppose, as many did, that his fierce utterances were the outcome of ill-temper or of personal animosity. He entertained no

ill-will whatever towards literary or political opponents. Referring in one of his letters to his criticisms of Froude, which some thought were the products of bad temper, he says, 'In truth there is no kind of temper in the case, but only a strong sense of amusement in bowling down one thing after another.' His onslaughts upon shallow and inaccurate writers were made in the interests of truth, by one who loved truth above all things, and was indignant with men who presumed to write about what they did not understand, or who concealed the faultiness and untruthfulness of their matter beneath the gilding of a brilliant style that earned them unmerited popularity and fame. It was better to be inaccurate and dull, than to be inaccurate and attractive.

Some persevering attempts have been made since Freeman's death to discredit his reputation for accuracy by pointing out blunders in his *History of the Norman Conquest*. It is not part of my business as a biographer, nor would it be possible within the limits of this work, to enter at length into the controversy which these attacks have excited. Freeman's defenders have proved themselves, to say the least, quite as able and learned as his assailant. But having read with great care all the letters and articles which have appeared upon the subject, I may be permitted to say that while the critic has certainly made good some of his points, I think he has notably failed in others, more especially in his contention that the English in the battle of Hastings or Senlac defended their position on the hill by the shield-wall only, without a palisade. The critic has certainly been convicted of misunderstanding and mistranslating a crucial passage with reference to this question in the Roman de Rou, and in the compass of an article of forty pages he himself has

made slips almost as numerous as those which he has detected in a whole volume of Freeman's History. Of the historian, as of the military general, it may be truly said that the greatest is he who makes the fewest mistakes. All make some: but a careful distinction must be drawn between writers who are habitually accurate, and others who, either from some mental defect or from carelessness, are habitually inaccurate. Blunders or questionable statements may be discovered in Gibbon, in Hallam, in Thirlwall, in Arnold, and, occasionally, even in Bishop Stubbs, yet no one would hesitate to pronounce all these historians to be eminently trustworthy, and some of them exceptionally accurate. They stand in a totally different class from writers whose statements must always be received with caution and doubt until their truth has been tested. And certainly a much larger number of errors than have yet been detected in Freeman's writings would not disqualify him from taking a high rank in the class of accurate historians. Alike from habit of mind and from conscientious care, he was essentially an exact man. His correspondence abundantly proves what infinite pains he took to ascertain facts, and to correct his own mistakes in later editions of his writings; and how grateful he was to his friends for pointing out any errors which had escaped his notice. What he naturally resented were criticisms made in an offensive and presumptuous tone of superiority by younger men who owed much of their learning to his own past labours and methods of study. For he himself, severe and sometimes harsh critic as he was, always spoke and wrote with the greatest respect of men from whom he had learned much in his youth, and whom, after allowing for all defects, and for the advances in knowledge made since their time, he considered to be masters in

their own line of work. Nothing excited his indignation more than to hear Arnold disparaged by men who, as he expressed it, had by climbing upon Arnold's shoulders been enabled to see a little further than Arnold himself. The following passage, which occurs in a review that Freeman wrote of Grote's History, may well be commended to the serious consideration of some of Freeman's most recent critics.

'If Mr. Grote, in the course of his great work, has now and then made a slip or given a judgement which cannot be maintained, we can only say with Sir Archibald Alison that such things will cease to be "when human nature is other than it is, but not till then." No man that ever wrote is surer and sounder than Bishop Thirlwall; but we have found inaccuracies even in him. Nay more, in one or two places we have found Mr. Grote himself in pieces of false construing which he makes the foundation of historical arguments. Yet it never came into our mind to write an impertinent pamphlet against either of them. Great men may err now and then; small men may now and then set them right; yet, after all, there is a certain decent respect owing from the small men to the great.'

It is the fashion with some of Freeman's critics to dwell much on what are called the 'limitations of his mind.' If the expression be used in reference to the study of history it is incorrect. In that branch of learning his range was exceptionally wide,

'With a profound and minute knowledge,' says Mr. Bryce, 'of English history down to the fourteenth century—so far as his strange aversion to the employment of manuscript authorities would allow—and a scarcely inferior knowledge of foreign European history during the same period; with a less full but very sound knowledge down to the middle of the sixteenth century, and with a thorough mastery of pretty nearly all ancient history, his familiarity with later European history and with the history of such outlying regions as India or the United States, was not much beyond that of the average well-

educated man. He used to say when questioned on these matters that "he had not come down to that yet." But when he had occasion to refer to those periods or countries, he hardly ever made a mistake. If he did not know he did not refer: if he referred he had seized as if by instinct something which was really important and serviceable for his purpose. The same remark applies to Gibbon and Macaulay[1].'

Outside the field of history his knowledge, tastes, and even his capacity were undoubtedly limited. Mental philosophy and political economy were subjects which he could not, or at any rate did not attempt to, understand, and no department of art had any interest for him with the single and signal exception of architecture[2]. He did not care much for poetry except of the epic or ballad kind: of Shakespeare he was almost wholly ignorant, and of novels he read comparatively few, save those of Sir Walter Scott, Anthony Trollope, and George Eliot. But if these 'limitations' were defects, his knowledge of those subjects which he loved was the more thorough, and his work in connexion with them was the stronger and fresher, because all his energies and interests were concentrated upon it. With many periods of history he was so intimately familiar, that he talked and wrote about the events and men of those times with the same ease and keenness of interest with which others discuss the public characters of their own day, or the incidents chronicled in the daily newspaper[3]. His work was so

[1] *Historical Review*, July, 1892.

[2] He was not quite insensible to the charms of musical sounds. In one of his letters, he says, 'I don't know an octave from an andante: but I am very fond, in an outsider's way, both of chanting and of a brass band; though I am not sure that the fall of the waves on a shingly shore does not beat either.'

[3] He sometimes amused himself and his friends by describing an historical event in Latin rimes of a mediaeval character. The following

entirely delightful to him that he never grew weary of it, and never felt the need of a holiday, as most men do in the sense of complete rest. All his tours were really parts of his work, being always undertaken in pursuit of some historical or architectural inquiry, and travelling without any direct purpose of this kind would have been to him intolerably irksome. The reader will have perceived from his letters how fond he was of the lower animals, and how keenly he observed their nature and habits; and he was interested in the natural sciences so far as they threw side-lights upon historical questions.

His complete mastery of subjects which lay within his own special range of learning, and the habitual clearness and exactness of his mind, enabled him to turn with extraordinary ease and rapidity from one kind of literary work to another; so that in the course of the same day he would write on three or four different subjects, or even more, which had to be variously treated according to the scale and character of the publication for which they were intended—a big book or a small one, a review or an article for a quarterly, monthly, or weekly journal, or a letter for a newspaper. The materials for these several tasks were laid out upon different tables, sometimes in different rooms, and he would work at each in turn for a certain length of time proportioned to its importance.

lines vividly depict the celebrated scene of the Emperor Henry IV doing penance in the snow outside the castle of Canossa:

'Sedet cum pontifice comitissa dives,
Dum rex in camisiâ plorat inter nives.
Vult, dum flamma crepitat, mulier benigna
Quod peccator poenitens veniat ad ligna.
Pontifex clementiae nullum dabit locum,
Putans id quod mulier dicit esse jocum:
Est in mundo melius inter nives stare,
Quam per longa saecula flammas tolerare.'

A time-table of his work was drawn up every day, and if he exceeded the portion allotted to any one subject, defrauding others of their due, he redressed the balance on another day. Thus when he had his larger and his smaller history of Sicily upon his hands, some such memorandum as the following might frequently be noticed in his time-table: 'Big Sicily owes little Sicily three-quarters of an hour;' or vice versa. In this readiness for turning from one form of work to another, Freeman was the exact opposite of Macaulay, who refused for some time to write any articles for the *Edinburgh*, because, as he said in a letter to the Editor,

'I find it absolutely necessary to concentrate my attention on my historical work. You cannot conceive how difficult I find it to do two things at a time. Men are differently made. Southey used to work regularly two hours a day on the *History of Brazil*: then an hour for the *Quarterly Review*: then an hour on the *Life of Wesley*: then two hours on the *Peninsular War*: then an hour on the *Book of the Church*. I cannot do so. I get into the stream of my narrative, and am going along as smoothly and quickly as possible. Then comes the necessity of writing for the *Review*. I lay my history aside: and when after some weeks I resume it, I have the greatest difficulty in recovering the interrupted train of thought[1].'

Freeman's letters, like his other writings, were composed piecemeal. His tables, and sometimes the floor, were strewn with unfinished letters which he carried on at intervals, sometimes breaking off in the middle of a sentence, especially if he had reached the bottom of a page, and going on with it again another day: the point of resumption being always indicated by the date. He wrote with rapidity and perfect naturalness, just as he

[1] Quoted in 'English Men of Letters,' *Macaulay*, by J. C. Morison, p. 128.

talked, about all matters which happened to be uppermost in his mind. It is in his letters that the affectionateness and playful humour of his disposition are most apparent, and they are characterized by so much simplicity, freshness, and unworldliness, combined with great acuteness of mind, that they sometimes read almost like the productions of a very clever child[1].

The number of hours which he spent in reading and writing is carefully noted each day in his journal. Eleven is the maximum number recorded; but the average seems to have been about 7½. In his most vigorous days he used to begin work, in the summer, about 6 a.m., breakfasted at 8 or 8.30, and after a short walk in the garden worked on to the dinner hour, which for many years varied from 2 to 4 according to the length of the days. After dinner he went out for a walk or ride, and wrote letters after his return till supper time, and then worked again from 10 or 11 to 12. In winter, dinner was commonly at 1.30, but at Oxford, and for some years before, he conformed to the practice of late dinner, and as his health became uncertain his hours of work were necessarily less regular.

He had an insuperable repugnance to reading or writing in a public library. 'I have never tried,' he

[1] When his correspondence had become cosmopolitan he sometimes received letters which were very oddly addressed. The following is one of the strangest specimens:

'Au très honorable Professeur,
Edward A. Freeman,
Ex-fellow du Collége de la Trinité,
Membre de l'Université d'Oxford,
Oxford University Press Warehouse,
7 Paternoster Row,
Clarendon Press,
Angleterre.'

writes in one of his letters, 'the British Museum. I never use Bodleian oftener than I can help. Gardiner and Hunt seem to thrive on it, but I fancy I should think it dreadful. I must have my materials in my own house or other place that acts as such for the time: a room in an inn or a friend's house will do.' This dislike was, I think, mainly owing to his shyness. In a letter to Count Ugo Balzani from Palermo, he says, 'I have an order which Signor Bonghi has been good enough to get for me, which reads as if I might get books out of all libraries anywhere. But as yet I have not gathered up courage to go and show it. I do so dread speaking to anybody, and tenfold more when it has to be done in a strange tongue.' This aversion to public libraries of course debarred him from making much use of manuscript authorities, but, as he said, for most of the subjects and periods about which he wrote the chief materials were in print. In connexion with this point the testimony of the late Dr. Doellinger to his merits as an historian may be read with interest.

'Fustel de Coulanges was promoting the election of the Bishop of Oxford to the Institute, on the ground that he surpassed all other Englishmen in his acquaintance with manuscripts. Doellinger agreed with their French rival in his estimate of our English historian, but he ascribed less value to that part of his acquirements. He assured the Bavarian Academy that Mr. Freeman, who reads print, but nevertheless mixes colours with his brains, is the author of the most profound work on the middle ages ever written in this country, and is not only a brilliant writer and sagacious critic, but the most learned of all our countrymen[1].'

A complaint commonly brought against Freeman's

[1] Lord Acton's article on 'Doellinger's historical work,' *English Historical Review*, October, 1890.

larger histories is that they are too minute, and diffuse, and the defect is generally attributed to the quantity of journalistic writing on which he was constantly engaged side by side with his other work. But it may be doubted whether this explanation is correct, for Macaulay, who in his large history was incomparably more minute and diffuse than Freeman, devoted himself almost exclusively to it. Freeman's minuteness and occasional repetitions are rather, I think, to be attributed to his excessive anxiety not to omit anything which had any bearing on his subject, and to emphasize those points which he considered to be of primary importance. Certainly his diffuseness was not owing to any inability to be concise, for his short histories, notably the *Sketch of European History*, are masterpieces of compression, and most of his articles for periodicals and reviews are written in a terse, vigorous, incisive style, which few but Macaulay, who was his acknowledged model, have surpassed or equalled. And if the *History of the Norman Conquest* viewed as a whole may be open to the charge of diffuseness, it abounds in passages, which, taken by themselves, are admirable specimens of condensation. Such, for instance, is the summary of the character and work of King Alfred, vol. i. 48–52, and of Frederick II, vol. i. 153; such also is the survey of the grand position of the great English kings before the Norman Conquest, vol. i. pp. 140–143.

Although Freeman did not, after his early Oxford days, often write or talk directly about religion, some of his letters printed in these volumes sufficiently prove that he remained to the end of his life a sincere and devout Christian. The history of Christianity was to his mind a convincing evidence of its divine origin. He was not

fond of theological definitions, and sometimes declaimed against them in a way which led his hearers to imagine that he doubted the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith. Such a supposition, however, did him great injustice. He disliked theological definitions mainly because he thought that the mysteries of religion were really indefinable, and that the attempt to define them only narrowed their meaning, and weakened their force; but he was a steadfast believer in the great verities of the Christian creed, and he doubted whether a high standard of Christian morals could be long maintained if it ceased to rest upon a firm foundation of Christian faith [1]. In all external observances he remained throughout his life a consistent member of the Church of England, being regular in his attendance at the Sacrament of Holy Communion, as well as at the ordinary services of the Church on Sundays and great festivals. For some years it was his custom to sit in the chancel at Wookey church robed in a surplice, and to read the lessons at the Sunday morning service. He wrote a great many of his letters on Sundays, but not such as involved any laborious study or research. In a letter to Miss Thompson, after remarking that he had received two letters from her and 'questions without end,' he says, 'I will try and deal with the letters this dominical evening, and do the questions on a worky day.' In the week preceding Easter, commonly called the Holy Week, he made a practice of laying most of his ordinary work aside. He was a diligent reader of the Greek Testament, and his familiarity with every part of the Bible is constantly manifested by the quotations or allusions which occur in his correspondence and in his printed works.

[1] See above, p. 402.

Long before modern criticism had raised so many questions concerning the date and authorship of some of the sacred books, he had become convinced from his own observation of the internal evidence that the Psalms might be arranged in various groups according to their date and origin, and that the so-called prophecy of Isaiah was not the production of one hand or of one period. He often expressed a wish as he grew older that he had more leisure to give attention to questions of this kind, for he thought that the inquiry into them was too often conducted either by those who disputed everything, or those who would concede nothing, and that the true method of investigation lay between those two extremes [1].

The nearest approach to anything directly dealing with the evidences of Christianity that Freeman ever wrote, was an article in the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1889, entitled 'Christianity and the Geocentric System.' He combats in this article the objection that Christianity was at variance with modern scientific conclusions because it implied that this world was the centre of the universe, and that its inhabitants were the principal objects of the Creator's care. The comparative smallness of the earth, he contended, was no wise inconsistent with the belief that its inhabitants were really the most important beings in the universe. The statement of St. Paul in 1 Cor. i. 27, that God had chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that were mighty, was a principle to the truth of which nature and history continually bore witness. Man was much smaller and weaker than many other animals, but by the gifts of reason and speech he was immeasurably superior

[1] See above, letter to Mr. Hodgkin, p. 406. Do. to the Editor, p. 412.

to them. The political history of Athens and of many small states in various ages, as compared with vast empires such as those of Persia and Babylon, proved that superiority consisted not in physical size, but in moral and intellectual force. Christianity was only the crowning and most wonderful illustration of the truth of the text, upon which all history was a perpetual comment, that 'out of weakness men were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and put to flight the armies of aliens.'

Few writers have explained so lucidly and forcibly as Freeman did the true nature and origin of the existing relations between Church and State in this country. On the one hand by proving the historical continuity of the Church of England from the mission of St. Augustine to the present day, and by demolishing the vulgar fallacies that it was established in the sixteenth century, or indeed at any definite time, or by any definite act, or that its property was national property, or that this property was ever transferred from one religious body to another; and on the other hand by proving that the State had the right to deal with *all* property, that it was under a moral obligation indeed to exercise that right justly, but that disendowment of the Church was not in itself sacrilege or robbery, he cleared the way for arguing the whole question of disestablishment and disendowment on fair issues and sound principles[1]. He was from an early period of his life in favour of disestablishment in Ireland: he was equally opposed to disestablishment in Wales, the conditions of the Church in the two countries being, in his judgement, totally different; and he used to say that if a measure for disestablishment in Wales were to be introduced by the Liberals, he should be constrained to

[1] See above, vol. i. pp. 211–215, and ii. p. 441.

sever his connexion on that point at least with the party, deeply as he should regret the necessity. To the idea of disestablishment in England he was still more averse. 'I don't want it a bit,' he says in one of his letters, 'and I don't believe it would do any good. The Church would be starved in the country and be fat and fashionable in the towns. That at least is the result in America, and for a Church to be fashionable is worse than to be dignified: how much worse than to be persecuted.'

Extensive and thorough as Freeman's archaeological knowledge was, pre-eminently of course in reference to architecture, he was greater as an historian than as an archaeologist, and the special value of his addresses at archaeological meetings was the way in which he pointed out the bearing of some bit of local history, or of some local antiquity, upon the general history of England, or perhaps of Europe. Mr. G. T. Clark, himself one of the greatest living archaeologists, has laid great stress upon this merit, and has mentioned a striking example of it at the Exeter meeting of the Archaeological Institute, where 'the walls, earthworks and castle having been elaborately described, Freeman took up the theme and connected them with the history of the city from the entrance of William the Conqueror to that of William the Deliverer in a most brilliant address.' The same writer adds—

'Freeman was always at his best when in the field. It was then that the full force of his personality came into play: his sturdy, upright figure, sharp-cut features, flowing beard, well modulated voice, clear enunciation, and fluent incisive speech. None who have heard him hold forth from the steps of some churchyard cross, or from the top stone of some half-demolished cromlech, can ever cease to have a vivid recollection of both the orator and his theme[1].'

[1] Quoted in Mr. Bryce's article in the *Historical Review*.

No doubt the rougher side of his character sometimes betrayed itself unpleasantly on these occasions. Being always deeply interested and absorbed in the subject on which he was speaking he was keenly sensitive to any interruption. He was once addressing an archaeological meeting at Glastonbury amidst the ruins of the abbey, when it was observed by a working-man that two of the legs of the chair upon which he was standing were sinking into the ground. Anxious to prevent an accident, the man tried to prop them up with stones. Freeman began to get uneasy, but still proceeded with his address. The chair, however, continued to sink, and a mason who came to the rescue unluckily cracked some pieces of slate immediately beneath it, just as Freeman was in the full swing of an eloquent passage. The temper and patience of the speaker were exhausted: he abruptly descended from his chair, saying, 'if you don't want to hear me I will go away,' and walked off. When the cause of the interruption had been explained to him he was persuaded to return and resume his discourse, but for a time all fire and eloquence had vanished from it. If he was teased by foolish or impertinent questions at these meetings, or irritated by listening to the remarks of some garrulous but shallow and ill-informed speaker, he would fall upon the unhappy offenders with a crushing speech like a sledge-hammer wielded by a fierce arm. In these outbursts he was sometimes unjust as well as inconsiderate to those whom he attacked, and did still more injustice to the real kindness of his heart. In the relief of distress and poverty he was generous, often beyond his means, and if he was once convinced that he had done any man real injustice, no one was more ready to acknowledge his error. But he had his prejudices, and as he was, perhaps,

inclined to overrate the merits of his friends, so he was apt to exaggerate the faults and defects of those to whom he had taken a dislike.

'He always reminded me,' says Professor Bonney, 'of a lion, and had he "roared" when roused, it would have seemed quite natural. Some men complained that, like "the king of beasts," he was apt to rend those who crossed his path. I can only speak of him as I found him, one of the kindest of friends, most tolerant of my ignorance, and ever ready to open to me his stores of knowledge.'

These words of Professor Bonney would certainly be echoed by all who knew Freeman best. His faults were on the surface, and censorious and angry critics have paraded and often exaggerated them; but with those who really knew him they weighed little in the balance against the sterling merits which lay beneath that rugged exterior; the rich vein of humour, the warm and generous heart, the deep sense of duty, the inflexible honesty, the ardent love of truth, humanity, and justice, the devotion to the cause of righteous government and of civil and religious freedom in all parts of the world.

*** A few months after Freeman's death his library was bought for £800 by the legatees of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth and presented to Owens College, Manchester, on the conditions (i) that a catalogue of the library should be made and printed at the expense of the legatees, (ii) that the books should form a separate library known as the Freeman Library, and that each volume should be marked by a book-plate indicating that it belonged to the Freeman library, as part of the donation in memory of Sir Joseph Whitworth, (iii) that the books should be accessible for purposes of study to all historical students, whether members of the College or not, subject only to such regulations as the College might from time to time think necessary or expedient.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Exclusive of articles in the *Saturday Review* and in various Archæological Journals.

Principles of Church Restoration 1846
Thoughts on the Study of History, with reference to Proposed Changes in the Public Examinations. (J. H. Parker.) 1849
A History of Architecture. (Masters.) 1849
Essay on the Origin and Development of Window Tracery in England. (J. H. Parker.) 1850
Contributions to Original Ballads by Living Authors. Edited by Rev. H. Thompson. (London.) 1850
Poems Legendary and Historical. A joint work with Mr. (now Rev. Sir) G. W. Cox. (London.) . . . 1850
On the Architecture of Llandaff Cathedral. (Pickering.) . 1850
Suggestions with regard to certain Proposed Alterations in the University and Colleges of Oxford. F. H. Dickinson and E. A. F. (Oxford Tutors' Association) . . . 1854
The History and Antiquities of St. David's. A joint work with Mr. W. B. Jones (now Bishop of St. David's). (J. H. Parker.) 1856
The History and the Conquests of the Saracens. Six Lectures. (Macmillan.) 1856
Ancient Greece and Mediaeval Italy. (Oxford Essays.) . 1857

London Protestant Alliance. Correspondence between Protestant Alliance and Examiners in Law and Modern History (E. A. F. &c.) 1858

Giraldi Cambrensis opera, &c. (Preface to vol. vii, completed by E. A. F.) 1858

Leominster Priory Church. Townsend (G. F.) and E. A. Freeman . . . . . [1863]

A History of Federal Government. Vol. i. General Introduction: History of Greek Federations . . . 1863

Republished posthumously in a new form, edited by J. B. Bury, and called *The History of Federal Government in Greece and Italy.* (Macmillan.) . . 1893

Old English History for Children. (Macmillan.) . . . 1869

History of the Cathedral Church of Wells. (Macmillan.) . 1870

Speech made at a General Meeting of Subscribers to Extension Fund of Owens College, Manchester, Dec. 1869. 1870

History of the Norman Conquest of England. Six vols. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) 1867–1879

Cathedral Churches of the Old Foundation, in *Essays on Cathedrals*, edited by J. S. Howson, D.D. (Murray.) . 1872

The Growth of the English Constitution from the Earliest Times. (Macmillan.) 1872

General Sketch of European History. (Macmillan's 'Historical Course for Schools.') 1872

The Unity of History. (Rede Lecture at Cambridge.) . 1872

Historical Essays. (Macmillan.) 1st series . . . 1871

Historical Essays. (Macmillan.) 2nd „ . . . 1873

Historical Essays. (Macmillan.) 3rd „ 1879

Historical Essays. (Macmillan.) 4th „ . . . 1892

Comparative Politics. (Lecture at the Royal Institution) . 1873

Disestablishment and Disendowment, What are They? (Macmillan.) 1874

History of Europe. (Macmillan's 'History Primers.') . 1875

Historical and Architectural Sketches. Illustrated. (Macmillan.) 1876

The Ottoman Power in Europe. (Macmillan.) . . . 1877
The Turks in Europe. (Politics for People, No. 1.) . . 1877
How the Study of History is Let and Hindered. Address delivered at the Liverpool Institute, Nov. 1879 . [1879]
Short History of the Norman Conquest of England. (Clarendon Press Series.) 1880
Subject and Neighbour-Lands of Venice. Illustrated. (Macmillan.) 1881
The Historical Geography of Europe. Two vols. (Longmans.) 1881
Lectures to American Audiences. (Porter and Coates, Philadelphia; Trübner, London.) 1882
The Reign of William Rufus. Two vols. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) 1882
Introduction to American Institutional History. (Johns Hopkins University Studies.) 1882
Cathedral Cities—Ely and Norwich. Drawn and etched by R. Farren, Introduction by E. A. F. (Cambridge.) . 1883
Some Impressions of the United States. (Longmans.) . . 1883
English Towns and Districts. Addresses and Sketches. (Macmillan.) 1883
Office of the Historical Professor. An Inaugural Lecture read in the Museum at Oxford, Oct. 1884 . . . 1884
Methods of Historical Study. With Inaugural Lecture. (Macmillan.) 1886
Chief Periods of European History. (Macmillan.) . . 1886
Greater Greece and Greater Britain: and George Washington the Expander of England. Two Lectures. (Macmillan.) 1886
Exeter. Series of 'Historic Towns.' Edited by E. A. Freeman and Rev. W. Hunt. (Longmans.) . . 1887
Fifty Years of European History and Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain. Four Lectures. (Macmillan.) . 1888
William the Conqueror. (Macmillan's 'Twelve English Statesmen.') 1888
Sketches from French Travel. (Tauchnitz.) 1891

History of Sicily from the Earliest Times. Three vols. (Clarendon Press, Oxford.) 1891–1892
Vol. iv. Published posthumously. Edited by A. J. Evans 1894
Sicily: Phoenician, Greek, and Roman. Story of the Nations. (Fisher Unwin, & Putnam's Sons.) . . 1892
Studies of Travel. Two vols. (Greece and Italy.) Edited by Florence Freeman. (Fisher Unwin, & Putnam's Sons.) 1893
A PREFACE to Mrs. Birkbeck Hill's translation of Louis Leger's *History of Austro-Hungary from Earliest Times to* 1889. Preface, pp. v–xx. (Rivingtons.) . . . 1889
Race and Language . . *Contemporary Review*, March 1877
(*a*) Reprinted, vol. iii. 'Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists.' Three vols. (Bickers.) . . 1884
(*b*) Also in a volume of twelve essays selected from these volumes, with portraits. (Bickers.) . . . 1886
Relation of English People to Russo-Turkish War. *Contemporary Review*, Aug. 1877
Reprinted in volume called 'Current Discussions.' Vol. i, 1878. Edited by E. L. Burlingame . . . 1878

A numeral on the left side of any article in the following list indicates in which of the four volumes of *Historical Essays* it has been reprinted. In those cases in which the title of the article was changed the two titles are enclosed in brackets.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

(II) { *Colonel Mure and the Attic Historians* / *The Historians of Athens* } . . Jan. 1858
(II) *Mr. Gladstone's Homer and the Homeric Age* . July 1858
(II) *Mommsen's History of Rome* . . . . Apr. 1859
The Foreign Office, Classic or Gothic? . . Jan. 1860
(I) *St. Thomas of Canterbury and his Biographers* Apr. 1860

(I)	*The Franks and the Gauls*	Oct. 1860
(I)	*Frederick I, King of Italy*	Jan. 1861
(II)	*Lucius Cornelius Sulla*	Jan. 1862
	Herodotus and his Commentators . . .	Oct. 1862
(II)	*The Flavian Caesars*	Jan. 1863
(I)	*Charles the Bold*	Apr. 1864
(I)	*Presidential Government*	Nov. 1864

BENTLEY'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

	The Court of Lewis XV.	Oct. 1859

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

(II)	*Review of Niebuhr and Thirlwall* *Greece in the Macedonian Period* . .	Aug. 1854
(III)	*Review of Finlay's History of Greece* *The Byzantine Empire* .	Feb. 1855
(II)	*Grote's History of Greece* *Athenian Democracy*	May 1856
(I)	*The Holy Roman Empire*	Mar. 1865
(I)	*The Emperor Frederick II*	Dec. 1866

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

(III)	*The Greek People and the Greek Kingdom* *Mediaeval and Modern Greece*	Apr. 1856
(II)	*Alexander the Great*	Apr. 1857
	The Eastern Church	Apr. 1858
	The History of Normandy in England . .	Apr. 1859
(I)	*Vaughan's Revolutions in English History* *Continuity of English History*	July 1860
	The History of Normandy in England . .	Jan. 1865

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

	Queen Elizabeth and her Favourites . .	June 1854

THE LAW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

(IV) *The Case of the Deanery of Exeter* . . . July 1887

BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

(I) *The Early Sieges of Paris* . . . . . Jan. 1871
Mahomet . . . . . Jan. 1872
(III) *The Goths at Ravenna* . . . . . Oct. 1872
Swiss Federal Reform . . . . . Apr. 1873
(III) *Trier* (Augusta Treverorum) . . . July 1875
(III) *The Illyrian Emperors and their Lands* . July 1876
(III) *The Southern Slaves* . . . . . July 1877
Finlay's History of Greece . . . . July 1878
The Three Treaties . . . . . Oct. 1878
(III) *The Normans at Palermo* . . . . Apr. 1879
(IV) *The Lords of Ardres* . . . . . Jan. 1880
(IV) *Autun* (Augustodunum) . . . . . July 1881

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Articles marked * have been reprinted in 'English Towns and Districts.'

Origin of the English Nation. Three Lectures before Literary and Philosophical Institution. Kingston-on-Hull, Jan., Mar., Apr., May 1870
Alleged Permanence of Roman Civilization in England . . . . . July 1870.
The Panic and its Lessons . . . . . May 1871
Saarburg and Saarbrücken . . . . Nov. 1872
Place of Exeter in English History . . . Sep. 1873
Recent Works on the Buildings of Rome . . June 1874
(IV) *Orange* . . . . . Feb. 1874
Roman Diggings . . . . . Apr. 1875
Lindum Colonia . . . . . Aug. 1875
Montenegro . . . . . Jan. 1876

*Points in Early Northumbrian History** . Sep. 1876
Owens College and Mr. Lowe . . . . Mar. 1877
Colonia Camulodunum . . . . . June 1877
Sketches from Eastern Sicily:
Messina . . . . . Oct. 1878
Tauromenion . . . . . Feb. 1879
Catania . . . . . Mar. 1879
Inner Syracuse . . . . . May 1879
Outer Syracuse . . . . . June 1879
*The Shire and the Gà** . . . . . Apr. 1880
*Glastonbury, British and English**. . . Oct. 1880
Curzola . . . . . Sep. 1881
Anthony Trollope . . . . . Jan. 1883
Imperial Federation . . . . . Apr. 1885
(IV) *Aix** [Aquæ Sextiæ] . . . . . Sep. 1886
City and Borough . . . . . May 1889
Compulsory Greek . . . . . Mar. 1891
Finland . . . . . Mar. 1892

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Proposed Revision of the Swiss Constitution . Oct. 1865
Grouping of Boroughs . . . . . June 1866
(I) *Mythical and Romantic Elements in Early English History* . . . . . May 1866
(I) *Relations between the Crowns of England and Scotland* . . . . . June 1867
Mr. Pearson's Early and Middle Ages of England . . . . . Apr. 1868
(I) *Charles the Bold* . . . . . Oct. 1868
(I) *Reign of Edward III* . . . . . May 1869
The Morality of Field Sports . . . . Oct. 1869
The Controversy on Field Sports . . . Dec. 1870
Some Thoughts on Comparative Mythology . Nov. 1870
The Use of Historical Documents . . . Sep. 1871
Origin and Growth of Romanesque Architecture . . . . . Oct. 1872

	Public and Private Morality	Apr. 1873
(IV)	*The Growth of Commonwealths*	Oct. 1873
	Federalism and Home Rule	Aug. 1874
	Field Sports and Vivisection	May 1874
	The True Eastern Question	Dec. 1875
	Present Aspects of the Eastern Question . .	Oct. 1876
	The Law of Honour	Dec. 1876
(III)	*The Geographical Aspect of the Eastern Question*	Jan. 1877
	Shall we give up Greek?	Feb. 1879
	Loyalty	Dec. 1879
	On the Study of History	Mar. 1881
	Jowett's Thucydides	Mar. 1882
	Impressions of America, I	Aug. 1882
	" " II	Sep. 1882
	The House of Lords	Feb. 1883
	Prospects of Home Rule	Sep. 1886
	House of Lords and County Councils . .	May 1888
	The House of Habsburg in South-East Europe	June 1889
	Parallels to Irish Home Rule	Sep. 1889

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

	The English People in Relation to the Eastern Question	Feb. 1877
	The Relation of the English People to the War	Mar. 1877
(III)	*Race and Language*	June 1877
	Pedigrees and Pedigree Makers . . .	Aug. 1877
	Neutrality, Real or Pretended? . . .	Oct. 1877
	Four Articles on Mr. Froude's Life and Times of Becket . March, Apr., June, Sep.	1878
	The County Franchise	June 1878
	Last Words on Mr. Froude	May 1879
	Professor Geddes on the Homeric Problem .	Feb. 1879

	The Election and the Eastern Question . .	June 1880
	The Position of the Austrian Power . .	May 1882
(IV)	*Alter Orbis*	June 1882
	Place of Carlyle in English History . .	Sep. 1882
	University Elections	June 1883
	Some Neglected Periods of History . .	May 1884
(IV)	*The House of Lords*	Oct. 1884
	Greek Cities and Roman Rule . . .	Nov. 1884
	Bulgaria and Servia	Dec. 1885
	Things, Names, and Letters	Apr. 1886
	Some Aspects of Home Rule	Feb. 1886
(IV)	*Périgueux and Cahors*	Sep. 1886
	Oxford after Forty Years, I	May 1887
	„ „ „ II	June 1887
	Literature and Language	Oct. 1887
	Sicilian Travel	Sep. 1889
	Christianity and the Geocentric System . .	Apr. 1889
	Origin of the English	Jan. 1890
(IV)	*Carthage*.	Sep. 1890
	Ancient Church Endowments. . . .	Feb. 1891
	Greek in the Universities.	Nov. 1891

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

(III)	*First Impressions of Rome*	May 1874
	The Difficulties of Republicanism in Europe .	May 1875
	Lord Macaulay	Sep. 1876
	Origin of Parliamentary Representation in England	Nov. 1876
(III)	*First Impressions of Athens*	Jan. 1878

PRINCETON REVIEW.

	National Morality	Nov. 1878
	Sentimental and Practical Politics . . .	Mar. 1879
	The Fulfilment of the Berlin Treaty . .	Jan. 1880

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

	The Sacrifice of Education to Examinations .	Nov. 1888

JOURNAL OF HELLENIC STUDIES.

The Greek Language . . . . . — 1882

THE SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.

Britannic Confederation . . . . . July 1891

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

English Universities and Colleges . . . July 1891

LONGMANS' MAGAZINE.

Some Points in American Speech and Customs . . . . . Nov. 1882

Some Points in American Speech and Customs . . . . . Jan. 1883

Titles . . . . . Sep. and Oct. 1883

(IV) *French and English Towns* . . . . May 1884

On Some Abuses of Language . Apr. and May 1885

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

The Austrian Power . . . . . July 1880

THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW.

How to Grow Great Men . . . . . June 1888

Political Differences and Moral Crimes . . July 1889

The Referendum . . . . . July 1890

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Intellectual Development of the English People . . . . . Oct., Nov., Dec. 1890
Jan., Mar., Apr., May, June 1891

England in the Eighteenth Century . . Aug. 1891

Progress in the Nineteenth Century . . Jan. 1892

THE FORUM.

Debt of the Old World to the New . . . Jan. 1888

Dangers to the Peace of Europe . . . Nov. 1891

A Review of My Opinions . . . . Apr. 1892

LONGER ARTICLES IN ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA.

England to the beginning of the Seventeenth Century: Godwin, Harold, Normandy, Normans, Sicily.

(IV) *Nobility, Peerage.*

FOR BAEDEKER'S HANDBOOK TO GREAT BRITAIN.

Historical Sketch of Architecture in England, pp. xxxiii–lxii.

INDEX

A.

Advowsons, letter on, i. 84.
Alfred, Prince, elected king of Greece, i. 268.
Allon, Rev. Dr., letters to, ii. 201, 212, 222, 224, 231, 261.
America, visit to, ii. 177–184; letters from, 233–253.
Andrassy Note, the, ii. 109.
Aosta, ii. 85.
Architecture, History of, i. 132.
Arnold, Dr., his lectures on Modern History, i. 66; Freeman's debt to him, 108, 110; remarks on, 119, 121, 123, 154; ii. 467.
Arundel, church of, ii. 201, note.
Attwood, Thomas, his character, i. 13–15.
Austria, ii. 120.
Autun, ii. 217.
Auxerre, 218.

B.

Baedeker, his *Handbook of Great Britain*; Freeman writes for, ii. 298.
Balzani, Count Ugo, letters to, ii. 341, 343, 357, 403.
Bartlett, Rev. R. E., school-fellow of Freeman, i. 17; letters to, 168; ii. 90, 328, 354, 391, 403.
Beaconsfield, Lord, ii. 109, 110, 111, 225.
Ben Knoll, view from, described, i. 249.
Berlin, Treaty of, ii. 115.
Bible, critics of the, ii. 406, 412; Freeman's knowledge of, 475.
Bikélas, M., letters to, ii. 200, 203, 215, 219, 230, 300, 342.
Boase, Rev. C. W., letter from, i. 218.
Bonney, Rev. Professor, letter to, ii. 145; remarks of, on Freeman, 479.
Boscobel House, i. 2.
Bosnia, insurrection in, ii. 106.
Bowen, Right Hon. Sir George, i. 45, 190, 342.
Brooke, Rev. Warren A., his reminiscences of Freeman, i. 18, 19.
Bryce, the Right Hon. James, his friendship with Freeman, i. 308; referred to, ii. 1; letters to, i. 327, 328, 337–341, 375, 378, 385, 386, 406; ii. 10, 17, 36, 37, 55, 67, 73, 75, 79, 98, 129, 137, 140, 143, 162, 189, 233, 259, 318, 319, 324, 341, 342, 345, 353, 356, 359, 366, 377, 378, 411, 412, 435, 440.
Buonaparte, Louis Napoleon, ii. 4, 5.
Burgon, Dean, referred to, ii. 321, 427, note.
Burton, Sir Richard, letter to, ii. 141.
Bury, J. B., Esq., i. 259, 267; ii. 453.
Byzantine Historians, the, i. 156.

C.

Camden Professorship, Freeman tries for the, i. 308.

Carless, or Carlos, family of, i. 2.
Carlingford, Lord, letter from, ii. 61.
Carlos, Don, early poem on, by Freeman, i. 11.
Carlyle, Thomas, i. 93.
Cathedral Act, the, ii. 42.
Cetinje, visit to, ii. 99.
Cheam, Freeman at school at, i. 16.
Chichele Professorship, Freeman tries for the, i. 308.
Christianity, Divine origin of, ii. 214, 389.
Christianity and the Geocentric System, ii. 392, 475.
Church, Rev. R. W., referred to, ii. 265, 462.
Church, Sir Richard, ii. 23.
Church Property, letters on, i. 211–215; ii. 441.
Church in Ireland, i. 215.
Comparative Politics, ii. 57.
Cox, Rev. Sir G. W., i. 45; his recollections of Freeman, 81–84; joint author of a book of ballads, 128; quoted, ii. 103, note.
Creighton, Rev. Canon (Bishop of Peterborough), letter to, ii. 330.
Crivoscia, ii. 387.

D.

Dalmatia, visits to, ii. 35, 175.
Dawkins, Professor; beginning of his friendship with Freeman, i. 307; letters to, 343, 374, 382, 388, 389, 405, 413, 414, 431; ii. 40, 41, 48, 49, 56, 78, 129, 138, 158, 163, 165, 184, 188, 195, 202, 218, 234, 245, 281, 299, 323, 360, 362, 381, 393, 394, 397, 418, 452.
Denison, Archdeacon, i. 255, note.
Derby, Lord, ii. 109.
Dickinson, F. H., Esq., referred to, i. 251, 283; letter from, 282; letters to, 373, 377, 391, 396, 408; ii. 35, 82, 83, 93, 97, 134, 207, 242, 314.
Diplomatists, failings of, ii. 120.
Doyle, J. A., Esq., letters to, ii. 404, 405.

E.

Eastern Churches, the, i. 197–199.
Eastern Question, the, ii. 101–124; conference on, in St. James' Hall, 112–114, 144.
Ecclesiastic, The, Freeman's articles in, i. 78.
Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, the, ii. 177, 269–272.
Ecclesiologist, The, Freeman's articles in, i. 78.
Elizabeth, Queen, article on, by Freeman, i. 160.
England, suggestions for history of, ii. 399–401.
English History, condition of, in Freeman's youth, i. 110–112.
Evans, A. J., Esq., referred to, ii. 152, 163, 224; letters to, 257, 419.
— Mrs. A. J. (see Freeman, Margaret), letters to, ii. 206, 217, 334, 398, 399, 409, 413, 420, 458.
Examinations, evils of, ii. 288, 290, 384.

F.

Federal Government, History of, i. 258–267.
Field Sports, controversy on, i. 357–374.
Finland, ii. 459.
Finlay, G., Esq., his *History of Greece*, i. 155; referred to, 183, 185, 205; letters to, 187, 224, 227, 232, 233–241, 242, 269–272; letter from, 281; letters to, 283–292, 332, 336, 342, 417; ii. 44; death of, 24; article on, 25.
Fitzmaurice, Lord Edmond, letter to, ii. 374.
Fowler, Rev. J. T., letters to, ii.

192, 198, 244, 300, 328, 345, 457.
Franco-German War, the, ii. 2–7.
Freeman, Edward A.:—
Vol. i. Born at Mitchley Abbey, 1; loses both parents, 3; brought up by grandmother, *ib.*; petted by Hannah More, 4–6; his school life at Northampton, 7–10; his early poems and politics, 10–12; his uncle, Mr. T. Attwood, 13–15; his school life at Cheam, 16–26; a pupil of Rev. R. Gutch, 26; his correspondence with Rev. H. Thompson, 23–36; 'Proxime accessit' for Balliol scholarship, 35; gains scholarship at Trinity, Oxford, 41; life at Oxford, 43–48, 51, 57, 58; becomes engaged to be married, 53; elected fellow of Trinity, 58; his archaeological rambles, 52, 63, 66; writes for English Prize Essay, 74–76; marries, 80; settles at Oaklands, 102; his methods of study, 104–110; contributes to two books of ballads, 127–131; publishes his *History of Architecture*, 132; his essay on Window Tracery, 138; his evidence for Oxford University Commission, 138–145; letters on Parliamentary Reform and Russian War, 147–153; Reviews Finlay's *History*, 155; his life at Oaklands, 163–167; settles at Lanrumney, 175; stands for Parliament, 208; examiner in History School at Oxford, 216; first tour abroad, *ib.*; stands for Professorship of Modern History, 219; life at Lanrumney, 220–222; buys Somerleaze, 248; Begins *History of Federal Government*, 256; of *Norman Conquest*, *ib.*; travels in Switzerland, 296; in North Germany, 300; his friendship with J. R. Green, 301; with Dean Hook and Professor Dawkins, 307; with Mr. Bryce, 308; contests seat for Mid-Somerset, 348–357; his controversy on field-sports, 357–374; travels in Normandy, 380.
Vol. ii. Made D.C.L. at Oxford, 1; LL.D. at Cambridge, 30; Knight Commander of Greek Order, *ib.* and 92; visits Rome, 34; Dalmatia, 35; his speech in St. James' Hall, 112; visits Greece, 145; Sicily, 146; made member of Royal Commission, 177; visits America, 177–184; Auvergne, 272; makes speech at Oxford, 275; offered Professorship of Modern History, 278; gives inaugural lecture, 282; offered seat in Parliament, 295; health broken, 296; visits Sicily, 297; begins *History of Sicily*, *ib.*; visits Tunis and Carthage, 416; grows weary of Oxford, 429; visits Normandy, 434; Spain, 448; dies at Alicante, 461; his character and work, 463–479.
Freeman, Mrs., letters to, i. 400; ii. 20, 98, 150, 151.
Freeman, Mrs. Emmete, grandmother of E. A. Freeman, i. 2, 51, 53–55, 102.
Freeman, Rev. Joseph, uncle of E. A. Freeman, i. 6, 15.
Freeman, Florence, letters to, i. 385; ii. 18, 50, 51, 126, 161, 394, 409.
Freeman, Helen, letters to, ii. 95, 235, 237, 351, 396, 442.
Freeman, Katharine, letter to, i. 384.
Freeman, Margaret, letters to, i. 222, 252, 397, 399, 401–403; ii. 38, 58, 85, 96. (See also Evans, Mrs. A. J.)
French, Freeman's dislike of the, i. 295.
Froude, James Anthony, referred to, ii. 160, 185, 187, 188.
Froude, Richard Hurrell, Freeman compared to, i. 71.

G.

Gardiner, Professor, S. R., ii. 393.
Geddes, Professor (now Principal),

letters to, ii. 321, 340, 444, 445, 447.
George I, king of Greece, i. 268.
Germany, the Emperor in, ii. 7.
Gibbon, the historian, i. 104, 106, 157, 165, 309; ii. 380.
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., referred to, i. 5, 207; ii. 118, 173; a proposal to elect him king of Greece, i. 262; speech of, in St. James' Hall, ii. 114.
Goodwin, Professor, letter to, ii. 445.
Greater Greece and Greater Britain, ii. 298.
Greece, value of the history of, i. 122; tour in, ii. 145.
Greek nation, the modern, i. 191–197.
Greek, the study of, ii. 429–432.
Green, J. R., Esq., friendship of, with Freeman, i. 301–306; visits Normandy with Freeman, 380; referred to, 382, 383, 385, 387, 397, 398, 399; ii. 11, 17, 32, 79, 149, 400.
Grote, G., historian, i. 118, 121, 154, 181, 185.
Gutch, the family of, i. 15, 101, note.
Gutch, Miss Eleanor, Freeman attached to, i. 35; poems dedicated to, 36–41; offer of marriage to, 53; married, 80; letters to, i. 59, 60, 62, 73, 77, 84–97.
Gutch, Rev. Robert, Freeman pupil of, i. 26; letter from, 28.

H.

Haddon, Rev. T. C., Freeman's first schoolmaster, i. 7, 8.
Hallam, historian, referred to, i. 104, 111, 112.
Herodotus, remarks on, i. 178.
Hexham, ii. 39.
Historical Course for Schools, ii. 31.
Historical Geography, i. 257; ii. 32, 175.
History, Thoughts on the Study of, i. 117–127.
Hittites, the, ii. 196.
Hodgkin, Thomas, Esq., D.C.L., his first meeting with Freeman, ii. 173; letters to, ii. 260, 272, 310, 315, 317, 338, 372, 406, 414.
Holmes, Rev. T. S., letter to, ii. 246.
Home Rule, ii. 291–294.
Hook, W. F., D.D. (Dean of Chichester), his friendship with Freeman, i. 307; letters to, i. 324, 328, 329, 334, 335, 344, 379, 380, 382, 389, 392, 404; ii. 35, 41, 46, 69, 87.
Horner, J. F., Esq., referred to, ii. 35, 97, 127; letter to, ii. 415.
Hume, historian, referred to, i. 104, 111, 112.
Hunt, Rev. W., letters to, ii. 325, 338, 346, 347–349, 351, 373, 382, 452.

I.

Ihne, Professor, letters to, ii. 209, 262, 301, 302, 407.
Imperial Federation, ii. 294, 384.
Ionian Islands, cession of the, i. 207.
Ireland, Church in, i. 215; tour in, 216; disestablishment of Church in, 348, 352.

J.

Jews, remarks on, ii. 428.
Jones, Rev. W. Basil (Bishop of St. David's), college friend of Freeman, i. 45, 50; joint author with Freeman of *History of St. David's*, 164, 205.
Jones, Rev. A. W., letter to, i. 341.
Jowett, Professor, controversy about his stipends, i. 316–319.
Justice of the peace, remarks on the office of, i. 310.

K.

Kairouan, visit to, ii. 417.
Kemble, John Mitchell, historian, remarks on, i. 114–116.

L.

Landesgemeinde, the Swiss, i. 296.
Lanrumney, Freeman settles at, i. 175; life at, 220–222.
Laon, i. 428.
Lappenberg, historian, i. 118, 119.
Laud, Archbishop, ii. 194.
Le Mans, ii. 167.
Le Puy, ii. 274.
Liddon, Rev. Canon, letters to, ii. 164, 265.
Llandaff, History of Cathedral of, i. 164.
Luard, Rev. Dr., letters to, ii. 222, 255.
Lübeck, i. 301.
Lucca, ii. 15.
Lyman, Professor, letter to, ii. 252.
Lyte, Maxwell, Esq., letter to, ii. 135.
— Mrs., letter to, ii. 157.

M.

Macarthur, Miss Margaret, letters to, ii. 91, 128, 148, 158, 159, 192, 210, 299.
Macaulay, Lord, i. 6, 126, 160; ii. 393, 470.
Macmillan, John, letter to, ii. 267.
Maine, Sir Henry, letters to, ii. 93, 100, 134.
Markham, Clements, Esq., C. B., F.R.G.S., schoolfellow of Freeman, i. 17, 18.
Methods of Historical Study, ii. 298.
Meyrick, Rev. Canon, college friend of Freeman, referred to, i. 45, 46, 53, 58; ii. 148; letters to, 135, 447.
Mill, John Stuart, letter from, i. 374.
Mitford, his *History of Greece*, i. 181.
Modern History, the Oxford School of, i. 117.
Mommsen, historian, referred to, i. 199, 202–204.
Montenegro, ii. 100, 117, 118; the Prince of, 149.
More, Hannah, Freeman a favourite of, i. 4, 5, 6; ii. 384; referred to, 386.
Morfill, W. R., Esq., letter to, ii. 203.
Morley, Lord, travels with Freeman, ii. 35, 97, 127.

N.

National morality, ii. 121–124.
Newman, Rev. J. H., i. 47, 71, 72, 101, note.
Niebuhr, historian, i. 118, 119, 123, 153, 202, 203, 204.
Non-Jurors, the, i. 27, 49.
Norman Conquest, History of the, begun, i. 256.
Normandy, comparison of with England, i. 295.

O.

Oaklands, Freeman settles at, i. 102; life at, 163–167.
Ogle, J. W., Esq., M.D., letters to, ii. 208, 258.
Oxford, past and present, i. 311–313; ii. 285, 291.
Oxford University Commission, i. 138–145.
Oxford University Extension, i. 314, 316.

P.

Palgrave, Sir Francis, historian, i. 114, 116, 205, 336.
Parker, James, Esq., lines written by Freeman in his country house, ii. 71.
Parliamentary Reform, letter on, in *Spectator*, i. 147.
Patterson, J. L., college friend of Freeman, i. 45; letters to, i. 86, 96, 99, 103; ii. 389, 401; referred to, 208.
Pauli, Dr., ii. 33, 34.
Pinder, Rev. North, friend of Freeman, referred to, i. 216, 308, 345, 430; letters to, ii. 131,

206, 229, 236, 253, 260, 279, 327, 367, 370.
Pippin, king, ii. 377.
Pisa, ii. 16.
Ponsonby, Miss A. V., letters from and to, ii. 62, 63.
Porlock, Harold's landing at, i. 388.
Pusey, Dr., i. 47.

R.

Ravenna, ii. 15, 16.
Representative Government, letter on, i. 168.
Rheims, description of, i. 432.
Riddell, Rev. James, schoolfellow and friend of Freeman, i. 16, 35, 46.
Rome, History of, i. 199; first visit to, ii. 34, 75.
Roundell, C. S., Esq., letters to, ii. 402, 451.
Russia, risk of war with, ii. 112, 115.
Russian War, letters on the, in *Spectator*, i. 148–153.

S.

Saint David's, joint history of, by Jones and Freeman, i. 164, 205; referred to, 341.
Saturday Review, articles for, in one year, i. 257; Freeman severs his connexion with, ii. 146.
Sayce, Rev. Professor, letters to, ii. 196, 308, 369, 433.
Scotland, relations of, with England, i. 338–340.
Scott, Sir Gilbert, i. 64; ii. 34.
Sens, ii. 217.
Sentimental Politics, ii. 119–131.
Sicily, visits to, ii. 146, 297; *History of*, begun, 297; first two volumes published, 429.
Smith, Rev. W. L., his reminiscences of Freeman, i. 9.
— Goldwin, Esq., made Professor of Modern History at Oxford, i. 219; referred to, 315; letters to, ii. 278, 306, 379, 383.
Somerleaze, bought by Freeman, i. 248; description of, 248–250; first ten years of literary work in, 256, 257; love of, ii. 296.
Spalato, visited, ii. 35, 96, 98.
Stephens, Rev. W. R. W., letters to, ii. 52, 53, 81, 198, 205, 212, 226, 310, 315, 318, 321, 333, 352, 382, 411, 412, 456.
Stillman, W. C., Esq., letters to, ii. 211, 223, 420.
Strachey, Sir Edward, letters to, ii. 248, 326, 364, 435.
Strathclyde, ii. 49.
Stubbs, Rev. W. (Bishop of Oxford), succeeds Freeman in fellowship at Trinity, i. 81; referred to, 252, 300; letters to, i. 241, 244, 246, 254, 297, 320–323, 330, 406, 410; ii. 16, 63, 66, 73, 75, 251, 262, 269, 270; made Bishop of Chester, 279.
Swiss Constitution, the, ii. 11–13.

T.

Taylor, Hannis, Esq., ii. 410.
Thierry, historian, i. 118, 119.
Thirlwall, Bishop, referred to, i. 119, 153–155, 182, 185, 219; testimony of, to Freeman's learning, 308; death of, ii. 27; article on, *ib.*
Thompson, Miss Edith, letters to, i. 398, 411, 415, 419–430, 432–435; ii. 8, 14, 19, 37, 43, 48, 54, 55, 60, 64, 77, 79, 83, 84, 86, 89, 91, 132, 139, 143, 146, 149, 152, 160, 166, 169, 185–188, 199–204, 215, 219, 225, 232, 238, 249, 263, 265, 273, 281, 284, 304, 312, 316, 331, 335, 338, 350, 355, 361, 365, 380, 385, 390, 393, 423, 424, 426, 427, 428, 436, 449, 454.
Thompson, Rev. H., friendship of, with Freeman, i. 23–36, 48, 49; Latin letter to, 54; edits original ballads, 127; letters to, 176, 223, 253, 255.
Thucydides, remarks on, i. 178.
Tinchebrai, ii. 437.
Towns, Freeman's dislike of great, ii. 211, 215.

Tractarian Movement, effects of the, i. 47, 66, 67; Freeman's remarks on, 311.
Tracts for the Times, Freeman's early study of the, i. 21, 25.
Trebinje, a trudge to, ii. 127.
Trikoupes, Charilaos, letters to, i. 188, 189; ii. 92.
Trikoupes, Spyridon, Greek statesman, i. 186; letters to, i. 226, 228, 229, 231, 273-279, 290, 330; death of, ii. 23; article on, *ib.*
Trinity College, Oxford, Freeman elected scholar of, i. 41; life at, 43-46.
Trollope, Anthony, Esq., his controversy with Freeman on field-sports, i. 360-374.
Turner, Sharon, historian, i. 114.
Turner, Dr., letter to, ii. 421.
Tylor, E. B., Esq., letters to, ii. 57, 77, 231.

V.

Venables, Canon, letters to, ii. 68, 425.
Venice, ii. 14.
Vivisection, ii. 258.

W.

Wales, the Church in, ii. 412, 441.
Wallingford, address to electors at, i. 209.
Ward, Dr. A. W., referred to, i. 301, 422; letter to, ii. 132.
— Mrs. Humphry, referred to, ii. 390, 391.
Wayte, Rev. S., i. 44, 62, 71, 95, 315.
Webb, Rev. B., i. 80; letters to, i. 167, 176, 233.
Wedmore, March of the men of, i. 353.
William Rufus, History of the Reign of, ii. 171-173.
Williams, Rev. Isaac, i. 44, 81, 102, 167.
Willis, Professor, article on, ii. 27.
Women's Suffrage, letter on, ii. 46.
Wookey, description of, i. 248.
Worle hill, view from, i. 3, 4.

X.

Xenophon, remarks on, i. 179-180.

Y.

Yonge, Miss, letters to, ii. 138, 388; referred to, ii. 386.

Z.

Zara, visited, ii. 96, 97.

THE END.

Oxford
HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

00024470

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018